

THE MUNSEY



FEBRUARY

Munsey's Magazine

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IMPORTANT

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MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXVI.

FEBRUARY, 1902.

No. 5.

The Griefs and Glories of Gretna.

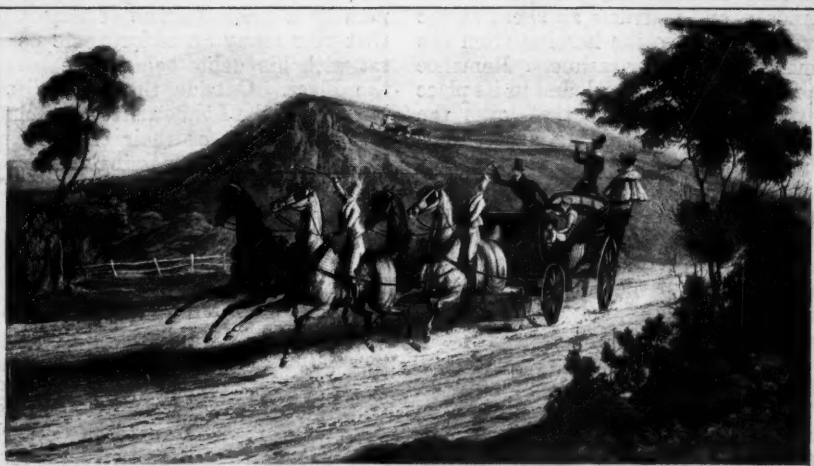
BY MARIAN WEST.

TO ESCAPE A MARRIAGE LAW WHICH MADE THE PUBLICATION OF BANNS AN INDISPENSABLE PRELIMINARY TO MATRIMONY IN ENGLAND, IMPATIENT COUPLES WERE COMPELLED TO SEEK IN SCOTLAND A "PRIEST" AND A CEREMONY THAT WOULD BE BINDING. THESE THEY FOUND IN THE LITTLE DUMFRIESSHIRE VILLAGE OF GRETNA GREEN, ON THE SCOTTISH BORDER, EIGHT MILES NORTH OF CARLISLE.

IN this month of valentines, one's fancy naturally turns to thoughts of love and marriage. If the fates be kind, it rambles on to romantic elopements, to runaway matches, to a pursuing parent and a happy, all embracing Gretna Green.

With knee breeches and slashed doublets, with rapiers and perukes, has disappeared the obdurate parent. With

him, also, has vanished much of the romance of courtship. No longer is there a swaying post chaise dragged at a gallop over muddy roads by smoking bays. No longer are there a clinging maiden, a gallant cavalier and a plethoric father in pursuit. No longer do the postilions spur to win the altar. In their place are a modern railway train, a comfortable parlor car, a wire and a little ma-



"ONE MILE FROM GRETNA. THE GOVERNOR IN SIGHT, AND A SCREW LOOSE!"

From an old print of a painting by C. B. Newhouse.

chine that clicks its message of arrest far in advance of the most rapid express.

The twentieth century parent does not move from his armchair when the news of elopement is brought to him. He does not strain a muscle or permit

tury, but, too often, the Blacksmith of Gretna laughed longer.

A MATRIMONIAL MIDWAY.

It was in the year 1753 that a Chelsea belle sought to marry a bold and bad



"THE ELOPEMENT"—IN THE TRADITIONAL RUNAWAY TO GRETN A ROPE LADDER WAS AN ESSENTIAL "PROPERTY."

From a print published in Smithfield, London, May 1, 1857.

a vein to swell. He leans forward for the long distance telephone, issues his mandate, and instructs an agent at the terminus to save the heroine from the consequences of her rashness. Romance has died out in the land, and in its place have grown up a race that loves the glory of a church wedding, a parentage that rarely opposes the will of the younger generation, and a mechanism that saves portly old gentlemen from ridicule and from disappointment.

But there were other days. Those were the days of the runaway matches, when young gallants and maidens raced for the Scottish border, for the blacksmith's shop in the village that nestles under the westernmost spur of the Cheviots. Those were the days of the acted valentine, whose characters were a passionate youth and a consenting maid, and whose setting was the bonnie hamlet of Gretna Green. Love laughed at locksmiths in the eighteenth cen-

highwayman known to her as Jack Freeland, known to the Bow Street runners by a whole volume of aliases. In that year many an unfortunate parson sat with his debts behind the bars of the Fleet. Outside the prison, touts harangued the London streets, acclaiming the virtues of their churchly patrons, bidding the passing couples to come in and be married as securely as heart could desire, and at the most reasonable rates. In this way was marriage thrust down the throats of the populace in the year 1753.

Scores of girls took this short cut to matrimony, coaxed through the prison gates alike of the Fleet and of marriage by impatient lovers. In the dreary squalor within, they uttered their rash promises of an eternal constancy before the decayed dignity of an impecunious Vicar of Wakefield. Had the Chelsea belle withstood her highwayman, or had she been of lowly family,

the fame of the Fleet would for generations have made Gretna Green unnecessary. But she sought to exchange the great name of Pelham for the *nom de guerre* of Freeland. Her brother was prime minister of England, and the

little village of Gretna Green, a waiting "priest," and a marriage that needed but a declaration of husbandage to make it inviolable. In the records of the Gretna Green blacksmith are many tales of cool rascality and of senile folly,



"THE MARRIAGE"—THIS PRINT, PUBLISHED MAY 1, 1837, ILLUSTRATES THE ANCIENT MISTAKE THAT PAISLEY, THE PRIEST AT GRETN, BECAUSE HE WAS NICKNAMED "THE BLACKSMITH," ACTUALLY PERFORMED THE CEREMONY IN A SMITHY.

Pelhams have a pride that recognizes nothing short of the church's most formal sanction in their alliances. The bold bridegroom adventured too far within the prison's gates. He was recognized and arrested.

The Pelham who was prime minister brought in a bill to render hasty marriages at the Fleet illegal. Banns must be duly proclaimed, and from the wretched debtors of the prison was taken away such part of their income as had been the perquisite of clergymen. At the gate of the Fleet the Chelsea belle drops from the story, the while Jack Freeland swings high from the gallows in Newgate.

THE BIRTH OF GRETN.

And so it was that Gretna Green was born. The power of the Pelhams did not extend to the broad lands o' bonnie Scotland, and there, just over the border, eight miles north of Carlisle, was the

as well as of trusting youth and headlong passion.

Once upon a time, there was a girl who lived in the south of England. She was the heiress to great estates, and she had a lover—a gallant youth, strong and good looking, handsome as an Adonis and poor as a hero of romance. Likewise, she had a father—a hard man—a man who personally accompanied her to the routs of the neighborhood, and who called again to conduct her homeward. One night the ball was but half over when her carriage was announced; the maid was properly regretful, but obedient, and no one dreamed of the tremulous hand that lay on the lover's arm as he dutifully escorted her to the waiting carriage below. The coach door closed upon two figures, but neither was elderly, neither had the hard face of a tyrannical parent.

The postilions lashed their horses, the horses strained at the traces, and



"THE RECONCILIATION"—THE ROUGH ROAD TO GRETNA DID NOT ALWAYS LEAD TO SO HAPPY AN ENDING.

she, all in her pretty white gown, was fleeing for the far, free north, where a man might take the wife of his choice whether her father would let him or no.

LEAVES FROM GRETNA RECORDS.

Titles and dignities of various kinds have been cast in this game of runaway marriages. There were Lord Elgin, who thus won his Bessie, and Lord George Lambton; Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough and the vain and witty Erskine, lord chancellor of England.

It was in 1806 that Lord Erskine bowed his head in grief at the death of his first wife, the inspirer of his political career; the mother of his nine children. It was in that year, too, that he inscribed upon a stone his tribute to the "Lamented Memory of the Most Faithful and Affectionate of Women."

A dozen years later the desolate lord, a gallant of some three score years and ten, stood, draped in a table cloth and a woman's bonnet, hilariously marrying by Scottish rite one Mary Buck, his housekeeper, while five of his children clung to her ample skirts. On this occasion his lordship cut his own signature with a diamond on the window pane in acknowledgment of some doggerel Latin verses celebrating the merry

event. In the hands of the blacksmith he left eighty guineas as a marriage fee. The lord chancellor, Baron Erskine of Restormel, paid dear for his runaway bride.

MELODRAMATIC GRETNA.

Woodwork, window panes, and walls of the Queen's Head at Springfield were covered with autographs and witticisms, not always of the most delicate order, with an occasional grim comment, "John Anderson made a fool of himself in Gretna, 1831." There were Robert Ker, who took two brides to Gretna Green within three years; Daniel Rae, "thief catcher of Dumfries"; and the lady who changed her name from Mistress Grimalkin to Mrs. Gabriel Grub. There was also the young lady from Tooting who married a major out shooting. Quaintest of all was the man who eloped with an elderly spinster and passed, on his return, the coach carrying his own daughter and her lover northward on the same errand.

There were nights of tense strain and grim tragedy in Gretna Green and the neighboring village of Springfield. There was the night a man's hand thrust its way through the window of the Queen's Head and a voice roared

in from the darkness, "One hundred pounds to the man that marries me!" He shouted to no purpose, for the father dashed up in time to claim the errant maid, and the hundred pounds were never paid.

There was the Earl of Westmoreland who carried away the daughter of Mr. Child, the rich London banker. Northward through the May night their carriage rattled, the horses at the gallop. Fast as they drove, Mr. Child in pursuit drove faster. He was about to snatch the trembling bride from her groom when the earl rose and drew his pistol, took careful aim and fired. Mr. Child's near leader fell, and Miss Child became the Countess of Westmoreland.

MARRIAGE BY EXPRESS.

Two minutes were sufficient to unite a couple in Gretna. The breathless pair declared their single state and their desire to be married before the "priest" of Gretna and a witness. A certificate was made out and put on the record. A fee was paid, and the couple were married before the horses were unyoked. The fee ranged from a glass of whisky to a hundred guineas, and was paid when the service was three quarters performed—an arrangement rendered advisable by the frequent incursion of the

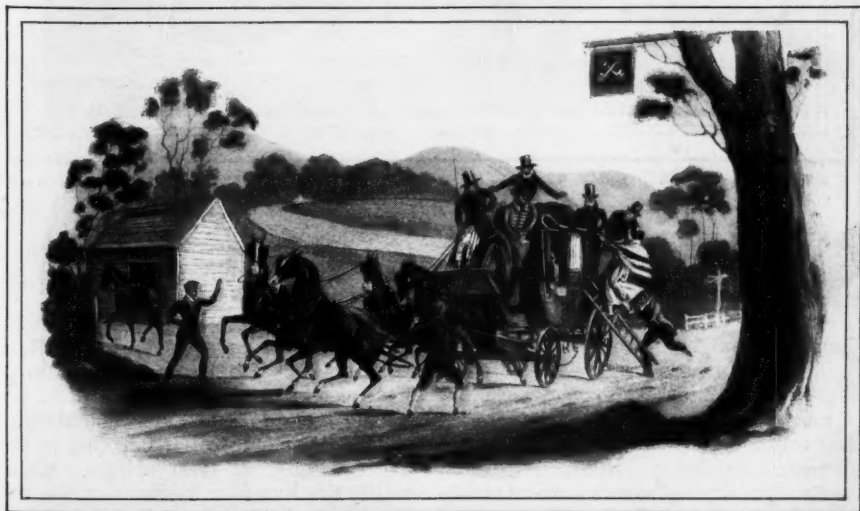
enraged parent in pursuit. Cash in hand was the rule at Gretna.

Paisley, the blacksmith of Gretna, made out his certificate in a language that was as rudely formal as his ceremony was ridiculously unceremonial:

This is to sartify all persons that may be concernid that () from the parish of () and county of (), and () from the parish of () and county of (), and both comes before me and decayred themselves both to be single persons, and nowe mayried by the forme of the Kirk of Scotland and agreeible to the Church of England, and givne ondre my hand this 18th day of March, 1793.

There were four places where these marriages took place: the Hall at Gretna Green, the Queen's Head and its rival inn at Springfield, and the humble lodge of the toll gate keeper on the bridge over the river Sark. Those who came on foot patronized the last, and were much looked down on both by villagers and by "priests."

It is said that the tide was first turned in the direction of these villages in preference to other border towns, by a Fleet parson, who paid his way out of jail, and advertised that he had removed to Gretna and was there carrying on the same trade. He was followed in office by Scott o' the Brig, and then came Gordon, the old soldier, who performed the ceremony in full uniform, with a



MIDDLE CLASS RUNAWAYS HAD RECOURSE TO THE STAGE COACH. THE TITLE OF THIS PRINT, PUBLISHED IN FEBRUARY, 1835, IS "HOLD HARD! YOU HAVE FORGOT THE LADY!"

—A RARE MISTAKE IN GRETNA.

sword at his side. Next came Paisley, called the Blacksmith from his mighty strength and from the dexterity with which he welded the fetters of wedlock. He had been weaver and tobacconist in his long and drunken career, but neither blacksmith nor priest.

THE "PRIESTS" OF GRETNA.

Paisley, like all of the priests of Gretna, took a great pride in his office, and when, in his last hours, the rumble

three descendants of his own name carried on the profession, though Willum, the last of the line, was constrained to take foot comers and cases his forebears would have scorned—thanks to the decrease in elopements after the Act of 1856. This act provided that one of the contracting parties must have spent three weeks prior to the ceremony in Scotland, which naturally put an end to the old race for the border. At this time Gretna had an average of a thou-



"LOVE IN A CARRIAGE"—HALTS WERE NECESSARY ON THE WAY TO GRETNA, BUT THESE WERE MADE AS BRIEF AS MIGHT BE.

of hurrying wheels came to him from the street, he put away death long enough to join three couples in marriage, and then died with their three hundred pounds clenched in his hand.

The Blacksmith was followed by the rivals Elliot and Laing, who both did a roaring trade in the early part of the last century. In the twenty nine years of his incumbency, Elliot performed more than three thousand marriages—the record year, 1825, showing one hundred and ninety eight. Laing was a grandson by marriage of Paisley, and

sand marriages a year, the traffic having been vulgarized, but much increased, by railroad trains.

When the first Laing died, in 1826, Mr. Linton took charge of Gretna Hall, where most of the carriage weddings were celebrated. After his death, his widow used to call in a neighboring shoemaker to unite her patrons, to the great disgust of rival priests. Meanwhile, the humbler business at the toll bar on the bridge flourished amazingly. Beattie, its first incumbent, grew so fond of his office that man and woman



"TIS ONLY THE MAIL!"—THE SOUND OF ROLLING WHEELS OR OF FAST GALLOPING HORSES MADE THE HEART OF THE RUNAWAY MAIDEN PALPITATE WITH TERROR.

could not pause near him for a harmless good morning but he would creep up behind and begin to marry them off.

Marriage in Scotland is such an informal thing that, as Lord Eldon said, it is hard to find out what does *not* constitute a legal ceremony. There is a pleasant tale of a Scots lass named Meg, who was spending an afternoon with a neighbor, when her mother followed and poked her head in the door to say, "Yer cousin Danny is doon at the hoose askin' if ye'll hae him." Meg was not confused. "Tell him to come an' ask," she said, very sensibly. Danny came over and made his request in person, and a serene "Aye, Danny," settled

the matter without even spoiling the visit.

"Married in haste, repent at leisure!" might have been scrolled above the Blacksmith's cottage at Gretna. Only too frequently was the legend justified by events. And yet to those of us who were born under the protecting ægis of a legalized certificate there is something of regret that the railway and the telegraph have closed the doors of the Gretna smithy. Folly is rarely ridiculous in love, and even the rash impatience that lashed the carriage horses to the Scottish border compares not invidiously with the modern *mariage de convenance*.

LOVE, THE LIMNER.

SWEET, should a fate malign
Our lives consign
To pathways sundered far
As planets are ;
And should some lettered seer,
Some sage austere,
Counsel, with wise behest,
" Forget—'tis best !"
And, soothly, did I know
That this were so,
In open verity
It could not be !
For with unfading art
Upon my heart
Love, with his magic grace,
Hath limned your face !

Clinton Scollard.

The Strong Men of Russia.

BY THE COMTESSE MARGUERITE CASSINI.

IN THIS ARTICLE THE NIECE OF THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED STATES TELLS THE STORY OF THE LIVES OF THE GREAT MEN OF RUSSIA—THE RISE OF SOME FROM SMALL BEGINNINGS, THE RAPID ADVANCEMENT OF MEN OF MERIT.

MERIT is the ladder up which men in Russia climb to greatness. Gifted with intelligence, education, and ability, a man, whatever his origin, may place his feet upon the highest rung of official power, short of the throne, in



THE CZAR OF ALL THE RUSSIAS, NICHOLAS II, ONE OF THE HARDEST WORKERS IN HIS EMPIRE.



COUNT LAMSDORFF, MINISTER FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, THE TYPICAL DIPLOMAT OF RUSSIA.

the empire. There is no horizon to his achievements, save that fixed by his own capabilities. As elsewhere in the world, influence sometimes paves the way for official preferment; but unless the beneficiary has in him the stuff out of which men are made, he must stand aside for the man who has it.

Brains are the essential requisite of good government, and are particularly needed in the administration of such a vast state as Russia, whose territory comprises one sixth of the firm land of the globe, whose people number one

hundred and thirty millions, and whose interests intermingle with those of all other nations. Recognition of this fact has caused the rulers of the empire, from the time of Peter the Great, to encourage men of promise and to reward men of merit. This policy has begotten a gigantic civil service system. Even more important, it has induced in the filling of the highest offices the exercise of the nicest discrimination, the sharpest balancing of men's abilities and the keenest scrutiny of their characteristics. By his deeds must a man



M. DE WITTE, THE MINISTER FOR FINANCE, A SELF MADE MAN OF REMARKABLE BRILLIANCY.

be judged; yet can a true estimate of his greatness be made by an examination of the men with whom he has surrounded himself. By both rules the measure of Nicholas II, Emperor of all the Russias, may be taken.

THE CZAR NICHOLAS II.

Loyalty, of itself, would impel a Russian to speak eulogistically of his sovereign, but the reigning Czar needs no mouthpiece; his acts, his purposes, bespeak his worth. Peace has been the

keystone of his foreign policy; the welfare of his people the dominant thought of his internal administration. The International Conference at the Hague, and Russia's attitude in China, are the two striking instances of his love for peace. His thought for the good of his people is illustrated by his promotion of railroad and steamboat construction in order that the four corners of his empire may be brought into closer communication, that the manufacturer and the farmer may get their goods promptly to the best market, and that vast tracts which are now deserted may be brought under cultivation. He has encouraged the education of the masses, has sought to elevate them and to lessen the weight of government upon their shoulders. The mere thought of the responsibility of guarding the welfare of one hundred and thirty million persons is appalling; yet every one of those persons looks to the "Little Father" in St. Petersburg to shape his or her destiny as he wills.

A touching evidence of the affection and reverence entertained for his imperial majesty was furnished during the illness of this distinguished sovereign a year ago. At noon each day the empire was literally on its

knees praying that the head of the state and the head of the church might be spared to continue the beneficent rule he had so auspiciously inaugurated. The hold the Czar Nicholas has on his people is due, primarily, to the distinguished house from which he sprang; but his wise administration, his keen sense of justice, and his close watchfulness over the great trust arbitrarily placed in his hands, have created a bond of deepest sympathy between him and those he rules. Of all the rulers in Eu-

rope, Czar Nicholas is the most tender in his dealings with his children.

THE DAILY LIFE OF THE RULER.

The people know that in their service the emperor does not spare himself.

formally receives his ministers twice each week, and they have the privilege of seeing him at other times if their business justifies it. Important reports made by subordinate officials are always read by his majesty; most consular, not

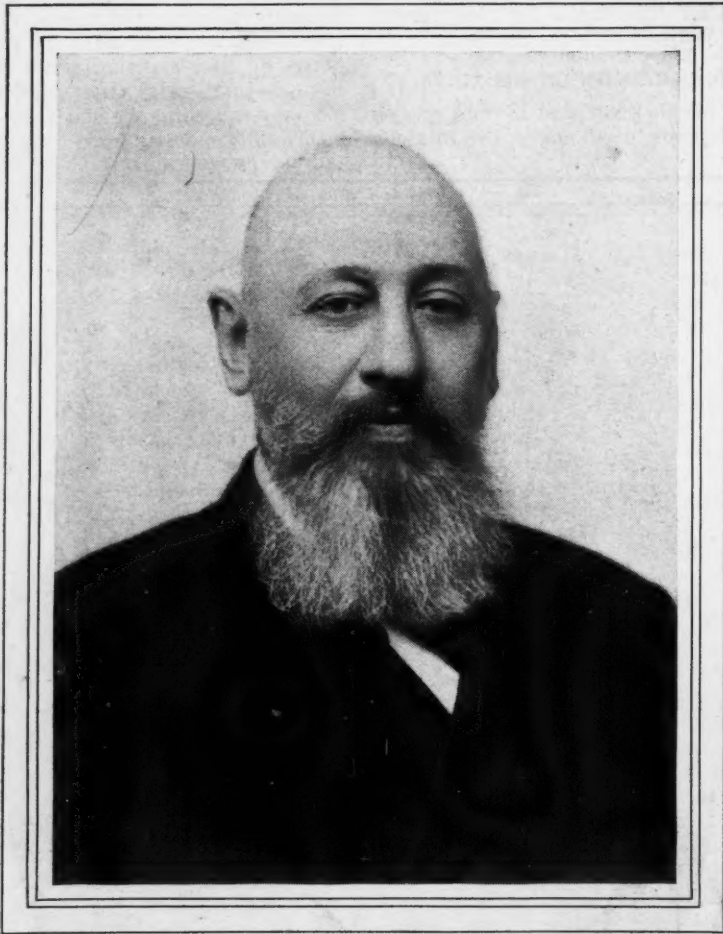


PRINCE KHILOFF, MINISTER FOR WAYS OF COMMUNICATION, A STATESMAN WHO LEARNED THE WORK OF HIS PORTFOLIO IN THE WORKSHOPS OF A SOUTH AMERICAN RAILROAD.

He enters his office at nine o'clock every morning of every week day, and, except for a brief stop for luncheon, works steadily until five o'clock. He

to say diplomatic, despatches he personally examines.

It would seem that the emperor would find his time so occupied in at-



M. SIPIAGUIN, MINISTER FOR THE INTERIOR, THE CHIEF OF THE RUSSIAN SECRET SERVICE.

tending to these duties that he would have no opportunity for other reading; yet is he probably the best informed man in Russia on foreign affairs. Understanding English, French, and German as well as he does Russian, he is able to and does keep himself advised of the happenings and trend of thought in other countries by reading foreign magazines and periodicals. If what has been written does not adequately convey an idea of the vast amount of work and responsibility which rests upon the shoulders of his majesty, casual consideration of the fact that nothing is done in Russia without his sanction and order will certainly do so.

Thus briefly I have sketched the deeds and character of the sovereign of the Russian millions. The men who surround him, who assist him, can now be placed under a searchlight not less bright than that thrown upon the emperor. The cabinet of the President of the United States is duplicated in the ministry of the Czar, but the duties of the latter are more far reaching, since to a certain extent, and always with the approval of the emperor, it determines upon laws which abuses or developments have made necessary. The laws contemplated by the ministry are submitted to a body known as the senate, created by Peter the Great in 1711,

which frames them in proper legal phraseology, and the product of the ministry and the senate is submitted to his majesty, who, if he approve it as

ecuted. Finally, the senate is the court of last resort—the supreme court of Russia—with this difference between it and the United States Supreme Court,



GENERAL KOUROPATKIN, THE MINISTER FOR WAR, THE ADMINISTRATOR OF AN ARMY WHICH IN TIME OF PEACE NUMBERS A MILLION OF MEN.

finally presented, issues an imperial ukase or edict.

THE RUSSIAN SENATE.

Besides being charged with this duty, the senate is also empowered, under the emperor, to see that the laws are ex-

ecuted. Superior to the ministry and the senate is the great consultative body known as the council of the empire. The council comprises about seventy members, including all of the ministers

and other prominent officials, and its province is to advise the emperor as to the policy it deems desirable in dealing with internal and external questions. This advice can be rejected or followed as he sees fit.

By reason of their possession of the confidence of the emperor, their positions as the heads of the various departments, and their membership in the council of state, the ministers of the Czar are the most important officials of his government. There are eleven of these ministers: the ministers for the house of the emperor, for war, for foreign affairs, for the navy, for the interior, for public instruction, for finance, for agriculture and domains; the comptroller general; the ministers for ways of communication and for justice. Each was selected, not because of influence,

but because he had performed some signal act which had brought him to the favorable attention of the emperor and had passed the critical examination to which he had been subjected.

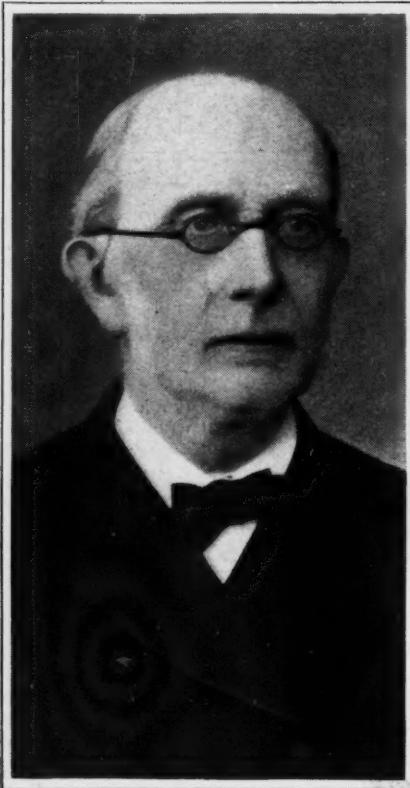
THE FOREIGN MINISTER.

Because the relations of the United States and of Russia are particularly advantaged by the ministries for foreign affairs and finance, it is meet that they should first be considered in a review of the strong men of Russia.

Count Lamsdorff, the foreign minister—the man of peace, *l'adversaire déclaré de toute politique aventure*—is the typical diplomat, quiet, penetrating, impressive. His mastery of the art of diplomacy was attained in the school of experience. Of noble family, he determined in his youth to embrace his present profession. Energetic, brilliant, resourceful, he soon secured recognition of his force and merit and was promoted to the position of assistant minister for foreign affairs. This post he held until shortly after the death of Count Muravieff, in June of 1900, when the emperor called him to the vacant office. Thrust into a position of great responsibility at the moment when the whole world trembled upon the edge of the Chinese volcano, Count Lamsdorff addressed himself to the execution of the policy of his imperial master. The results are historic. Count Lamsdorff's conduct of the affairs of his office has been eminently satisfactory to the emperor.

THE MINISTER FOR FINANCE.

The rise to greatness of M. de Witte, the minister for finance, bears a striking resemblance to the careers of many Americans for whom brains and grit worked a revolution in their positions in life. M. de Witte was born in the Caucasus in 1849, studied at the gymnasium at Tiflis, near his birthplace, and graduated from the University of Odessa. His family commanded just enough influence to secure for him a small post on the government railroad at Odessa. Now mark the way this man climbed the ladder of merit. He applied himself to learning the details of his profession. He had them so well



M. POBEDONOSTSEFF, THE PROCURATOR OF THE HOLY SYNOD, ONE OF THE TUTORS OF THE CZAR ALEXANDER III.



GENERAL VANSKY, LATE MINISTER FOR PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, THE STATESMAN INTRUSTED WITH THE REFORM OF EDUCATION IN RUSSIA.

in hand that, when the Russo Turkish war occurred, he experienced no difficulty in moving to the front without delay all the troops and supplies sent through his division. This in itself was sufficient to excite the admiration of his superiors; but the young man had simply given them a glimpse of the ability he possessed. He gratified them still more by preparing a uniform railroad tariff, which was adopted, and is

now in force throughout Russia. It is due in part to the minister for finance that Russia today possesses a railroad system far in advance of many countries popularly deemed more progressive.

These achievements caused the promotion of M. de Witte to the position of general manager of the Odessa line when it was consolidated with several others. The chief of the Odessa railroad, M. Vishnegradski, was appointed

minister for finance in 1887. M. de Witte's executive ability and familiarity with tariff matters had impressed themselves upon M. Vishnegradski, and he

of the men worthy of higher things, and when the new post of director of railroads was established, he was called to fill it. An invitation from the emperor



M. YERMOLOF, THE MINISTER FOR AGRICULTURE, A MAN WHO HAS STUDIED THE AGRICULTURAL DEVELOPMENT OF HIS COUNTRY FROM HIS COLLEGE DAYS.

invited his subordinate to accept the post of assistant minister for finance. But M. de Witte was not prepared for this office at the time, and he declined it. His conduct in connection with the railroad wreck at Borki, in which the imperial family nearly lost their lives, attracted the attention of the Czar. The latter marked M. de Witte as one

is a royal command. M. de Witte left Odessa and went to St. Petersburg.

BY MERIT RAISED.

The training M. de Witte had enjoyed, and the ability he possessed, enabled him to attend to the duties of his new position with the same marked capacity he had already shown. He held

the post of director of railroads for five years, and was then appointed minister for ways of communication. M. Vishnegradski falling ill, M. de Witte was asked temporarily to act as minister for finance. As usual, he successfully administered the affairs of this office. When M. Vishnegradski recovered, he relinquished the post, but he was directed to resume it permanently when ill health caused the retirement of the older official. The son of the Caucasus had achieved the highest official position the emperor could award him.

M. de Witte is undoubtedly the greatest financier of Russia, and one of the ablest in the world. The method he has pursued in floating bonds, the proceeds of which have been used for the construction of railroads and for other internal improvements, is, of itself, striking evidence of his financial ability. He it is who, with the approval of the emperor, regulates the tariff rates. The duties which have been imposed upon his recommendation are fair to the importer and to the consumer. M. de Witte has had a phenomenal career, but those who admire his ability are confident that the limit of his capabilities has not yet been reached, and that the experience he has had will be useful in aiding him to continue his good work for the fatherland.

MINISTER FOR RAILWAYS.

Prince Khilkoff, minister for ways of communication, has had a career which is one of the most interesting of any of Russia's statesmen. As his title indicates, he is a descendant of an ancient house. The army was the profession determined upon for the young man, and he was appointed to a cadetship. Fate never intended that he should spend his life in the garrison or the camp. After studying at one of the cadet schools, the boy was called home to assume the management of the family estates.

This occurred about the time of the emancipation of the serfs. Generous, high minded, the young prince treated the peasants with consideration. He gained the love of the people, but the disapproval of his family. Not satisfied with his position at home, the

young prince resolved to go abroad and to earn his own living. He first went to Birkenhead, on the other side of the Mersey from Liverpool, England, and obtained employment, but resigned as soon as he learned that a railroad under construction in South America was in need of men. The voyage was made without incident, and upon arrival at his destination the young prince asked for work. He was ordered to the forge, but the labor was too severe, and the youngster was transferred to the fitting department.

A PRACTICAL ENGINEER.

It is characteristic of the career of this talented man that he made himself master of every branch of the profession which he had adopted. In the department of engineering he became an expert. Having exhausted its possibilities, he determined to obtain a practical knowledge of the operation of an engine by experience. For three years he maintained his connection with the South American road, and then, having familiarized himself with every branch of practical railroad construction and operation, he decided to return to Russia.

When he left his native country, railroad construction was in its infancy. Upon his return, he found that this revolutionizer of the industrial energy of a people was working its wonders in the empire. Prince Khilkoff was not a man to idle while others labored. He applied for a position as an engineer, received the appointment, and for six months his hand rested on the throttle of an engine. Merit such as he possessed could not escape recognition, and he was asked to take charge of certain locomotive works. This office was but a stepping stone to higher things. He was made superintendent of one line, and was then called to fill a similar position on others in need of a wise directive head.

The emperor recognized his ability, and in 1894 appointed him minister for ways of communication. Besides having charge of the vast system of governmental railroads, Prince Khilkoff has supervision of the steam navigation of the rivers. He is devoted to his work,

and familiarizes himself with the details of every question that arises. Thoroughness is the secret of the success he has won.

MINISTER FOR THE INTERIOR.

Filling the office of minister for the interior, one of the most important posts of the empire, is M. Sipiaguin, a nobleman whose life has been spent in the service of his emperor. As is the case with each of his colleagues of the ministry, sheer ability has brought him to the position he now holds. He, also, began at the beginning, and rose step by step until he had reached the level his force had fixed. His most responsible positions before he was invited to the office of minister for the interior were those of a provincial governor and of assistant to the minister for the interior. M. Sipiaguin is a comparatively young man—not more than fifty five years of age—and his record bespeaks a future not less brilliant than his past. The ministry for the interior is a post that demands the exercise of the greatest amount of intelligence, tact, and judgment. The minister provides relief for famine smitten districts, and, under the direction of the Czar, enforces measures designed to promote the welfare and the happiness of the people. M. Sipiaguin is also charged with the supervision of the work of the secret police—a body of men whose duties are similar to those performed by the American secret service—and applies to the press a censorship, liberal and enlightened, which is fruitful of truth telling. He is a man of progressive ideas, who is bound to leave an imprint of good upon the government with which he is connected.

MINISTER FOR EDUCATION.

Sixty years have been spent by General Vanovsky, who until the other day was the minister for public instruction, in the service of Russia. It is doubtful if any country can produce a figure so notable as he who has devoted the time of two generations to the upbuilding of his country. But although he has attained to the age of seventy nine years, General Vanovsky is still energetic and clear minded.

He has transacted the vast rou-

tine of his department carefully and thoughtfully, and has intrenched himself in the hearts of those to whom he transmitted the will of the emperor. The army was primarily General Vanovsky's career, but the positions to which he has been called outside of the military service have been the better for his occupancy of them.

General Vanovsky entered upon the duties of minister for public instruction at a trying period. A strong man was needed for the office, a man of justice, whose record entitled him to the respect and consideration of the people. Feeble health had caused General Vanovsky to resign the portfolio of minister for war in 1898. The emperor regarded him as preëminently the man to fill the post of public instruction. With an obedience which is the cardinal virtue of his life, and with an unflinching purpose to give to the new office the best efforts of his experienced years, this Nestor of Russian officialdom resumed the burden of office. Carrying out the will of the emperor, he inaugurated reforms in the educational system which are partly the outgrowth of the investigation he made as a member of the commission to investigate the student troubles of 1899. Liberality in education is the policy of the emperor, and General Vanovsky, in accordance with imperial instruction, granted further concessions to the students, and appointed a commission to revise the statutes under which they are governed.

MINISTER FOR WAR.

When General Vanovsky retired from the war portfolio, the emperor appointed as his successor General Koupotkin, an officer who has the double distinction of being able and popular. As soldier and administrator he has achieved the laurel wreath. Educated in the military schools of the empire, he evidenced an aptitude for his chosen profession which resulted in his advancement and assignment to various important duties. In war, as in peace, he demonstrated the qualities of an able commander and an able executive. His fame as an administrator could rest alone upon his service as governor of the Trans Caspian. The direction of an

army which has a peace footing of a million men requires executive ability of the highest order, and General Kouropatkin has, during his incumbency of the war office, fully met the wishes of the emperor and the difficulties of the position. He maintains personally the closest supervision of the affairs of his department, requiring the preservation of the highest state of discipline; and, by his own industry, he has furnished an example which has impressed itself upon the whole service. General Kouropatkin is indeed one of the strong men of Russia.

MINISTER FOR AGRICULTURE.

I have referred to the rule which the Czar applies to those whom he considers in connection with important posts, and a better illustration of its results cannot be found than in the case of M. Yermolof, minister for agriculture and domains. The Caucasus, which gave the emperor a minister for finance, also supplied him with his minister for agriculture and domains. Born in 1847, M. Yermolof began his studies at an early age. These led to his graduation from the Imperial Alexander Lyceum, in St. Petersburg, and subsequently from the St. Petersburg Agricultural Institute. The attractions of the science of agriculture, to which he had devoted himself in college, continued to exert their force upon the young Russian after he had finished his scholastic education. He began a series of exhaustive researches, the results of which he published in pamphlet and book form. Because of the improvement they meant in agricultural conditions, young Yermolof quickly gained a prominent position among thinking agriculturists.

M. Yermolof received a subordinate government appointment in 1879, and fourteen years later the Emperor Alexander invited him to assume the post of minister for state domains. His acceptance was followed by an imperial instruction to reorganize and transform his department into a department of agriculture. This he successfully accomplished. The importance of this task will be understood when it is known that eighty seven per cent of

the population of Russia is rural and gains its livelihood from the cultivation of the soil. As an indication of the wonders this man has worked, it is only necessary to point to the increase of revenues from the state lands and forests which has occurred under his administration. When he assumed office the revenues were but eighteen million rubles; during the past year they amounted to fifty six million rubles. M. Yermolof has under his supervision a number of agricultural colleges and schools, and these have been responsible for a great spread of agricultural knowledge among the people. Mining, as well as agriculture, is under the immediate jurisdiction of this minister, and the improvements made in the latter science have been equaled by those inaugurated in the former.

MINISTER FOR JUSTICE.

The law, which has given so many able statesmen to the service of the United States, has also supplied Russia with great men. M. Muravieff, minister for justice, is gifted with legal talent of the highest order. He comes of a family which has had many distinguished representatives. The late Count Muravieff, the predecessor of Count Lamsdorff as minister for foreign affairs, was a cousin of the minister for justice. M. Muravieff was a young man when, in 1893, he was appointed to his present post. He is now but fifty two years of age. Besides being one of the foremost lawyers of Russia, he is an eloquent orator.

PROCURATOR OF THE HOLY SYNOD.

A list of the strong men of Russia would be incomplete unless it bore the name of his excellency, Pobedonostseff, the procurator of the Holy Synod—the head of the Greek church under the emperor, one of the tutors of Alexander III. His excellency is one of the great men religion has given to the world. His influence has done much to mold the character of the Czar.

Russia has produced many strong men, some strong women. One weak woman tenders to her nation's leaders this, her respectful tribute of appreciation.

The Woman Within.

A TALE OF TEMPERAMENT—THE TRAGEDY OF A WILD WEST SHOW

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON.

"AND now," said Marston, as she pushed away her coffee cup and smiled at him across the little table, "where shall we go? Shall it be a theater? It's rather late for that, though, isn't it? And, besides, we have seen about everything, from the Italian marionettes to the continuous."

"Anywhere," said Miss Ballantine, "that the distinguished author of 'The Rose of Love' elects. This is your night. One doesn't bring out a book of verse every day—the public would object—so anything you choose *must* be the correct thing to do. Really, though," she added, "properly to celebrate the advent of 'The Rose of Love,' we should seek a thymy bank and say lyrics to each other in the moonlight. It's very incongruous for a poet to suggest anything so commonplace as a theater."

"And as the fiancée of a poet," said Marston, "it's contemptible of you to make fun of his verses. Bring me an evening paper," he said to the waiter.

The girl's face had changed. "I know you are only jesting," she said soberly, "but it *is* wrong to make a joke of them; it is simply—sacrilege. You know what they are to me—how they appeal to the best of everything in me. They are the very expression of the love I feel for you, Ralph. Of the spirit, spiritual."

She smiled at him brightly, though the tears stood in her eyes. Marston's pale, intellectual face flushed with a keen rapture.

"Dearest!" he said.

He laid his outstretched hand a moment on her own. Miss Ballantine smiled.

"I'm not going to be serious," she said. "I just wanted you to—*know*. Give me the paper. As the distinguished author won't choose, his good for nothing fiancée will."

She ran a slim forefinger down the

long list of amusements and paused at one with a little, excited laugh.

"'Wild West and Congress of Rough Riders!'" she read. "Oh, Ralph!"

Marston smiled amusedly. "My dear child," he said, "surely you don't want to go to that raw head and bloody bones affair, where all the lost tribes come to howl at each other. It would tire you to death. And, besides, you loathe Indians. I have seen you turn pale at a wooden tobacco sign."

"But I *do* want to go," said Miss Ballantine. "I have never seen a real Indian, except in a nightmare, and if they frighten me, they fascinate me, too. I claim this affair by right of inheritance. You know my people were all Indian fighters. My great grandfather and two of his brothers were killed by them, and a great great aunt was carried away into Canada by them once."

Marston shivered slightly. "It's not a pleasant subject, is it?" he said.

The girl's eyes kindled. "They were glorious fighters," she said. "The women, too—they fought side by side with the men. My great grandmother once ran from the blockhouse to help her lover. She had seen him kill four Indians single handed. Think of it—four! I think it must have been admiration as well as anxiety that brought her out."

"You have told me of it," said Marston. "Can such women be? Who would think, Margaret, that a strain of their blood was in you—you, who are just a little wide eyed soul, with no more of earth about you than a cloud?"

The girl laughed. "I am an arrant coward, if that is what you mean," she said. "The blood has been diluted until the fierceness has been eliminated, I fancy. I am very like my great grandmother, they tell me. That may explain my admiration of her, and," she added, "I *would* like to go tonight."

Marston smiled at her as they rose from the table. "Of course we will go," he said. "You should go to the moon if you wanted, dear, and I could manage it. But it will be rather like seeing those"—he nodded at the violets she wore in her corsage—"blooming in a butcher's shop."

"Am I like these?" said Miss Ballantine. "I shall keep them always, because of that speech, and"—she smiled tenderly—"some of them shall be pressed in 'The Rose of Love.'"

As they went down the long steps to their hansom, Miss Ballantine looked at Marston anxiously.

"You are limping more than usual, Ralph," she said. "You are tired, perhaps?"

"Nonsense!" said Marston lightly. "I was never better. It's only a bit of a twinge. Because you are the least mite in the world taller than I am, Margaret, you survey me from a maternal standpoint occasionally, and I resent it bitterly, bless your sweet heart. Madison Square Garden," he said to the cabby.

"Well," said Marston, "how do you like it?"

His pale face had grown paler. The hour of incessant firing, the tumult of applause, the smell of powder, the braying of the much advertised cowboy band, had tired him more than he cared to confess. Miss Ballantine turned her eyes reluctantly from the tanbark oval, where some half a dozen broncos were leaping and twisting to the wild chorus of the cowboy yells of their riders. Her face was flushed and her eyes luminous.

"I think it is glorious," she said. "Glorious! Ah, see that!" She laughed excitedly and leaned to the partition that separated their box from the ground.

"You look like some Roman girl watching the gladiators wrestle," said Marston slowly. "I never saw you wear quite that look before, Margaret. There is a certain cruelty in it. The circus splashed and seethed and shrieked all round Faustine," he quoted.

"I doubt if Faustine ever sat in a

funny little box stall like this," laughed Miss Ballantine.

Her eyes were still fixed on the writhing body of a horse, whose rider was constantly greeted by the close packed galleries with ear splitting shrieks and whistles of approval.

"Ralph, who is that?" She designated the rider by a gesture.

Marston referred wearily to the many colored program. "That gentleman, my dear," he explained, "is Mr. Hugh McGowan, and apparently the right hand of the show. According to this, he has been everything but a crowned head or a peaceable citizen. He is a scout, a cowboy, an Indian fighter; he appears to have killed more men than disease, and he excels"—he referred again to the program—"in shooting, riding, and roping—whatever that may be."

He smiled at Miss Ballantine, but instead of answering with the sympathetic, amused smile he expected, she only nodded briefly and leaned forward for a final look as the bronco and his rider disappeared through the great fall of green curtain that parted to receive them.

In a moment he emerged again, this time on a piebald Indian pony, and rode leisurely to the opposite side of the arena, apparently to give some directions to the small band of supers engaged there.

Miss Ballantine's eyes followed him unconsciously, and Marston hid his growing discomfort in a laugh.

"For a young person who contemplated sitting on a thymy bank and pouring out her soul in lyrics," he said, "you seem to be enjoying yourself immensely. This isn't exactly your idea of a retired, moonlit spot, is it?"

The piercing voice of the announcer broke upon his words:

"A tribe of Sioux Indians led by their chief, Two Feathers, and preceded by the oldest living squaw, Rolling Thunder, and the youngest papoose, Kicking Bear Goes to the Dance."

The crowd took up the name in a storm of laughter and applause. Miss Ballantine shivered slightly.

"More Indians," she said.

She looked towards the green cur-

tains with eyes at once terrified and fascinated.

The monotonous chant of the Indians preceded them, rising and falling in irregular waves of unholy, minor cadences that grappled and tore at one's nerves.

Rolling Thunder and the little papoose headed their slow procession, the child walking with an unconscious, grotesque imitation of the old woman's waddling gait. Behind them came the writhing, slim bodied braves—a kaleidoscopic mass of glaring stains.

To Marston's tired eyes, they seemed a compact body of hideous colors. He closed his eyes and leaned back in his uncomfortable chair as they passed.

It was a woman in the box beside him that roused him. She screamed suddenly, her shrill, terrified cry rising over the lower stratum of sound like an ascending rocket.

The green curtain had been ripped and slashed aside with a sound like the crackling of thunder. Three horses broke into the oval at a mad gallop—some half dozen men in howling, futile pursuit. The horses' eyes were wild and staring, their jaws flecked with foam. They ran almost side by side, snapping viciously at one another.

Marston sprang to his feet, only half conscious that Miss Ballantine's fingers were digging into his arm and that she was breathing like an exhausted runner.

The chant of the Indians broke like the snapping of a cord. They parted with almost mathematical precision, silently pressing against either side of the arena, and as they separated in the highway of space between, Marston caught a moment's glimpse of a man on horseback who seemed to shoot arrow-like from the opposite end of the arena straight towards the heads of the maddened stallions.

The scene formed and broke before Marston's eyes with the blinding rapidity of a vitascope. As the long line of Indians cracked, he saw the old squaw, tottering some feet in advance, stretch a trembling hand for the child; saw her grasp, clutch, and fail, and she herself stagger into the line of safety as the child fell—a pathetic little patch of color in the center of the tan bark oval.

Marston closed his eyes. It seemed that he already heard the thud of hoofs on flesh, and the shriek of a mangled child, rising above the mad confusion of shouts and oaths that tore the air.

On the instant, Margaret's voice sounded shrilly—a note of triumph, of exultation. "Look!" she cried. "He has done it. I knew he would! Oh, look! Look!"

She dragged Marston's eyes with her own. She stood at the edge of the box, leaning far over the wooden partition, rejoicing, radiant—a very spirit of victory, defiant, unafraid.

The man on horseback had spurred on, yelling gloriously. He appeared to look only at the advancing horses and not at the struggling child in their path; then, as he neared the patch of color, he seemed to disappear from the saddle, his right arm swooping like the onslaught of a great bird. When he rose again, the child lay across his saddle, and the four horses had met in a shock like the breaking of a monstrous wave.

In a second's time there seemed a dozen men at the head of each plunging beast, and the air was drowned and submerged in the vast sea of shouts, from which the shriek of McGowan's name rose like the rising of the ninth breaker. The crowd overflowed from the seats into the arena. Marston caught Margaret's arm. He was trembling violently.

"It was a trick!" he heard himself say thickly. "A part of the show."

The girl wrenched herself from his grasp. She was laughing in short, excited gasps. Her cheeks were burning, her eyes luminous. She seemed to Marston to have assumed the appearance of a stranger—to pulsate with new life, new vigor. She stretched an untrembling hand towards the man who, still holding the child, was riding towards them.

"Why, there," she cried, "is a man as God meant men to be—a man!"

Marston caught his lips sharply between his teeth. McGowan came on slowly, his horse hampered by the excited crowd about him. There was something brutal, almost aggressive, in his dormant strength.

He was laughing at the child, who

clung to his vigorous shoulder and stared at him with angry, unwinking eyes. There were great beads of perspiration on his bronzed face. His shirt, torn open at the neck, showed his brawny chest and the play of muscles in his splendid throat.

Marston looked from the man's face to Margaret's. It seemed for an instant that there existed some strange resemblance between the two—some fierce illumination in each countenance that made them one.

The girl leaned over the edge of the box as McGowan neared. Her eyes were on fire, and the flame seemed to touch and compel the man to turn to her involuntarily.

As he looked, with a sudden gesture, she tore Marston's violets from her corsage and tossed them over the heads of the crowd to the cowboy.

He dropped his rein and caught them neatly, laughing, a great flush spreading over his bronzed face, as the crowd yelled its approbation of the act.

Marston felt the blood rise to his throat and strangle him. He caught roughly at Margaret's arm.

"Come with me," he said.

The girl shook her head, laughing, her eyes still on the cowboy's face.

"Do you hear?" said Marston, between his teeth. "Come with me."

She looked at him a moment in surprise; then she followed him silently.

Marston made his way swiftly through the deserted lobby to the street, strangely silent after the tumult of the crowd within. The color had left the girl's face; she seemed unnaturally pale and still. They walked a block in absolute silence, then she turned to him fretfully.

"What is it, Ralph?" she asked. "Why do you look at me so?"

The passion that had choked him fired at her words.

"Because I wonder who you are," he said. "Because I don't know you. Are you Margaret Ballantine, the girl I love, the girl who loves me—*me*—or are you some exquisite barbarian who has laid aside for a moment the mask of a lifetime—some prehistoric woman wooed and won through sheer

brutality—the fitting mate of that splendid savage in there? Why, every instinct in you seemed to claim him! I felt it; I knew it—I, who sat there and watched the reincarnation of your real self. Good God, your very faces were alike!"

He laughed bitterly. "To think that three hours ago I was proud," he said—"proud of my book—a miserable book of effeminate verses. Do you hear, Margaret? Effeminate! Three hours ago I thought myself your mate. I had forgotten that the call of flesh to flesh outcries the call of spirit to spirit. Your mate? God! A cripple? A halting, puny, pale blooded cripple!"

He struck himself sharply on the breast. "A caricature! What was it you said? 'As God meant men to be!' That is what I am—a caricature of what God meant men to be."

The girl looked at him dully. "I don't know what you mean," she said. "I don't understand. I am very tired."

Marston held up his stick at a passing hansom. His voice was steady as he gave the man his directions. The storm of his passion had left a strange numbness in its wake. He leaned back against the cushions, only half conscious that he was suffering acutely.

Suddenly the girl beside him broke into a very passion of sobs that shook her body from head to foot and stung Marston sharply back to life.

"Margaret!" he cried. "Margaret!" He caught her swaying body passionately in his arms.

"Oh," she sobbed, "I love you! You know I love you."

"Forgive me," he said brokenly. "I was not myself. I did not know what I was saying. Forgive me, Margaret." But for answer she only clung to him blindly, with no word but the pitiful reiteration that she loved him, and him only.

On his way home, a half hour later, something on the floor of the hansom caught Marston's eye. It was a violet. He picked it up and held it in his palm, staring at it with no speculation in his eyes. Then, as it fell between his fingers, after a moment's silence, he dropped his face in both his hands.

The Inside of an Automobile.

BY HENRI FOURNIER.

CHAMPION AUTOMOBILIST OF THE WORLD.

M. FOURNIER IS A PRACTICAL AUTOMOBILIST WHO HAS STUDIED HIS MACHINE AS A VIRTUOSO WOULD A VIOLIN. HIS OPINION UPON THE COMPARATIVE VALUES OF MOTORS IS A TRAINED OPINION—THE OPINION OF THE MOST FAMOUS AUTOMOBILIST IN THE WORLD. HIS LIKES AND DISLIKES ARE MATTERS OF EXPERIENCE, NOT OF PREJUDICE.

OF all the owners of automobiles, few, very few, have any idea of what it is that makes the wheels go round. And yet this is the most important consideration in the purchase of a vehicle. Men go to an automobile show, look at the enameled carriage, remark the nickel plated fittings, feel the air cushions, and test the means of ingress and egress. Of the mechanism, if they observe it at all, they are contented with the measure of its horse power. The most profound investigators stop with inquiries as to the amount of odor, the danger of explosion, and the ease of repair. They purchase their automobile without an idea as to its manner of construction. This is alike unfair to the manufacturer and to the aspiring automobilist.

The development of automobiles has been left almost entirely to France. Within the last few years the United States has entered the market, and a recent exhibition in New York revealed the astonishing extent to which the industry has been pushed in this country. However, it is still at the experimental stage in the United States. It stands where France stood five years ago, but it has made in two years the advance France made in ten. From America—from the new storage battery of Edison, from the young engineers interesting themselves in automobile manufacture—the development of the immediate future is most likely to come.

Automobile motors are adaptations of engines long familiar to the mechanical world. There is a small stationary en-

gine, known as the Benz motor, which has long been familiar in the workshops of Europe. It is a small gas engine, used to produce power in small factories. This was taken and placed upon a carriage, and by the manipulation of gears and chains was found to produce motion. The automobile was a practicable vehicle. Unfortunately, it was clumsy, heavy, and devoid of speed. The motors were eccentric to a degree. At times they would work, and work well; at others they developed an embarrassing obstinacy.

THE EXPLOSIVE MOTOR.

In those engines, motion was communicated to the piston by alternate admission and condensation of gas in a closed cylinder. This was effected by means of the explosion of a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen, or of coal gas and air. The ignition came from a tiny gas jet or, in the more recent machines, from an electric spark.

To adapt this engine to the automobile, it was necessary to secure a compact reservoir and a ready means of ignition. To secure a compact fuel, gasoline, the lightest volatile liquid product obtained from the distillation of petroleum, was used. For its ignition a series of dry batteries was utilized, communicating an electric spark at regular intervals to the volatilized gasoline. Beyond that point, except in matters of detail, the gasoline motor has not developed. Yet today it remains the best of all motors, although one devoid of much less prospective development than the electric motor.

The great difficulty to contend with is the weight of all motors capable of generating a sufficient power for the production of a high rate of speed. Vehicles have to be built like gun carriages to carry the propulsive machinery, and a wagon designed to take the place of a brougham or a coupé has the weight of a brewer's dray. To obviate that is one of the essentials of automobile development.

HYDRO CARBON ENGINES.

As matters stand today, my own preference is for one of the hydro carbon engines. It should be vertical, of the four cylinder type, and should be located forward. On May 29 last I rode from Paris to Bordeaux, a distance of three hundred and forty eight miles, with eighteen miles through cities, in six hours, forty four minutes, and forty four seconds. That is the world's record, and my motor was such a one as I recommend.

The three hundred and thirty miles along open roads my automobile covered at an average speed of fifty three miles an hour, and for some of the way I was traveling at seventy miles an hour. The famous Sud express, said to be the fastest train in Europe, requires an hour longer to make the same trip. Through the cities, I could travel at a speed of only seven and a half miles.

Last June, in the race from Paris to Berlin—a distance of seven hundred and forty four miles—through Reims, Aix la Chapelle, Cologne, Münster, Hanover, Magdeburg, and Potsdam, I covered the distance in sixteen hours and six minutes. That is the extent to which French mechanism has carried automobiling. My time was something over thirty nine miles an hour, and established a world's record over the distance.

THE VERTICAL MOTOR.

The motor was of the description I have recommended. My preference for the vertical motor is founded upon the ease with which one obtains good and constant lubrication without endangering the ignition. The four cylinder variety I like because the vibration in each cylinder is to some extent neutralized

by that in the other, consequently the one great objection to the explosive motor—its vibration—is reduced to a minimum.

The motor should be carried well forward of the machine, because it is there more easy of access than in the body of the automobile. There is less vibration on the fore pair of wheels than on those behind. It is easier to control and to lubricate the motor in the front of the machine than when placed further back. When in front, the rush of air acts as a cooling agent, and so assists in preventing the heating of parts which would result from a covering up of the motor in the interior of the carriage. So far as appearance goes, it is better to have the motor forward, as the general effect is that of an automobile—a road engine—not a horseless horse carriage. There is no reason why designers should strive so strenuously after maintaining in the automobile the lines of the old fashioned carriage. The modern vehicle is of a distinctly different type of migratory mechanism to the carriage drawn by horses, and the distinction should be maintained in the design.

If the motor be placed forward, there is much greater opportunity given to the carriage builder to make an attractive and serviceable body. He is relieved of the responsibility of housing a mechanism of which he knows nothing. There is an absence of dirt and grease in the body of the vehicle—the most serious of all the enemies of the designer of an esthetic automobile.

THE STEAM MOTOR.

One motor which has practically completed its time of usefulness is the steam motor. Originally an adaptation of the old fashioned steam engine, the steam motor has been found useful over short distances, but has never had a place in high speed or long distance automobiles. The fuel is gasoline, benzine, sometimes naphtha, and the great objection has been found in the necessity of carrying a reservoir of considerable dimensions to maintain a sufficient supply of water.

As gasoline is consumed much more rapidly in a steam motor than in an explosive motor, the difficulty of using

this type of machine away from city streets becomes apparent.

The engine that has been used is the marine engine, slightly modified from the one in use in small steam launches. The boiler is the ordinary vertical tube boiler. The heat, after serving its primary purpose in producing steam, is passed through the water tank in coils in the manner made familiar from its use in locomotives and steamships. Against its use as an automobile motor is its liability to explode in the hands of an inexperienced *chauffeur*, in addition to the weight and clumsiness of its mechanism and supplies, the unpleasant odor of the gasoline boiler, the whizz of the escaping steam, and its ability to terrorize horse traffic by the long wake of condensing vapor.

The steam motor is only good over short distances, and the rate of speed attained is but little over twenty miles an hour. The probability is that before long those motors will be replaced by explosive or electric mechanism.

THE ELECTRIC MOTOR.

The great potential development in automobile mechanism lies in the direction of electricity. At present it is restricted by the excessive weight of the batteries now necessary to the conveyance of the motive power. So soon as Mr. Edison has demonstrated the practicability of his new storage battery, a great advance may be expected in electrical machines. The electric motor is noiseless and clean, it lacks the unpleasant odor of the gasoline machine, as it does the noise and terrifying adjuncts of the steam motors. Although extremely difficult of repair to the layman, it is superior to the other motors in that it is free from the danger of explosion—a serious consideration in steam driven road cars. At present, however, the weight of an efficient electric motor is almost prohibitive.

Except for city work, indeed, the electric motor is of comparatively little use, since recharging stations are so few outside of towns. Until a portable generator is invented, all hope of the development of electric motors rests upon the storage battery. Until that can be made light and capable of carry-

ing sufficient power to last over a somewhat more extended period than is at present the case, the electric motor will not be seen far away from the smooth streets of cities.

As at present constituted, an automobile fitted with an electric motor can run, at the most, forty miles on each charging. That renders it useless for prolonged touring, for endurance work, or for the ordinary operations of the road.

THE RACING AUTOMOBILE.

To the racing automobilist the inside of his machine is of an importance altogether superior to that it attains in the commercial mind. His life depends upon the integrity of a screw, the resistance of a bolt. When one embarks upon a speed contest he must have absolute confidence in the trustworthiness of his machine. Otherwise he is doomed to failure. Nowhere in the world of sport does a man's nerve, his endurance, count for so much as in automobile racing. The strain on a rider in a steeplechase is nothing compared to that of a man riding alone and unattended for hours along a road at the speed of an express train, where a stone or a rut may hurl him, at any moment, into destruction. A ton of steel traveling at the rate of a mile a minute, meeting with a chance obstacle, is turned into a mass of broken and twisted ironwork. The *chauffeur*, unless Providence intervenes, is bruised and battered beyond recognition. Already there has been a sufficiency of deaths upon the automobile race track to relieve the sport of the charge of tameness which at first assailed it.

Breaks occur most frequently in the clogged gears. As the road cars are used over a rough and ready surface designed for ordinary traffic, without anything of special preparation, it is impossible to avoid sudden jolts and jars. These rack every joint of the delicate machinery within. A cog flies off. Then there is another jolt. Another cog gives way. The smaller gear loses a tooth. The wheels revolve for a time with little loss of power. Then the two plain surfaces come together, the wheels lock, and—chaos follows.

The Next Corner.

A TALE OF A MAN, A GENTLEMAN, AND THE AVENUE D'EYLAU.

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

ANTHONY CAZEBY was a man whom an adventurous disposition, an independent fortune, and a magnificent constitution had introduced to many and various sensations; but he was conscious that, so far as intensity went, no one of them all had for a moment approached that with which he emerged from the doorway of the Automobile Club. Winking at the sting of the keen midwinter air, he looked out across the Place de la Concorde, over which hung a myriad globes of light, like huge pearls swung on invisible strings across the haze of the January midnight. He paused for a moment, as if he would allow his faculties to obtain a full and final grasp of his situation, and impatiently motioned away the trim little club *chasseur* who stood at his side with one cotton gloved hand stretched out expectantly for the carriage check.

"*Va, mon petit, je vais à pied!*"

Afoot! Cazeby smiled at himself at the air of sudden resolution which rang in his voice, and, turning his fur collar high up about his ears, swung off rapidly towards the Cours la Reine.

It had been that *rarissima avis* of social life, even in Paris—a perfect dinner. Cazeby had found himself wondering, at more than one stage of its smooth and imposing progress, how the Flints could afford to do it. But, on each occasion, he dismissed the thought with a little shrug of vexation. If there was one thing upon which Cazeby prided himself more than another it was originality of thought, word, and deed; and he was annoyed to find himself, even momentarily, on a mental level with the gossips of the American and English colonies.

People had said many things of Hartley Flint, and still more of his wife; but no one had ever had the temerity to accuse them of ignorance in the

matter of a dinner. Moreover, on this particular occasion, they were returning the hospitality of the Baroness Klemfft, who had, at the close of the exposition, impressed into her service the chef of the Roumanian restaurant, and whose dinners were, in consequence, the wonder and despair of four foreign colonies. After her latest exploit Hartley Flint had remarked to his wife that it was "up to them to make good," which, being interpreted, was to say that it was his intention to repay the baroness in her own good coin.

Now Cazeby was wondering whether he had actually enjoyed it all. Under the circumstances, it seemed to him incredible; and yet he could not recall a qualm of uneasiness from the moment when the *maitre d'hôtel* had thrown open the doors of the private dining-room, until the baroness had smiled at her hostess out of a cloud of old Valenciennes, and said, "Now there are two of us who give impeccable dinners, Madame Flint." Even now, facing his last ditch, Cazeby was conscious of a little thrill of self satisfaction. He had said the score of clever things which each of his many hostesses expected of him, and had told with great effect his story of the little German florist, which had grown that season, under the persuasive encouragement of society's approval, from a brief anecdote into a veritable achievement of Teutonic dialect. Also, he had worn a forty franc orchid, and left it in his coffee cup because it had begun to wilt. In brief, he had been Anthony Cazeby at his extraordinary best—a mixture of brilliancy and eccentricity, without which, as Mrs. Flint was wont to say, no dinner was complete.

But the sublime and the ridiculous are not the only contrasting conditions that lie but one step apart, and Cazeby was painfully conscious of having, in

the past five minutes, taken the short one which divides gay from grave. Reduced to its lowest terms, his situation lay in his words to the little *chasseur*. With the odor of the rarest orchid to be found in Chapert's whole establishment yet clinging to his lapel, Anthony Cazeby was going home on foot because the fare from the Concorde to the Avenue d'Eylau is one franc fifty, and one franc fifty was precisely ninety centimes more than he possessed in the world.

Well, it was not surprising. The life of a popular young diplomat with extravagant tastes is not conducive to economy, and the twenty thousand dollars which had come to Cazeby at the beginning of his twenty eighth year had come out a bad second best in the struggle with Parisian gaiety. His *bibelots*, his servants; Auteuil and Longchamp; his *baccarat* at the Prince de Treville's; a dancer at the Folies Marigny; Monte Carlo, Aix, Trouville—they had all had their share; and now the piper was waiting to be paid, and the exchequer was empty. It was an old story. Other men of his acquaintance had done the same, but they had had some final resource. The trouble was, as Cazeby told himself, that in his case the final resource was not pecuniary. On the contrary, it was a peculiarly tidy little weapon, of Smith and Wesson make, which lay in the upper right hand drawer of his *marqueterie* desk. He had looked long at it that same afternoon, with all his worldly wealth, in the shape of forty two francs sixty, spread out beside it. That was before he had taken a *fiacre* to Chapert's.

At the very moment when Cazeby was contemplating these doubtful assets, a grim old gentleman was seated at another desk three thousand miles away, engaged upon a calculation of the monthly profits derived from his wholesale leather concern. But Cazeby *père* was one of those hopeless persons who believe in economy. Any appeal to him from Anthony was foredoomed to failure, and Anthony knew it.

Sentiment had no part in the make up of Anthony Cazeby. Lacking from birth the common ties of home affections, and by training and profession a diplomat, he added to a naturally cold

and undemonstrative nature the non committal suavity of his official manner. No one had ever come at the root of his character except Cazeby *père*, who once said in a fit of passion, "You don't care a brass cent, sir, whether you live and are made President of the United States, or die and are eternally damned!" And that was exactly the point.

Something of all this had passed through Cazeby's mind when he was suddenly aroused to an appreciation of his whereabouts by the sound of a voice, to find that the curious instinct of direction which underlies advanced inebriety and profound preoccupation alike, had led him through the Rue Pierre Charron and across the Place du Trocadero, and that he had already advanced some little way along the Avenue d'Eylau in the direction of his apartment. The street was dimly lighted, but just behind him the windows of a tiny wine shop gave out a subdued glow, and from inside came the sound of a violin. Then Cazeby's attention came around to the owner of the voice. This was a youngish man of medium stature, in the familiar street dress of a French laborer—a jacket and waistcoat of dull blue velveteen, peg top trousers of heavy corduroy, a crimson knot at his throat, and a dark tam o'shanter pulled low over one ear. As their eyes met, he apparently saw that Cazeby had not heard his first remark and so repeated it.

"I have need of a drink!"

There was nothing of the beggar in his tone or manner—both were threatening, rather; and as soon as he had spoken he thrust his lower jaw forward in the fashion common to the thug of any and every nationality whose next move is like to be a blow. But, for once, these manifestations of hostility failed signally of their effect. Under any circumstances, Cazeby was the last person in the world to select as the object of a sudden attack, with the idea that panic would make him easy prey. In his present state of mind he went further than preserving his equanimity. He was faintly amused. It was not that he did not comprehend the other's purpose; but, to his way of thinking, there was something distinctly humorous in

the idea of holding up a man with only sixty centimes to his name, and menacing him with injury when he himself was on his way to the upper right hand drawer of the *marqueterie* desk.

"I have need of a drink," repeated the other, coming a step nearer. "Thou art not deaf, at least?"

"No," said Cazeby pleasantly. "No, I am not deaf; and I, too, have need of a drink. Shall we take it together?" And, without waiting for a reply, he turned and stepped through the doorway of the little wine shop.

"*Deux vitriols!*"

The proprietor, with a grin of appreciation at the phrase, lumbered heavily around to the table, filled two small glasses from a bottle of cheap cognac, and stood, waiting payment, hands on hips, surveying the two men curiously.

"*Di-ze sous,*" he said.

There was no need to search for the exact amount. Cazeby spun his fifty centime piece upon the marble, added his remaining two sous by way of *pourboire*, and disposed of the brandy at a gulp.

"Have you also need of a cigarette?" he inquired politely, tendering the other his case.

For some minutes, as they smoked, the diplomat and the vagabond took stock of each other in silence. In many ways they were singularly alike. There was in both the same irony of lip line, the same fine chiseling of chin and nostril and brow, the same weariness of eye. The difference was one of dress and bearing alone. Even in those first moments of mutual analysis, Cazeby realized that there was about this street lounge a vague air of the gentleman, a subtle suggestion of good birth and breeding. The one was a finished model of a man of the world, the other a caricature, but the clay was the same.

"I am also hungry," said the latter suddenly.

"In that respect," responded Cazeby, in the same tone of even politeness, "I am, unfortunately, unable to assist you, unless you will accept the hospitality of my apartment. It is but a step, and I am rather an expert on bacon and eggs. Also," he added, falling into the idiom

of the *faubourgs*, "there is a means there of remedying the dryness of the sponge in one's throat. My name is Antoine."

"I am Bibi la Raie," said the other briefly. Then he continued, instinctively voicing his class suspicion of the police, "It is a strange fashion thou hast of introducing a type to 'those gentlemen.'"

"That," said Cazeby, "is for you to judge. As a matter of fact, it is less trouble to cook eggs for one than for two."

Bibi la Raie reflected briefly. Finally he had recourse to his characteristic shrug.

"After all, what difference?" he said. "As well now as another time. I follow thee!"

The strangely assorted companions entered Cazeby's apartment as the clock was striking one. The pressure of an electric button, flooding the salon with light, revealed a little tea table furnished with cigarettes and cigars, decanters of Scotch whisky and liqueurs, and Venetian goblets of curiously tinted glass. Cazeby shot a swift glance at his guest as this array sprang into view, and was curiously content to observe that he manifested no surprise. Bibi la Raie had flung himself into a great leathern chair with an air of being entirely at ease.

"Not bad—thy little box," he observed. "Is it permitted?"

He indicated the table with a nod.

"Assuredly," said Cazeby. "Do as if you were at home. I shall be but a moment with the supper."

When he returned from the kitchen, bearing a smoking dish of bacon and eggs, butter, rye bread, and Swiss cheese, Bibi la Raie was standing in rapt contemplation before a superb etching of "The Last Judgment."

"What a genius—this animal of a Michel Ange!" he said.

"Rather deft at time," replied Cazeby, arranging the dishes on the larger table.

"*Je te crois!*" said Bibi enthusiastically. "Evidently it was not Léon Treize who built Saint Pierre!"

The eggs had been peculiarly obstinate, as it happened, and a growing irri-

tability had taken possession of Anthony. As they ate in silence, the full force of his tragic position returned to him. Even the unwontedness of his chance encounter with Bibi la Raie had not been omnipotent to dispel the cloud that had been gradually settling around him since he emerged from the Automobile Club, and, as they finished the little repast, he turned suddenly upon his guest with a burst of irritation.

"Who are you?" he cried. "And what does all this mean? Was I mistaken, when you first accosted me, in thinking you a mere *voyou*? Surely not! You meant to rob me. You speak the *argot* of the fortifications. Yet here I find you discoursing on Michelangelo as though you were the *conservateur* of the Hôtel Cluny! What am I to think?"

Bibi la Raie lit another cigarette, blew forth the smoke in a thin, gray stream, and thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his velveteen waistcoat.

"And you," he said slowly, abandoning the familiar address he had been using—"who are *you*? No, you were not mistaken in thinking I meant to rob you. Such is my profession. But does a gentleman reply, in ordinary, to the summons of a thief by paying that thief a drink? Does he invite him to his apartment and cook a supper for him? What am I to think?"

There was a brief pause, and then he faced his host squarely.

"Are you absolutely resolved to put an end to it all tonight?" he demanded.

Cazeby made a small sign of bewilderment.

"Ah, *mon vieux*," continued the other. "That, you know, is of no use with me. You ask me who I am. For one thing, I am one who has lived too long in touch with desperate men not to know the look in the eyes when the end has come. You think you are going to blow out your brains tonight."

"You are insane, that's all," said Cazeby softly.

"Oh, far from it!" said Bibi la Raie, with a short laugh. "But one does not fondle one's revolver in the daytime without a good reason, nor does one leave it *on top* of letters postmarked

this morning, unless one has been fondling it—what?"

Cazeby was at the *marqueterie* desk in two strides, tugging at the upper right hand drawer. It was locked. He turned about slowly and, half seating himself on the edge of the desk, surveyed his guest coolly.

"The revolver is in your pocket," he said.

"No," answered Bibi, with an air of cheerfulness. "I have one of my own. But the key is."

"Why?" said Cazeby.

Bibi helped himself to yellow chartreuse, lit a cigarette, and appeared to reflect.

"I am not sure that I know why myself," he said finally. "Perhaps because you have done me a kindness, and I would not like to have you burn your fingers in a moment of absent mindedness. Perhaps because we might disagree, and I should not care to take the chance of your shooting first."

He squinted at the liqueur, swallowed it slowly and with extreme appreciation, smacked his lips, and then, cocking his feet up on Cazeby's brass club fender, began to smoke again, staring into the dwindling fire. His host watched him in silence until he should be ready to speak, which he presently began to do, with his cigarette drooping from the corner of his mouth and moving in time to his words. He had suddenly and curiously become a man of the world—of the *grand monde*—and his speech was free of slang and tinged with the faint club sarcasm which one hears in the glass card room of the Volney or over coffee on the roof of the Automobile. Moreover, it was beautiful French. Not Mounet himself could have done better.

"The only man to whom one should confide personal secrets," said Bibi la Raie, "is he whom one has never seen before and will, as is probable, never see again. I could tell you many things, Monsieur Cazeby, since that is your name—I have seen your morning's mail, you know—but, for the moment, let it suffice to say that the *voyou* who accosted you this evening is of birth as good as yours—pardon, but probably better! *Wein, weib, und geliebt*: you know the saying. Add cards and the

race course, and you have, complete, the short ladder of five rungs down which I have been successful in climbing. I shall presume to the extent of supposing that you have just accomplished the same descent. One learns much thereby, but more after one has reached the ground. I am afraid I have grown cynical, but one thing I know. There is always something worth looking into around the next corner of even the darkest street—the Rue des Sablons, for instance. It was very dark tonight, very damp, and very cold. Assuredly, as I turned into the Avenue d'Eylau, I had no reason to foresee a supper, Russian cigarettes, and *chartreuse jaune*. And yet, *me voilà!* Now, what most of us lack—what you, in particular, seem to lack, Monsieur Cazeby—is the patience to wait for that next turning.”

“There are streets darker than the Rue des Sablons,” put in Anthony, falling in with the other’s whimsical humor, “and that have no turning.”

“You speak from conjecture, not experience,” said Bibi la Raie. “You have never seen one.”

He glanced about the room with the air of one making a mental inventory.

“Before that,” he added, “there comes the pawn shop, the exterior boulevards, the somewhat insufficient shelter of the Pont Royal. No, you have not come to the last corner.”

“All that,” said Cazeby, “is simply a matter of philosophy. Each of us has his own idea of what makes life worth the while. When that is no longer procurable, then that is the last corner.”

“For instance——?”

“For instance, my own case. You have analyzed my situation sufficiently well, though when you said I was about to blow out my brains——”

“It was a mere guess,” interrupted Bibi, “founded on circumstantial evidence. Then I *thought* so. Now I *know* it.”

“Let us grant you were right,” continued Cazeby, with a smile. “I have my own conception of what I require to make existence tolerable. They include this apartment or its equivalent, a horse, two servants, two clubs, and a sufficient income to dress, eat, entertain, and amuse myself in the manner of my

class—an extravagant and unreasonable standard, if you will, but such is my conviction. Now, granted that the moment has arrived when it is no longer possible for me to have these things, and when there is no prospect of my situation being changed, I cannot conceive what advantage there can be in continuing to live.”

“I perceive you are a philosopher,” said the other. “How about the religious view?”

Cazeby shrugged his shoulders.

“As to that,” he said, “my religious views are, so far as I know, stored away in the little church which I was forced to attend three times on every Sunday of my childhood. They did not come out with me on the last occasion, and I have never met them since.”

“Excellent!” said Bibi. “It is the same with me. But I think you are mistaken in your convictions of what makes life worth living. I held them myself in the time. But I have had a deal of experience. There are many things as amusing, even on the exterior boulevards. Of course, experience is essential. One never knows what one would do under given conditions.”

He turned suddenly and looked Cazeby in the eye.

“What, for example, would you do if you were in my place?” he asked.

“As you say, one never knows,” said his host. “I *think* that, in your place, I should carry out your laudable intention of robbing Monsieur Antoine Cazeby. I may be influenced by my knowledge that such a proceeding would not irritate or incommode him in the least, but that is what I think.”

He indicated the contents of the salon with a gesture.

“I shall not need these things tomorrow,” he added. “You were quite right about the pistol. I regret to say I spent my last sixty centimes on our cognac, but there is a remarkably fine scarf pin on the table in my dressing room.”

“A sapphire, surrounded by black pearls,” put in the other. “You were rather long in cooking those eggs.”

“A sapphire, surrounded by black pearls,” agreed Cazeby. “Yes, on the whole, I think that is what I should do.”

Bibi la Raie smiled pleasantly.

"I am glad to find we are of one mind," he said. "Of course, my mind was made up, but it is more agreeable to know that I am causing you no inconvenience. I suppose it is unnecessary to add that resistance will be quite useless. I have the only available revolver, and, moreover, I propose to tie you into this extremely comfortable chair. It is not," he added, "that I do not trust you, although our acquaintance is, unfortunately, too recent to inspire complete confidence. No, I have my convictions as well as you, Monsieur Cazeby, and one of them is, curiously enough, that, in spite of appearances, I am doing you a kindness in putting it out of your power, for tonight, at least, to do yourself an injury. Who knows? Perhaps in the morning you may find that there is something around the next corner, after all. If not, there is no harm done. Your servants come in early?"

"At seven o'clock," said Anthony briefly.

"Exactly. And I will leave the key in the drawer."

Bibi was expeditious. When he had bound Cazeby firmly and with an art that showed practice, he disappeared into the dressing room, returning with the sapphire scarf pin and several other articles of jewelry in his hand.

"I shall add to these," he said, going to the bookcase, "this little copy of Omar Khayyam. He is a favorite of mine. There is something about his philosophy which seems to accord with our own. But—'The bird of time has but a little way to flutter—'"

He paused at the door.

"Can I do anything for you before I go?" he inquired politely.

"Turn off the light," said Cazeby. "The button is on the right of the door."

"Good night," said Bibi la Raie.

"Good night—brother!" said Cazeby.

The next moment the door of the apartment closed softly.

Anthony was awakened from a restless sleep by the sound of its opening. Through the gap between the curtains the gray light of the winter morning

was creeping in. His wrists and ankles were aching from the pressure of the curtain cords with which he had been bound, and he was gratified when, after a brief interval, the salon door was opened in its turn and the invaluable Jules came in, in shirt sleeves and long white apron, carrying a handful of letters.

That impassive person was probably never nearer to being visibly surprised. For an instant he stopped and the pupils of his round eyes dilated like those of a cat in a dim light. But in the end his training stood him in good stead, and when he spoke his voice was as innocent of emotion as if he had been announcing dinner.

"Monsieur desires to be untied?"

Left to himself, Cazeby turned his attention to his letters, and from the top of the pile picked up a cablegram.

He was conscious of a curious little thrill at the thought that, but for the merest chance, it would have been for others to open the mail he was even now fingering. Jules would already have found him—he wondered, with the shadow of a smile, whether Jules would still have been unsurprised—and would have brought up the *concierge* and the police—

Suddenly the cable message jumped at him through his reverie as if the words had been instantaneously printed at that moment on what had been blank paper, and he realized that it was from his father's solicitor.

Mr. Cazeby died at eight o'clock this evening after making my favor whole property. Waiting instructions.

MILLIKEN.

Anthony straightened himself with a long sigh, and, putting aside the curtain, looked out across the mansards wet and gleaming under a thin rain. His hand trembled a little on the heavy velvet, and he frowned at it, and, going across to the table, poured himself out a swallow of brandy.

With the glass at his lips, he paused, his eyes upon the chair where Bibi la Raie had sat, and wherein he himself had passed five hours. Then, very ceremoniously, he bowed and dipped his glass towards an imaginary occupant.

"*Merçi, monsieur,*" he said.

A Chef and His Development.

BY PASCAL GRAND,

CHEF AT SHERRY'S.

M. PASCAL GRAND IS ONE OF THE GREAT COOKS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. IN THIS ARTICLE HE HAS SHOWN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MODERN CHEF FROM THE OLD TIME COOK INTO A SCIENTIST AND AN ARTIST, A MAN WORKING WITH THE METHODS OF THE LABORATORY, THE COEQUAL OF EDISON AND MARCONI.

AFTER seventy thousand ages of raw meat, man learned, through the burning of Ho-ti's swinery, of the glories of roast pig. His primitive cookery came nearer to the methods of the most advanced culinary school and of the modern scientific system than much that has intervened since Bo-bo licked his greasy fingers.

Cooking was a fine art with the Romans in their decadent days, and remained with them until the descent of the barbarians, when it passed into the monasteries, with the other arts and sciences, and there was preserved until the middle ages, when it was revived in Genoa, Venice, Florence, Milan, and the other cities of Italy. From Italy the art of cookery spread northward and westward until it reached Great Britain with the Normans. It was long after the conquest, however, when the first crusaders dragged wearily back from Palestine, through Italy, France, and Spain, that fine cookery really obtained a place in Britain. French writers, however, have always maintained that human flesh was a not unknown delicacy in the menus of northern Britain till a

date much later than the Crusades. It will be noted, however, that the statement comes from France.

The monks brought many excellent receipts to the monasteries of England and the abbeys of Scotland, whence they were distributed throughout the land by the guests of the refectory.

There is a quaint reference to the love of good living which was common in the England of the seventeenth century, in Braithwaite's "Rules and Orders for the Government of the House of an Earl."

Ye master cook [he says] should be a man of years, well experienced whereby the younger cooks will be drawn the better to obey his directions. In ancient times noblemen contented themselves to be served with such as had been bred in their own houses, but of late times none could please some but Italians and Frenchmen, or at the best those brought up in the Court or under London cooks. Nor would the old manner of baking, boiling, or roasting please them, but the boiled meats must be after the French fashion, the dishes garnished about with sugar and preserved plums, the meat covered over with orangeade, preserved lemons, and divers other preserved and conserved stuff fetched from the confectioners. More lemons and sugar spent in boiling fish to serve at one meal than might well serve the whole expense of the house in a day.



THE SAUCE COOK AT DELMONICO'S.

Catherine de Medici carried from Florence to France.



the renaissance of cookery, and from her day to this French chefs have led the earth. Louis XV, when he rested from war and the oppression of his people, retired to his cabinet with the Prince de Dombes to make sauces in silver chafing dishes. It was his sententious remark, that "the art of cookery can no more be learned out of a book than the art of swimming or painting. The best teacher is practice, and the best guide sentiment." For those we have substituted a teacher, who is the chemist, and a guide, which is scientific knowledge.

THE GENESIS OF MODERN COOKERY.

It was young François Carême who, parodying the famous advice of Raphael, conjured a young disciple to "mix his sauces with brains." Therein lies the whole of the secret of cookery.

Time was when cooks were content to make strange messes, trusting wholly to a sense of taste for their approval, disguising the original flavor with rare spices until the gourmands of the middle ages knew not whether they were engaged in the discussion of royal peacocks' brains or of plain plebeian sweet-breads.

With François Carême's uprising came the new cookery, the birth of a new era in the kitchen, the transformation of the kitchen into a laboratory. Carême had discovered that the chemist was the natural partner of the *chef de cuisine*. As Lord Byron said:

Great things were now to be achieved at table,

With massy plate for armour, knives and forks
For weapons; but what Muse since Homer's able—

His feasts are not the worst part
of his works—

To draw up in array a single day bill
Of modern dinners, where more
mystery lurks

In soups or sauces, or a sole ragout,
Than witches or physicians brew.

With Carême's help, and that of his successors, it is possible to probe those mysteries. The mystery of the kitchen has become as

much a matter of scientific demonstration as the analysis of the atmosphere of Mars. No longer does fine cooking mean the compounding of butter and sugar and flour together into intricate pastes and puddings. The aim of the modern chef is to evolve from his material its finest natural flavor, and to retain that in the dish set before his patron. Simplicity, not complexity, is the aim of modern cookery.

The old time cook engaged in frying a fish sought so to disguise its flavor that none could name the particular genus to which it belonged. The chef of today seeks to lay before one a fish which retains every distinctive delicacy of its particular kind. To that end, he has learned that, if he dip the raw substance into oil at the proper temperature, the exterior immediately undergoes a chemical change. It is carbonized. This carbonized coating makes an envelope which successfully keeps flavors in and holds flavors out. The fatty material in which the fish is fried cannot reach the meat within, and cannot affect the delicacy of its natural flavoring. As a consequence, the man with palate can diagnose to a certainty the nature of the substance he is eating. The chef has preserved for him, in its entirety, the daintiness of the delicacy he set out to prepare. The chef has ceased to be a menial; he has become a scientist.



THE CHOICE OF UTENSILS.

If he sets out to cook vegetables, the modern chef chooses dishes made to suit the particular requirements of the vegetable he is cooking. One vegetable prefers a porcelain dish; others are satisfied with copper. The days of the iron and tin utensils have gone from the kitchen, and with them the strange flavors and dangerous compounds produced by the metals. All vessels now in use in the kitchen are chemically



suited to the substance to be cooked within them.

The old time cook made his soup from scraps and remnants. The modern *potage* is made from the finest selected meat. The cook no longer trusts to seasoning to conceal the inferiority of his materials. The meat from which

kitchen. A spot of grease, escaped from a roast, no sooner touches the floor than a scullion has pounced upon it and removed it. Dish cloths, hand towels of the snowiest linen, hang everywhere about the great cuisines. A chef leaves his kitchen, at the end of the day's work, as clean, as spotless, as a man



THE SOUP COOKS IN THE WALDORF ASTORIA.

the modern stock is made is afterwards used in combination with uncooked meats of pronounced flavor, such as ham, pork, veal, and mutton, for hashes, croquettes, and as filling for stuffed vegetables—tomatoes, peppers, and potatoes.

In the modern kitchen waste is guarded against as strenuously as ever in the aforesaid; but the remnants are used with knowledge—with a scientific attention to flavor and to the nature of the ingredients. Dirt, in the Johnsonian sense—matter out of place—is unknown in the twentieth century

emerging from his dressing room. Personal cleanliness is an essential in the chemist of the kitchen.

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

The chef of today prepares birds for the table without recourse to any dressing save that of pure, plain, melted butter. All dark meat birds are put to a quick fire in order to preserve all the juices present in their flesh, and are cooked merely to the point at which the blood will freely follow the knife. White meat birds are exposed for an instant to a quick fire, in order to close



COOKS AT THE WALDORF ASTORIA BROILER.

the pores, and then are cooked over a slow fire. All these are innovations from the laboratory.

Steaks and chops are frequently a mystery in the modern menu. One reads of spring lamb chops in all the four seasons of the year, and smiles at the conceit in three of them. The smile is the grin of ignorance, because both chops and steaks are kept in ice boxes at a temperature within five degrees of freezing for an indefinite period. None is furnished in a restaurant served by French cooks within a couple of months of the receipt of the meat—it is kept to mature.



One of the nicest problems to set before a chef is the building up of a table d'hôte menu, or one for a family dinner. He must be versed in the chemical composition of the human body. He must understand the composition of

all the materials that go to form the various courses. He must so arrange those that the resulting compound will contain the proper proportions of inorganic matters, starch and sugar compounds, fatty materials and albuminoid substances. With this knowledge has grown up an etiquette of the kitchen as inviolable as that of the medical or legal profession. A good chef must not be dictated to. To his professional judgment must be left the arrangement of the menu. Not so long ago, in a world famed restaurant of New York, a kindly host ordered a dinner. The chef provided an arrangement of courses. It was satisfactory, except that the diner desired a *plat* of quail upon toast. It was incompatible with the rest of the menu. The chef refused to permit his dinner to be put out of alignment—the quail must be sacrificed. The host was obdurate. He appealed to the manager. The chef handed in his resignation. It was quail

or chef, and the chef won the day. He possessed a very proper pride.

The modern kitchen is free from woodwork, because woodwork retains flavors, and in the old time kitchen became rancid with grease. Today kitchens are tiled and the fittings are of metal. Nowhere is there a plank of wood that can possibly be obviated. Orderliness is the rule as much in the kitchen as on the deck of a man of war. Every pot and kettle has its appointed hook on the rack in front of the ranges, and every person employed in the room has his appointed station.

FROM ICE BOX TO TABLE.

The head cook in each department stands in the middle of the table before his range. On each side of him are ranked his assistants. The materials to be cooked are prepared for the spit or kettle by the assistants, who pass them to the head man. He, in turn, "treats them to the fire." The food, when cooked, is passed to the steam table, and by a scullion, in turn, to the dresser who selects the proper dish upon which to serve it, and places upon it the proper ornamental garnishings.

If it be the sauce or salad department, the ingredients are prepared by the assistants, turned over to the chef, mixed by him, and cooked—if cooking be part of the process. Everywhere, everything is methodically done, and as much as possible in silence.

The system of organization is the result of years of experiment. There is a chef, who is in supreme command.

Under him are the department cooks—the friers, the roasters, the broilers, the sauce cooks, and the soup cooks. They, in turn, have assistants assigned to certain specified duties. Under these are the apprentices and scullions.

A youth seeking to

be a chef joins as a vegetable boy. It is his duty to chop and to prepare the various vegetables for the soups and meat garnishing. He is promoted to serve the portions. His next grade is that of assistant to the sauce cook, when he prepares the ingredients and learns the combinations of the various sauces. Finally, he takes rank and presides over the soup kettle. Then for the first time he attains to the dignity of the white cap. From that point upward, through the senior grades, progress is slow and is determined by the efficiency, the intelligence, and the scientific knowledge of the aspirant. From vegetable boy to chef, in the kitchen of a Sherry or a Delmonico, is a journey of some twenty years' duration.



THE ICE MACHINE.

THE GREAT CHEFS.

In France, long before the days of Carême or Gaudet, it was the custom for young chefs who had passed through the period of their matriculation to serve some time in the kitchen of one of

the masters. This practice still maintains in Europe, and premiums are paid by culinary students from all over the world to the chefs of the great London, Paris, Vienna, and St. Petersburg restaurants. Pierre Gorot, the chef of the Hôtel Grande in Paris, has the greatest following of disciples. Five of his former assistants today hold prominent places in this country. To have served under him is to bear a diploma that will open the kitchens of gourmets all the world over.

Joseph is a name as familiar in Paris as that of Bernhardt or Coquelin. In the menus of every civilized country dishes bear the hall mark *à la Joseph*. Although now retired from the spit and the skewer, Joseph leaves behind him a name which will go down to posterity when that of many a portly politician lies buried in Père la Chaise. No great cook can ever



the past five minutes, taken the short one which divides gay from grave. Reduced to its lowest terms, his situation lay in his words to the little *chasseur*. With the odor of the rarest orchid to be found in Chapert's whole establishment yet clinging to his lapel, Anthony Cazeby was going home on foot because the fare from the Concorde to the Avenue d'Eylau is one franc fifty, and one franc fifty was precisely ninety centimes more than he possessed in the world.

Well, it was not surprising. The life of a popular young diplomat with extravagant tastes is not conducive to economy, and the twenty thousand dollars which had come to Cazeby at the beginning of his twenty eighth year had come out a bad second best in the struggle with Parisian gaiety. His *bibelots*, his servants; Auteuil and Longchamp; his *baccarat* at the Prince de Treville's; a dancer at the Folies Marigny; Monte Carlo, Aix, Trouville—they had all had their share; and now the piper was waiting to be paid, and the exchequer was empty. It was an old story. Other men of his acquaintance had done the same, but they had had some final resource. The trouble was, as Cazeby told himself, that in his case the final resource was not pecuniary. On the contrary, it was a peculiarly tidy little weapon, of Smith and Wesson make, which lay in the upper right hand drawer of his *marqueterie* desk. He had looked long at it that same afternoon, with all his worldly wealth, in the shape of forty two francs sixty, spread out beside it. That was before he had taken a *fiacre* to Chapert's.

At the very moment when Cazeby was contemplating these doubtful assets, a grim old gentleman was seated at another desk three thousand miles away, engaged upon a calculation of the monthly profits derived from his wholesale leather concern. But Cazeby *père* was one of those hopeless persons who believe in economy. Any appeal to him from Anthony was foredoomed to failure, and Anthony knew it.

Sentiment had no part in the make up of Anthony Cazeby. Lacking from birth the common ties of home affections, and by training and profession a diplomat, he added to a naturally cold

and undemonstrative nature the non committal suavity of his official manner. No one had ever come at the root of his character except Cazeby *père*, who once said in a fit of passion, "You don't care a brass cent, sir, whether you live and are made President of the United States, or die and are eternally damned!" And that was exactly the point.

Something of all this had passed through Cazeby's mind when he was suddenly aroused to an appreciation of his whereabouts by the sound of a voice, to find that the curious instinct of direction which underlies advanced inebriety and profound preoccupation alike, had led him through the Rue Pierre Charron and across the Place du Trocadero, and that he had already advanced some little way along the Avenue d'Eylau in the direction of his apartment. The street was dimly lighted, but just behind him the windows of a tiny wine shop gave out a subdued glow, and from inside came the sound of a violin. Then Cazeby's attention came around to the owner of the voice. This was a youngish man of medium stature, in the familiar street dress of a French laborer—a jacket and waistcoat of dull blue velveteen, peg top trousers of heavy corduroy, a crimson knot at his throat, and a dark tam o'shanter pulled low over one ear. As their eyes met, he apparently saw that Cazeby had not heard his first remark and so repeated it.

"I have need of a drink!"

There was nothing of the beggar in his tone or manner—both were threatening, rather; and as soon as he had spoken he thrust his lower jaw forward in the fashion common to the thug of any and every nationality whose next move is like to be a blow. But, for once, these manifestations of hostility failed signally of their effect. Under any circumstances, Cazeby was the last person in the world to select as the object of a sudden attack, with the idea that panic would make him easy prey. In his present state of mind he went further than preserving his equanimity. He was faintly amused. It was not that he did not comprehend the other's purpose; but, to his way of thinking, there was something distinctly humorous in

the idea of holding up a man with only sixty centimes to his name, and menacing him with injury when he himself was on his way to the upper right hand drawer of the *marquelerie* desk.

"I have need of a drink," repeated the other, coming a step nearer. "Thou art not deaf, at least?"

"No," said Cazeby pleasantly. "No, I am not deaf; and I, too, have need of a drink. Shall we take it together?" And, without waiting for a reply, he turned and stepped through the doorway of the little wine shop.

"*Deux vitriols!*"

The proprietor, with a grin of appreciation at the phrase, lumbered heavily around to the table, filled two small glasses from a bottle of cheap cognac, and stood, waiting payment, hands on hips, surveying the two men curiously.

"*Di-ze sous,*" he said.

There was no need to search for the exact amount. Cazeby spun his fifty centime piece upon the marble, added his remaining two sous by way of *pourboire*, and disposed of the brandy at a gulp.

"Have you also need of a cigarette?" he inquired politely, tendering the other his case.

For some minutes, as they smoked, the diplomat and the vagabond took stock of each other in silence. In many ways they were singularly alike. There was in both the same irony of lip line, the same fine chiseling of chin and nostril and brow, the same weariness of eye. The difference was one of dress and bearing alone. Even in those first moments of mutual analysis, Cazeby realized that there was about this street lounge a vague air of the gentleman, a subtle suggestion of good birth and breeding. The one was a finished model of a man of the world, the other a caricature, but the clay was the same.

"I am also hungry," said the latter suddenly.

"In that respect," responded Cazeby, in the same tone of even politeness, "I am, unfortunately, unable to assist you, unless you will accept the hospitality of my apartment. It is but a step, and I am rather an expert on bacon and eggs. Also," he added, falling into the idiom

of the *faubourgs*, "there is a means there of remedying the dryness of the sponge in one's throat. My name is Antoine."

"I am Bibi la Raie," said the other briefly. Then he continued, instinctively voicing his class suspicion of the police, "It is a strange fashion thou hast of introducing a type to 'those gentlemen.'"

"That," said Cazeby, "is for you to judge. As a matter of fact, it is less trouble to cook eggs for one than for two."

Bibi la Raie reflected briefly. Finally he had recourse to his characteristic shrug.

"After all, what difference?" he said. "As well now as another time. I follow thee!"

The strangely assorted companions entered Cazeby's apartment as the clock was striking one. The pressure of an electric button, flooding the salon with light, revealed a little tea table furnished with cigarettes and cigars, decanters of Scotch whisky and liqueurs, and Venetian goblets of curiously tinted glass. Cazeby shot a swift glance at his guest as this array sprang into view, and was curiously content to observe that he manifested no surprise. Bibi la Raie had flung himself into a great leathern chair with an air of being entirely at ease.

"Not bad—thy little box," he observed. "Is it permitted?"

He indicated the table with a nod.

"Assuredly," said Cazeby. "Do as if you were at home. I shall be but a moment with the supper."

When he returned from the kitchen, bearing a smoking dish of bacon and eggs, butter, rye bread, and Swiss cheese, Bibi la Raie was standing in rapt contemplation before a superb etching of "The Last Judgment."

"What a genius—this animal of a Michel Ange!" he said.

"Rather deft at time," replied Cazeby, arranging the dishes on the larger table.

"*Je te crois!*" said Bibi enthusiastically. "Evidently it was not Léon Treize who built Saint Pierre!"

The eggs had been peculiarly obstinate, as it happened, and a growing irri-

tability had taken possession of Anthony. As they ate in silence, the full force of his tragic position returned to him. Even the unwontedness of his chance encounter with Bibi la Raie had not been omnipotent to dispel the cloud that had been gradually settling around him since he emerged from the Automobile Club, and, as they finished the little repast, he turned suddenly upon his guest with a burst of irritation.

"Who are you?" he cried. "And what does all this mean? Was I mistaken, when you first accosted me, in thinking you a mere *voyou*? Surely not! You meant to rob me. You speak the *argot* of the fortifications. Yet here I find you discoursing on Michelangelo as though you were the *conservateur* of the Hôtel Cluny! What am I to think?"

Bibi la Raie lit another cigarette, blew forth the smoke in a thin, gray stream, and thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his velveteen waistcoat.

"And *you*," he said slowly, abandoning the familiar address he had been using—"who are *you*? No, you were not mistaken in thinking I meant to rob you. Such is my profession. But does a gentleman reply, in ordinary, to the summons of a thief by paying that thief a drink? Does he invite him to his apartment and cook a supper for him? What am I to think?"

There was a brief pause, and then he faced his host squarely.

"Are you absolutely resolved to put an end to it all tonight?" he demanded.

Cazeby made a small sign of bewilderment.

"*Ah, mon vieux*," continued the other. "That, you know, is of no use with me. You ask me who I am. For one thing, I am one who has lived too long in touch with desperate men not to know the look in the eyes when the end has come. You think you are going to blow out your brains tonight."

"You are insane, that's all," said Cazeby softly.

"Oh, far from it!" said Bibi la Raie, with a short laugh. "But one does not fondle one's revolver in the daytime without a good reason, nor does one leave it *on top* of letters postmarked

this morning, unless one has been fondling it—what?"

Cazeby was at the *marqueterie* desk in two strides, tugging at the upper right hand drawer. It was locked. He turned about slowly and, half seating himself on the edge of the desk, surveyed his guest coolly.

"The revolver is in your pocket," he said.

"No," answered Bibi, with an air of cheerfulness. "I have one of my own. But the key is."

"Why?" said Cazeby.

Bibi helped himself to yellow chartreuse, lit a cigarette, and appeared to reflect.

"I am not sure that I know why myself," he said finally. "Perhaps because you have done me a kindness, and I would not like to have you burn your fingers in a moment of absent mindedness. Perhaps because we might disagree, and I should not care to take the chance of your shooting first."

He squinted at the liqueur, swallowed it slowly and with extreme appreciation, smacked his lips, and then, cocking his feet up on Cazeby's brass club fender, began to smoke again, staring into the dwindling fire. His host watched him in silence until he should be ready to speak, which he presently began to do, with his cigarette drooping from the corner of his mouth and moving in time to his words. He had suddenly and curiously become a man of the world—of the *grand monde*—and his speech was free of slang and tinged with the faint club sarcasm which one hears in the glass card room of the Volney or over coffee on the roof of the Automobile. Moreover, it was beautiful French. Not Mounet himself could have done better.

"The only man to whom one should confide personal secrets," said Bibi la Raie, "is he whom one has never seen before and will, as is probable, never see again. I could tell you many things, Monsieur Cazeby, since that is your name—I have seen your morning's mail, you know—but, for the moment, let it suffice to say that the *voyou* who accosted you this evening is of birth as good as yours—pardon, but probably better! *Wein, weib, und geliebt*: you know the saying. Add cards and the

race course, and you have, complete, the short ladder of five rungs down which I have been successful in climbing. I shall presume to the extent of supposing that you have just accomplished the same descent. One learns much thereby, but more after one has reached the ground. I am afraid I have grown cynical, but one thing I know. There is always something worth looking into around the next corner of even the darkest street—the Rue des Sablons, for instance. It was very dark tonight, very damp, and very cold. Assuredly, as I turned into the Avenue d'Eylau, I had no reason to foresee a supper, Russian cigarettes, and *chartreuse jaune*. And yet, *me voilà!* Now, what most of us lack—what you, in particular, seem to lack, Monsieur Cazeby—is the patience to wait for that next turning."

"There are streets darker than the Rue des Sablons," put in Anthony, falling in with the other's whimsical humor, "and that have no turning."

"You speak from conjecture, not experience," said Bibi la Raie. "You have never seen one."

He glanced about the room with the air of one making a mental inventory.

"Before that," he added, "there comes the pawn shop, the exterior boulevards, the somewhat insufficient shelter of the Pont Royal. No, you have not come to the last corner."

"All that," said Cazeby, "is simply a matter of philosophy. Each of us has his own idea of what makes life worth the while. When that is no longer procurable, then that is the last corner."

"For instance——?"

"For instance, my own case. You have analyzed my situation sufficiently well, though when you said I was about to blow out my brains——"

"It was a mere guess," interrupted Bibi, "founded on circumstantial evidence. Then I *thought* so. Now I *know* it."

"Let us grant you were right," continued Cazeby, with a smile. "I have my own conception of what I require to make existence tolerable. They include this apartment or its equivalent, a horse, two servants, two clubs, and a sufficient income to dress, eat, entertain, and amuse myself in the manner of my

class—an extravagant and unreasonable standard, if you will, but such is my conviction. Now, granted that the moment has arrived when it is no longer possible for me to have these things, and when there is no prospect of my situation being changed, I cannot conceive what advantage there can be in continuing to live."

"I perceive you are a philosopher," said the other. "How about the religious view?"

Cazeby shrugged his shoulders.

"As to that," he said, "my religious views are, so far as I know, stored away in the little church which I was forced to attend three times on every Sunday of my childhood. They did not come out with me on the last occasion, and I have never met them since."

"Excellent!" said Bibi. "It is the same with me. But I think you are mistaken in your convictions of what makes life worth living. I held them myself in the time. But I have had a deal of experience. There are many things as amusing, even on the exterior boulevards. Of course, experience is essential. One never knows what one would do under given conditions."

He turned suddenly and looked Cazeby in the eye.

"What, for example, would you do if you were in my place?" he asked.

"As you say, one never knows," said his host. "I *think* that, in your place, I should carry out your laudable intention of robbing Monsieur Antoine Cazeby. I may be influenced by my knowledge that such a proceeding would not irritate or incommode him in the least, but that is what I think."

He indicated the contents of the salon with a gesture.

"I shall not need these things to-morrow," he added. "You were quite right about the pistol. I regret to say I spent my last sixty centimes on our cognac, but there is a remarkably fine scarf pin on the table in my dressing room."

"A sapphire, surrounded by black pearls," put in the other. "You were rather long in cooking those eggs."

"A sapphire, surrounded by black pearls," agreed Cazeby. "Yes, on the whole, I think that is what I should do."

Bibi la Raie smiled pleasantly.

"I am glad to find we are of one mind," he said. "Of course, my mind was made up, but it is more agreeable to know that I am causing you no inconvenience. I suppose it is unnecessary to add that resistance will be quite useless. I have the only available revolver, and, moreover, I propose to tie you into this extremely comfortable chair. It is not," he added, "that I do not trust you, although our acquaintance is, unfortunately, too recent to inspire complete confidence. No, I have my convictions as well as you, Monsieur Cazeby, and one of them is, curiously enough, that, in spite of appearances, I am doing you a kindness in putting it out of your power, for tonight, at least, to do yourself an injury. Who knows? Perhaps in the morning you may find that there is something around the next corner, after all. If not, there is no harm done. Your servants come in early?"

"At seven o'clock," said Anthony briefly.

"Exactly. And I will leave the key in the drawer."

Bibi was expeditious. When he had bound Cazeby firmly and with an art that showed practice, he disappeared into the dressing room, returning with the sapphire scarf pin and several other articles of jewelry in his hand.

"I shall add to these," he said, going to the bookcase, "this little copy of Omar Khayyam. He is a favorite of mine. There is something about his philosophy which seems to accord with our own. But—'The bird of time has but a little way to flutter—'"

He paused at the door.

"Can I do anything for you before I go?" he inquired politely.

"Turn off the light," said Cazeby. "The button is on the right of the door."

"Good night," said Bibi la Raie.

"Good night—brother!" said Cazeby.

The next moment the door of the apartment closed softly.

Anthony was awakened from a restless sleep by the sound of its opening. Through the gap between the curtains the gray light of the winter morning

was creeping in. His wrists and ankles were aching from the pressure of the curtain cords with which he had been bound, and he was gratified when, after a brief interval, the salon door was opened in its turn and the invaluable Jules came in, in shirt sleeves and long white apron, carrying a handful of letters.

That impassive person was probably never nearer to being visibly surprised. For an instant he stopped and the pupils of his round eyes dilated like those of a cat in a dim light. But in the end his training stood him in good stead, and when he spoke his voice was as innocent of emotion as if he had been announcing dinner.

"Monsieur desires to be untied?"

Left to himself, Cazeby turned his attention to his letters, and from the top of the pile picked up a cablegram.

He was conscious of a curious little thrill at the thought that, but for the merest chance, it would have been for others to open the mail he was even now fingering. Jules would already have found him—he wondered, with the shadow of a smile, whether Jules would still have been unsurprised—and would have brought up the *concierge* and the police—

Suddenly the cable message jumped at him through his reverie as if the words had been instantaneously printed at that moment on what had been blank paper, and he realized that it was from his father's solicitor.

Mr. Cazeby died at eight o'clock this evening after making will your favor whole property. Waiting instructions.

MILLIKEN.

Anthony straightened himself with a long sigh, and, putting aside the curtain, looked out across the mansards wet and gleaming under a thin rain. His hand trembled a little on the heavy velvet, and he frowned at it, and, going across to the table, poured himself out a swallow of brandy.

With the glass at his lips, he paused, his eyes upon the chair where Bibi la Raie had sat, and wherein he himself had passed five hours. Then, very ceremoniously, he bowed and dipped his glass towards an imaginary occupant.

"*Merci, monsieur,*" he said.

A Chef and His Development.

BY PASCAL GRAND,

CHEF AT SHERRY'S.

M. PASCAL GRAND IS ONE OF THE GREAT COOKS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. IN THIS ARTICLE HE HAS SHOWN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE MODERN CHEF FROM THE OLD TIME COOK INTO A SCIENTIST AND AN ARTIST, A MAN WORKING WITH THE METHODS OF THE LABORATORY, THE COEQUAL OF EDISON AND MARCONI.

AFTER seventy thousand ages of raw meat, man learned, through the burning of Ho-ti's swinery, of the glories of roast pig. His primitive cookery came nearer to the methods of the most advanced culinary school and of the modern scientific system than much that has intervened since Bo-bo licked his greasy fingers.

Cooking was a fine art with the Romans in their decadent days, and remained with them until the descent of the barbarians, when it passed into the monasteries, with the other arts and sciences, and there was preserved until the middle ages, when it was revived in Genoa, Venice, Florence, Milan, and the other cities of Italy. From Italy the art of cookery spread northward and westward until it reached Great Britain with the Normans. It was long after the conquest, however, when the first crusaders dragged wearily back from Palestine, through Italy, France, and Spain, that fine cookery really obtained a place in Britain. French writers, however, have always maintained that human flesh was a not unknown delicacy in the menus of northern Britain till a

date much later than the Crusades. It will be noted, however, that the statement comes from France.

The monks brought many excellent receipts to the monasteries of England and the abbeys of Scotland, whence they were distributed throughout the land by the guests of the refectory.

There is a quaint reference to the love of good living which was common in the England of the seventeenth century, in Braithwaite's "Rules and Orders for the Government of the House of an Earl."

Ye master cook [he says] should be a man of years, well experienced

whereby the younger cooks will be drawn the better to obey his directions. In ancient times noblemen contented themselves to be served with such as had been bred in their own houses, but of late times none could please some but Italians and Frenchmen, or at the best those brought up in the Court or under London cooks. Nor would the old manner of baking, boiling, or roasting please them, but the boiled meats must be after the French fashion, the dishes garnished about with sugar and preserved plums, the meat covered over with orangeade, preserved lemons, and divers other preserved and conserved stuff fetched from the confectioners. More lemons and sugar spent in boiling fish to serve at one meal than might well serve the whole expense of the house in a day.

Catherine de Medici carried from Florence to France.



THE SAUCE COOK AT DELMONICO'S.



the renaissance of cookery, and from her day to this French chefs have led the earth. Louis XV, when he rested from war and the oppression of his people, retired to his cabinet with the Prince de Dombes to make sauces in silver chafing dishes. It was his sententious remark, that "the art of cookery can no more be learned out of a book than the art of swimming or painting. The best teacher is practice, and the best guide sentiment." For those we have substituted a teacher, who is the chemist, and a guide, which is scientific knowledge.

THE GENESIS OF MODERN COOKERY.

It was young François Carême who, parodying the famous advice of Raphael, conjured a young disciple to "mix his sauces with brains." Therein lies the whole of the secret of cookery.

Time was when cooks were content to make strange messes, trusting wholly to a sense of taste for their approval, disguising the original flavor with rare spices until the gourmands of the middle ages knew not whether they were engaged in the discussion of royal peacocks' brains or of plain plebeian sweet-breads.

With François Carême's uprising came the new cookery, the birth of a new era in the kitchen, the transformation of the kitchen into a laboratory. Carême had discovered that the chemist was the natural partner of the *chef de cuisine*. As Lord Byron said:

Great things were now to be achieved at table,

With massy plate for armour, knives and forks
For weapons; but what Muse since Homer's able—

His feasts are not the worst part
of his works—

To draw up in array a single day bill

Of modern dinners, where more
mystery lurks

In soups or sauces, or a sole ragout,
Than witches or physicians brew.

With Carême's help, and that of his successors, it is possible to probe those mysteries. The mystery of the kitchen has become as

much a matter of scientific demonstration as the analysis of the atmosphere of Mars. No longer does fine cooking mean the compounding of butter and sugar and flour together into intricate pastes and puddings. The aim of the modern chef is to evolve from his material its finest natural flavor, and to retain that in the dish set before his patron. Simplicity, not complexity, is the aim of modern cookery.

The old time cook engaged in frying a fish sought so to disguise its flavor that none could name the particular genus to which it belonged. The chef of today seeks to lay before one a fish which retains every distinctive delicacy of its particular kind. To that end, he has learned that, if he dip the raw substance into oil at the proper temperature, the exterior immediately undergoes a chemical change. It is carbonized. This carbonized coating makes an envelope which successfully keeps flavors in and holds flavors out. The fatty material in which the fish is fried cannot reach the meat within, and cannot affect the delicacy of its natural flavoring. As a consequence, the man with palate can diagnose to a certainty the nature of the substance he is eating. The chef has preserved for him, in its entirety, the daintiness of the delicacy he set out to prepare. The chef has ceased to be a menial; he has become a scientist.



THE CHOICE OF UTENSILS.

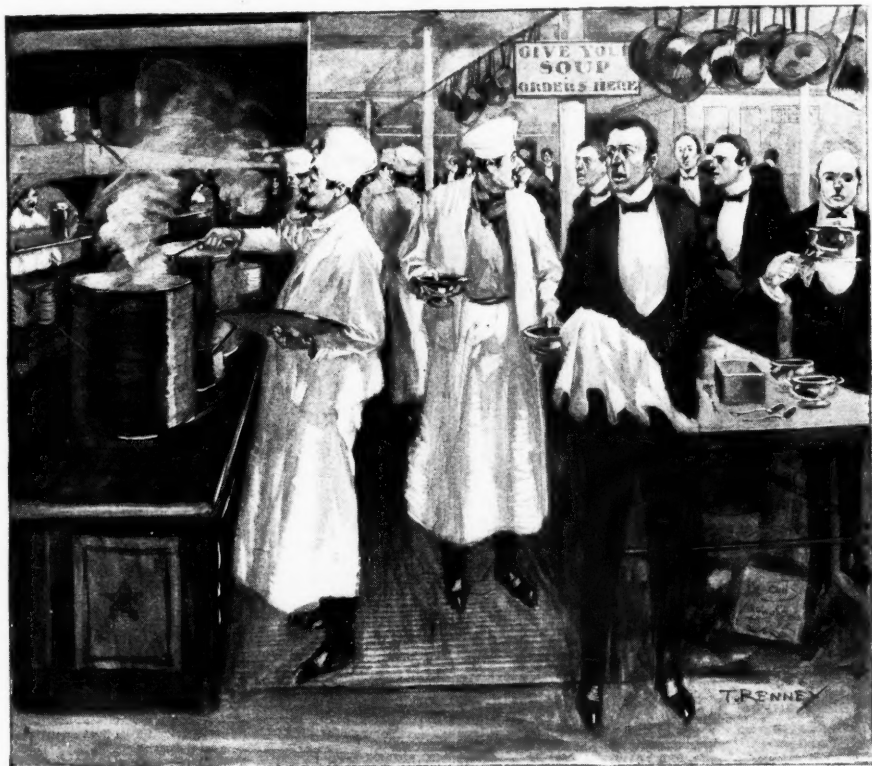
If he sets out to cook vegetables, the modern chef chooses dishes made to suit the particular requirements of the vegetable he is cooking. One vegetable prefers a porcelain dish; others are satisfied with copper. The days of the iron and tin utensils have gone from the kitchen, and with them the strange flavors and dangerous compounds produced by the metals. All vessels now in use in the kitchen are chemically



suited to the substances to be cooked within them.

The old time cook made his soup from scraps and remnants. The modern *potage* is made from the finest selected meat. The cook no longer trusts to seasoning to conceal the inferiority of his materials. The meat from which

kitchen. A spot of grease, escaped from a roast, no sooner touches the floor than a scullion has pounced upon it and removed it. Dish cloths, hand towels of the snowiest linen, hang everywhere about the great cuisines. A chef leaves his kitchen, at the end of the day's work, as clean, as spotless, as a man



THE SOUP COOKS IN THE WALDORF ASTORIA.

the modern stock is made is afterwards used in combination with uncooked meats of pronounced flavor, such as ham, pork, veal, and mutton, for hashes, croquettes, and as filling for stuffed vegetables—tomatoes, peppers, and potatoes.

In the modern kitchen waste is guarded against as strenuously as ever in the aforesaid times; but the remnants are used with knowledge—with a scientific attention to flavor and to the nature of the ingredients. Dirt, in the John-sonian sense—matter out of place—is unknown in the twentieth century

emerging from his dressing room. Personal cleanliness is an essential in the chemist of the kitchen.

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

The chef of today prepares birds for the table without recourse to any dressing save that of pure, plain, melted butter. All dark meat birds are put to a quick fire in order to preserve all the juices present in their flesh, and are cooked merely to the point at which the blood will freely follow the knife. White meat birds are exposed for an instant to a quick fire, in order to close



COOKS AT THE WALDORF ASTORIA BROILER.

the pores, and then are cooked over a slow fire. All these are innovations from the laboratory.

Steaks and chops are frequently a mystery in the modern menu. One reads of spring lamb chops in all the four seasons of the year, and smiles at the conceit in three of them. The smile is the grin of ignorance, because both chops and steaks are kept in ice boxes at a temperature within five degrees of freezing for an indefinite period. None is furnished in a restaurant served by French cooks within a couple of months of the receipt of the meat—it is kept to mature.



One of the nicest problems to set before a chef is the building up of a table d'hôte menu, or one for a family dinner. He must be versed in the chemical composition of the human body. He must understand the composition of

all the materials that go to form the various courses. He must so arrange those that the resulting compound will contain the proper proportions of inorganic matters, starch and sugar compounds, fatty materials and albuminoid substances. With this knowledge has grown up an etiquette of the kitchen as inviolable as that of the medical or legal profession. A good chef must not be dictated to. To his professional judgment must be left the arrangement of the menu. Not so long ago, in a world famed restaurant of New York, a kindly host ordered a dinner. The chef provided an arrangement of courses. It was satisfactory, except that the diner desired a *plat* of quail upon toast. It was incompatible with the rest of the menu. The chef refused to permit his dinner to be put out of alignment—the quail must be sacrificed. The host was obdurate. He appealed to the manager. The chef handed in his resignation. It was quail

or chef, and the chef won the day. He possessed a very proper pride.

The modern kitchen is free from woodwork, because woodwork retains flavors, and in the old time kitchen became rancid with grease. Today kitchens are tiled and the fittings are of metal. Nowhere is there a plank of wood that can possibly be obviated. Orderliness is the rule as much in the kitchen as on the deck of a man of war. Every pot and kettle has its appointed hook on the rack in front of the ranges, and every person employed in the room has his appointed station.

FROM ICE BOX TO TABLE.

The head cook in each department stands in the middle of the table before his range. On each side of him are ranked his assistants. The materials to be cooked are prepared for the spit or kettle by the assistants, who pass them to the head man. He, in turn, "treats them to the fire." The food, when cooked, is passed to the steam table, and by a scullion, in turn, to the dresser who selects the proper dish upon which to serve it, and places upon it the proper ornamental garnishings.

If it be the sauce or salad department, the ingredients are prepared by the assistants, turned over to the chef, mixed by him, and cooked—if cooking be part of the process. Everywhere, everything is methodically done, and as much as possible in silence.

The system of organization is the result of years of experiment. There is a chef, who is in supreme command.

Under him are the department cooks—the friers, the roasters, the broilers, the sauce cooks, and the soup cooks. They, in turn, have assistants assigned to certain specified duties. Under these are the apprentices and scullions.

A youth seeking to

be a chef joins as a vegetable boy. It is his duty to chop and to prepare the various vegetables for the soups and meat garnishing. He is promoted to serve the portions. His next grade is that of assistant to the sauce cook, when he prepares the ingredients and learns the combinations of the various sauces. Finally, he takes rank and presides over the soup kettle. Then for the first time he attains to the dignity of the white cap. From that point upward, through the senior grades, progress is slow and is determined by the efficiency, the intelligence, and the scientific knowledge of the aspirant.

From vegetable boy to chef, in the kitchen of a Sherry or a Delmonico, is a journey of some twenty years' duration.

THE GREAT CHEFS.

In France, long before the days of Carême or Gaudet, it was the custom for young chefs who had passed through the period of their matriculation to serve some time in the kitchen of one of the masters. This practice still maintains in Europe, and premiums are paid by culinary students from all over the world to the chefs of the great London, Paris, Vienna, and St. Petersburg restaurants. Pierre Gorot, the chef of the Hôtel Grande in Paris, has the greatest following of disciples. Five of his former assistants today hold prominent places in this country. To have served under him is to bear a diploma that will open the kitchens of gourmets all the world over.

Joseph is a name as familiar in Paris as that of Bernhardt or Coquelin. In the menus of every civilized country dishes bear the hall mark *à la Joseph*. Although now retired from the spit and the skewer, Joseph leaves behind him a name which will go down to posterity when that of many a portly politician lies buried in Père la Chaise. No great cook can ever



THE ICE MACHINE.





ROASTING A LAMB WHOLE AT SHERRY'S.

escape the reputation of his receipts. They live after him.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF OFFICE.

The responsibility that rests upon the chef of one of our huge modern hostels is enormous. In the storerooms of the Waldorf Astoria there are provisions of all kinds valued at a million and a half of dollars. Once a year M. René Anjard purchases a sufficiency of canned goods to last the immense hotel throughout the following twelve months. He has under his control eighty five cooks, fifteen women, and twenty five scullions. To maneuver this large force so that no delay shall occur in the routine work, that every dish served shall be a credit to the house, and yet so to handle the enormous mass of provisions that no waste shall occur, premises an executive ability of no mean order.

The compensation is equivalent to the demands made upon the abilities of a chef. Even the under cooks are paid salaries equivalent to those of many members of the so called liberal

professions. A good sauce cook can command anywhere from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars a month. The others dwindle in proportion down to the apprentice boy who gets from ten to fifteen dollars a week. All these salaries are additional to a board which realizes in every respect the finest of the meals served above stairs. Those meals are served with the finest table linen, the best of porcelain and silverware. The salary of a head chef compares favorably with that of the general manager of a railroad or the president of a bank. The former chef of the Waldorf Astoria was credited with an annual salary of fifteen thousand dollars, and there are chefs in receipt of twenty thousand, and even thirty thousand, dollars a year.

There are two great schools, the French and the Italian, and within these is contained all that is good in cookery. In the United States, French chefs outnumber their brothers from Italy by two to one. In Paris, however, Italian chefs have always enjoyed a great vogue, and Italian cooking for a time almost ousted the Frenchman from his own kitchen. To the layman, there will seem little difference between the two schools. It is all a question of the method of applying the heat. Of course sauces and salad dressings differ widely in the two schools.

The Anglo Saxon has never been a success as a cook. To me, it seems that he is deficient in the sentiment of Louis XV. Cookery is an art, as are poetry and music, painting and the drama. All of those have their home in *la belle France*. There has been no Anglo Saxon artist—there has been no Anglo Saxon Maréchal, there has been no Anglo Saxon Carême, there has been no Anglo Saxon Gorot. The language of the kitchen, as is the language of diplomacy and of love, is French. In France it is an aspiration, noble as the ambition to occupy a seat in the Academy, to earn from one's patrons the sincere commendation of the Knights of St. Esprit: "*Bien, c'est un vrai repas de cordon bleu.*" To earn it and to have deserved it is the aim of every modern chemist of the kitchen. The cook has become the chef.

The Trade of Train Robbery.

BY CHARLES MICHELSON.

THE HIGHWAYMAN OF THE RAILROAD HAS TAKEN THE PLACE OF THE OLD TIME FOOTPAD. IN CRIMINAL SOCIETY HE IS DEEMED A LEADER, A MAN WORTHY OF THE RESPECT OF HIS FELLOWS. HIS CALLING IS THE MOST DANGEROUS OF ALL ILLEGAL PROFESSIONS. HOUNDED BY SHERIFFS' POSSES AND VIGILANCE COMMITTEES, HE STILL LIVES—A MENACE TO ALL SOCIETY.

TRAIN robbery has been a recognized branch of criminal industry for nearly forty years, yet the advance in it has been far less than might be expected of a pursuit that has, at one time or another, attracted the shrewdest as well as the most daring and enterprising of the criminals of America. The gross receipts by train robbery have averaged not far from one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, and, as not more than twenty thieves ordinarily share this booty, it is not difficult to understand why men follow it in spite of its dangers. The large proportion of the best exponents of the craft are dead or in penitentiaries, but the train robber is a lord in the kingdom of crime. In all the penitentiaries of the West he rules the common run of lawbreakers.

The flashiest burglar in stripes, even if he has the red device of murder on his coat of arms, is glad to maneuver to become cell mate to the man who is there because he held up a train. For him the caged thieves and thugs fetch and carry and offer their tribute of tobacco and contraband comforts, and to him is offered the captaincy of projected jail breaks. But the industry is appallingly conservative.

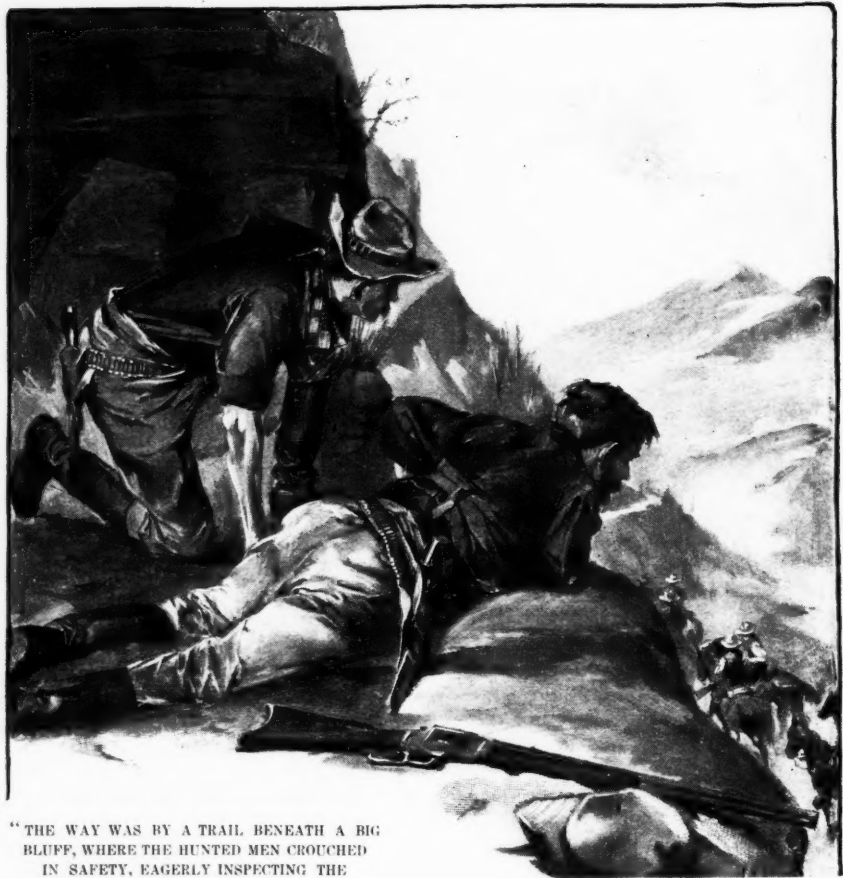
In forty years there has been only one conspicuous advance. It has not kept pace with the progress of related arts. For this reason, it has become the most hazardous of crimes—not in the commission, that is astonishingly easy; but in the getting away. In a country cobwebbed with telegraph lines and honeycombed with detective

agencies, with their disheartening outposts of stool pigeons and informers, escape is yearly getting more difficult.

The one advance is the use of dynamite for the forcing of the express cars. What may be obtained from passengers is merely a by product, and is ignored by many distinguished bandits as involving more trouble and risk than the probable yield justifies. It has come to be the practice merely to fire a perfunctory volley along the train side to warn the passengers to stay inside and mind their own business, and then to devote whatever there is of time to the treasure cars.

THE FIRST TRAIN ROBBERY.

Except for the dynamite, the first train robbery might have been one that took place a week ago, so far as method is concerned. It happened on the Ohio & Mississippi road at Brownstown, about ninety miles from Cincinnati. Two men appeared on the tender of the locomotive and covered the engineer and fireman with revolvers. They made the engineer stop and uncouple the express car, then haul it five miles down the road. They forced the messenger to open the safe, and they realized twelve thousand dollars by the new method of depredation. This was in 1866. Credit for the robbery was given to a family named Reno, but the express company failed to prove aught against them. It made little difference, however, for the Renos were caught robbing trains soon after and were lynched by a mob at New Albany, Indiana. This was before the guerrillas left without



"THE WAY WAS BY A TRAIL, BENEATH A BIG BLUFF, WHERE THE HUNTED MEN CROUCHED IN SAFETY, EAGERLY INSPECTING THE PERSONNEL OF THE POSSE."

employment by the end of the Civil War took to train robbery and made it popular.

The first train robberies caused a panic all through the country. The advent of the railroad in the place of the stage coach had, it was confidently announced, eliminated the road agent from the perils of travel, and here was the old thing in an aggravated form. In the midst of all the excitement, there was another hold up, one which remains unique in the history of train robbery. Two boys of Brownstown were the robbers. They carried out the program so well illustrated by the Renos and captured the treasure—three thousand dollars—but their parents learned of their exploit, and delivered them to the police with the treasure. A sound

thrashing by the fathers of the two boys was the punishment the authorities thought fitting, and it was administered. One of these boys went to Congress a long time afterwards, and the other became mayor of a neighboring city.

THE TRAIN ROBBER TRUST.

For a few months the Renos had a monopoly of the train robbing business. There were four brothers of them, Frank, Jesse, Sim, and Jack, and they took in a relative named Anderson as partner. Their greatest exploit was the capture of an Indianapolis, Madison & Jefferson train near Seymour, from which they gleaned one hundred and thirty five thousand dollars. Carrying their great plunder, they got away to Canada, where they were finally caught. With all this money, they were able to

put up a strong legal fight, and for a long time it looked as if they would not be extradited.

The lynchings took the zest out of train robbery for several years, but when it was resumed it was in a form that doubled the terror the early seizures had caused. It was in 1870 that train wrecking as a means of train robbery came into vogue. Eight men tore up the track of the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific road near Council Bluffs and waited for the overland. It came, crashed over the break, killed the engineer, and injured a score of passengers.

As the train went over, the robbers sprang from their hiding places and went to plundering the wounded. They were successful in robbing the passengers and in addition got six thousand dollars from the express car. Thirty thousand dollars reward was offered for the capture dead or alive of these robbers, but nothing came of it. The enormity of the crime forbade that any of those who took part in it should ever disclose his participation even to other criminals, and nothing was ever learned.

This horror stopped train robbing for five years; there were no criminals desperate enough to work in the face of the storm caused by it. Except for one desperate failure in 1875, when a Vandalia engineer was shot and killed, the country heard nothing of train robbers until the James and Younger boys began their long course of crime.

The glamour of the fugitive guerrilla was theirs, and the Robin Hood reputation they built up stood them in good stead. They were wholesale outlaws, and there is no room in a magazine article for a circumstantial account of their wonderful career. They realized at least one hundred and fifty thousand dollars from half a dozen train robberies, not counting the considerable sums they took from passengers. The passengers they killed when they failed to part easily.

Yet they had the countryside so surely with them, that rewards aggregating seventy thousand dollars went unclaimed until one of their own number turned traitor and shot Jesse James in the back.

Bob Ford had seen men killed in train wreckings, and could not understand why he should not realize a comfortable fortune by the equally simple method of killing his outlaw chief. So he murdered him.

CALIFORNIA'S QUOTA.

It was with this same spirit the law officers had to contend in California, when, later, it became the happy hunting ground of train robbers. A long time ago the Southern Pacific Railroad had trouble with squatters on some land to which it obtained title through the courts. The settlers were expelled. If they resisted, they were shot. Since that time, through all of that section the name Mussel Slough is sufficient reply before a jury to the most rousing eloquence and the most convincing evidence the railroad can invoke.

In this country a small farmer worked a little patch of ground, and hired out as a harvest hand when his own little plot did not require his attention. He was a middle aged, red bearded man, with a large family. With them in the cramped farmhouse lived two young men, John and George Sontag, as industrious and commonplace as their host, whose name, by the way, was Christopher Evans. The whole outfit was about as inconspicuous as any in Visalia, itself a remote town that fell asleep when the railroad left it eight or ten miles off the line in punishment for having failed to give all that was asked in the way of depot sites. In time Visalia got a branch line, but that did not avail to wipe out the past sins of the Southern Pacific Railroad. For a dozen years, train robberies on the line occurred with frequency, and the perpetrators went unpunished.

Much of the robbery was credited to the Dalton gang, but the Daltons cleared out for Missouri and Oklahoma and the robberies did not cease. Once or twice an inquisitive passenger who could not keep his head inside the car window while the robbers were blowing open the express car was killed, but as a rule the travelers were not molested. Finally a train was robbed in the usual fashion at the usual place. The mail and express cars were looted, the mes-

senger was half killed by the explosion of a great charge of dynamite against the door of his car, the fireman was forced at the pistol's point to climb through the ragged hole and to open what was left of the door. When it was all over the bandits went off in a cart.

THE EVANS GANG.

Among the passengers who came into Visalia from the held up train was George Sontag. Him the sheriff interviewed as a witness before starting out on the man hunt. He told a vivid story of the affair, furnished a description of one of the robbers, and then went home to the Evans house.

It happened that the conductor of the train knew George Sontag, and had not observed him among his passengers until after the hold up. Then the Wells Fargo men came in with the news that they had followed the tracks of the bandits' cart to near the Evans ranch. The identity of the robbers who had done so much to make travel on California railroads exciting was revealed in a flash. A fine trap was immediately laid. A messenger was sent to ask George Sontag to come to the sheriff's office to identify a suspect. He went and was promptly locked up.

A strong force then went to the Evans place to get Chris Evans and John Sontag, but the clever thief takers at the sheriff's office had left out of the calculation the feeling of the community. Word of George Sontag's arrest reached the Evans house before the posse did, and while the officers were surrounding the place the door of the Evans barn flew open, two shotguns poured out buckshot, and the posse recoiled in disorder. When the shattered attacking line reformed it was to find Chris Evans and John Sontag gone, and the best deputy in Southern California lying with his hands full of turf in the Evans dooryard. Others of the posse were wounded as well, but neither Evans nor Sontag was hurt.

THE ROBBER FUGITIVES.

Then began the second stage of the train robbers' life—that of the fugitive. For a year the pair dodged about the mountains, and the rewards for their

apprehension steadily mounted until they were worth ten thousand dollars to anybody who would betray them; yet during all that time they were being harbored by men to whom ten thousand dollars represented more of wealth than they expected to garner in a lifetime.

I have stood with a posse in a cabin while a detective was bargaining with its toil worn proprietor to lure the two hunted desperadoes to their undoing, when all the time Evans and Sontag lay under the hay in the barn not a dozen yards from the cabin door. I have listened to a woman—as bad and as hard a woman as ever preyed on a drunken lumberman—promise to send word as soon as the men made their appearance at the mountain den where she and others of her kind laired. I have seen her beg a pittance of the price of her perfidy on account, when all the time she knew the two lay asleep in the very building.

I even remember a man, a gaunt old criminal, one who had murdered a Chinese laborer to save the wages he owed him, undertaking to earn the reward by guiding the posse to where the outlaws were hiding, admitting as he did so that but a day or two before they had been his guests in his ranch house. He guided the officers to a camp that had been abandoned by Evans and Sontag. The way was by a trail beneath a big bluff, where the hunted men crouched in safety, eagerly inspecting the personnel of the posse the old rascal had promised to show them.

Neither he nor any of the people of the hills would stretch forth a hand to grasp the reward offered them.

Occasionally the pursuers came up with the pursued. Once this happened at a cabin where there was no reason to suspect their presence. As the posse came up, a hill roustabout stepped from the hut and without a word walked to the spring for a bucket of water, giving no warning. A moment after, Evans and Sontag jumped out, their guns at the shoulder. When the remnants of the posse came back, Vic Wilson, professional bad man hunter imported from Arizona, and Andy McGinnis, a man hunter of equal local fame, had

been left dead on the door step. The fugitives were away again.

It was not that the rest of the posse were unfit for their work—there were good men among them—but the attack

car of a prostrate foe, when there was time, and blew his head off.

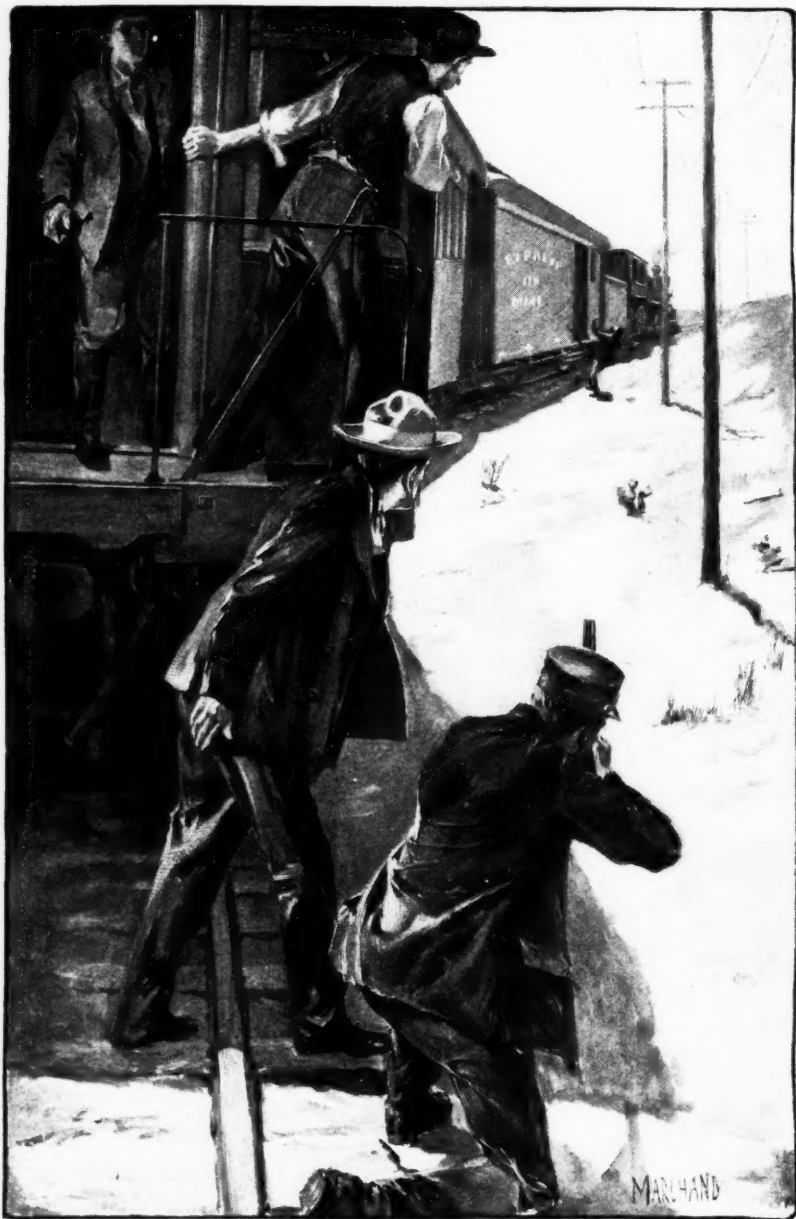
The next ambush in this long chase was on the other side. The sheriff's men hid for three days in a cabin at the



"AN EFFORT TO RAID THE BANK AT COFFEYVILLE, AND INCIDENTALLY TO FIGHT THE WHOLE TOWN, REDUCED THE NUMBER OF THE DALTON BROTHERS FROM THREE TO ONE, AND MESSED THAT ONE SO THAT HE WAS SLOW ON THE DRAW IN HIS NEXT DIFFICULTY."

had been so swift and the surprise so complete that fear, which comes before courage, got such a start that the nobler quality was unable to overtake it. They never found any wounded after Evans and Sontag had been left in possession of a field. They always put a gun to the

foot of a hill, and on the fourth morning were rewarded by the appearance of their long sought quarry. The outlaws, however, saw the trap in time to drop behind a heap of manure that made an admirable fort. They had the up hill of their foes, and were able to fight an



"BLACK JACK," A LONE ROBBER, WHO ECONOMIZED BY ELIMINATING THE COST OF A GANG. HE WAS FILLED WITH BUCKSHOT BY A CONDUCTOR FROM THE REAR OF THE TRAIN.

all day battle. As each of the robbers carried a rifle, a shotgun, and two big revolvers, there was no lack of shooting.

The law officers had excellent cover, and the end of a long day found them all

alive, though one had a ball shattered leg, while the two outlaws behind the stack were variously shot up. At dusk, Evans staggered away through a storm of bullets, and the posse let the other

alone till the chill of morning should stiffen his wounds. Then they gathered him in. He was John Sontag, and ultimately died rather than have his limb amputated.

Evans was rounded up at the home of a relative, and, barring the loss of an eye and a hand, was as good a man as ever when the surgeons got through with him. He charmed the waiter who brought him his meals from the outside, with stories of outlaw life, persuaded him that he was of the brood of bad men, and, with his help and the influence of certain revolvers brought in under the napkin, succeeded in getting clear away.

Winter's cold and his newly healed wounds were too much, however, even for Evans, and they rounded him up. All the glory the waiter got out of it was the privilege of sharing his penitentiary life with the train robber. With all the murders the law could prove on Chris Evans, it could not hang him, and he is still in the prison at Folsom, a life prisoner, with George Sontag, who, after an unsuccessful attempt at breaking jail, finally went on the witness stand and testified against his former partner in crime.

THE DALTON GANG.

It was never quite settled whether the Evans-Sontag gang and the Daltons worked together, though in all probability they did. They both worked about Tulare, California, though after a time the Daltons moved away to the middle West. There they roamed until the band came to an end which was more fitting and more thoroughly complete than that of any other outlaw gang on record.

Bill Dalton, the oldest of the brothers, was perhaps the handiest man with a .44 Winchester that ever pulled trigger. He never raised his rifle to his shoulder, but let go, pistol fashion, from the hip, and so true was the relationship between eye and hand that, in his peaceable hours, they used to bar him from turkey shoots, because at two hundred yards he tumbled the birds as fast as they were released. His record showed that Bill Dalton could shoot men as well as turkeys, which is not altogether a com-

mon thing even in Indian Territory, where no close season for either is observed.

A HISTORIC HOLD UP.

The hold up of a train near Adair, in which all three of the Dalton brothers took part, was enough to give any gang a reputation. Hold ups had been so frequent that the trains were carrying guards, and on this particular train there were twenty armed men charged with protecting passengers and express. But the Daltons swooped down on the train when and where they were least expected, and kept a streak of rifle fire going along the sides of the cars that made it absolutely impossible for a man to show his head and keep that head on. The dead and wounded demonstrated that. The robbers cleaned out the express car as usual.

Their adventures and exploits after this make a long story. They killed many people, and stole hundreds of thousands of dollars, but it was all evened up at Coffeyville, Kansas. An effort to raid the bank, and incidentally to fight the whole town, reduced the number of Dalton brothers from three to one, and messed this one—the redoubtable Bill—up so that he was slow on the draw in his next difficulty and joined his brothers on the other side of the great divide. The Coffeyville affair was the greatest clean up of train robbers the country ever had; nearly every one who fell before the Winchesters and shotguns of the citizens had achieved eminence in this line.

It is only two years since the "Black Jack" band that terrorized trainmen in the Southwest was rounded up. Black Jack's real name was Tom Ketchum. He operated for four years before they got him. His undoing was the result of avarice.

So long as he worked with his gang, Black Jack kept clear of the law, but one day he found it was possible to hold up a train single handed and so to avoid any division of the proceeds. He was trying this on the Texas Express when a conductor jumped off the rear of the train and filled him with buckshot. The gang did not long outlast the chief's misadventure.



THE CARLTON—THE GREATEST OF LONDON CLUBS—THE UNION LEAGUE OF GREAT BRITAIN.

LONDON'S CLUBLAND.

BY ALFRED KINNEAR.

IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS ARE THE WORLD'S LEADING CLUBS. THEY OCCUPY A QUARTER WHICH HAS BEEN KNOWN FOR CENTURIES AS ST. JAMES'—THE OLD TIME HOME OF THE GAMBLING HELLS, THE PRESENT DAY CLUBLAND.

NO city in all the world has so many clubs as London. Nowhere have the social, the political, and the literary elements of national life been so closely associated with Clubland as in the metropolis of Great Britain. The somber, richly upholstered club houses of today are the outgrowth of the taverns and the coffee houses. They are the lineal descendants of the Mitre and of Jack Straw's Castle, of the cock pits and the gambling hells.

Present day Clubland extends in a zig-zag course from the bottom of Waterloo Place along Pall Mall, up St. James'

Street, to the middle of Piccadilly. It occupies that quarter of fashionable London through which Don Juan drove on his first arrival in the capital city of England.

Over the stones still rattling, up Pall Mall,
Through crowds and carriages—but waxing
thinner

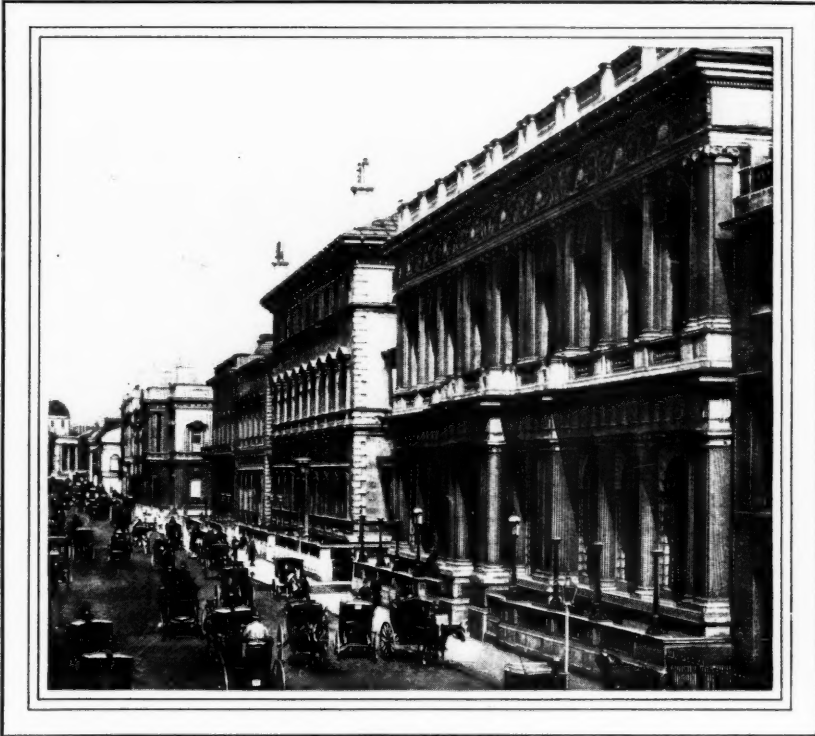
As thunder'd knockers broke the long seal'd spell
Of doors 'gainst duns, and to an early dinner
Admitted a small party, as night fell—

Don Juan, our young diplomatic sinner,
Pursued his path, and drove past some hotels,
St. James' Palace and St. James' "Hells."

Today those broad streets are flanked
by stately buildings, mixed with curi-

cus, unpretending edifices—the shops of hatters and of wine merchants, of saddlers and silversmiths, of dealers in ancient sporting prints and of one lonely pawnbroker. Even the tawdry, draggled tavern pushes its beery head out between the most exclusive clubs of modern existence—the bait house of the gentleman's gentleman, elbowing its way into line with the jealously guarded home of the aristocracy of

This district of St. James' gives to the British court its official designation. Every ambassador is delegated to the Court of St. James. Its chapel is the Chapel Royal. Its apartments of state are most magnificently decorated. Made a royal residence by Henry VIII, enlarged by Charles I, and made notorious by Charles II, it stands today a group of offices of court officials, a curious link between the London of the Guelphs and



PALL MALL, THE STREET OF CLUBS—SO CALLED FROM THE ITALIAN GAME OF "PALLE MALLE."

England. Tankards of ale at six cents a pint can be bought by the loungeer from the street corner beneath the very windows of the Reform Club. The prime minister of England, the most noble the Marquis of Salisbury, as he looks out from the drawingroom of his town house in Arlington Street, gazes over into the bleary eye of a common public house. St. James', with all of its aristocratic exclusiveness, has more of the curious anomalies of a true democracy than has Fifth Avenue.

the London of the Stuarts. No monarch has slept in St. James' for generations. Passing out from this grim and grimy palace, through the famous brick gate of Henry VIII, up the "celebrated eminence" of Disraeli's *Endymion*, one reaches the Clubland of Piccadilly.

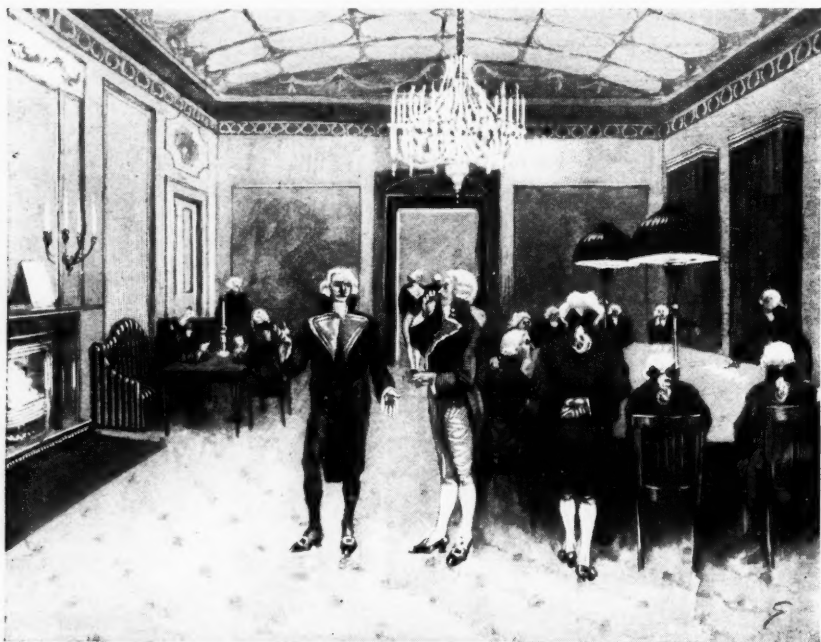
THE CENTER OF CLUBLAND.

But the real center of Clubland is Pall Mall. Here stand the greatest clubs known to Englishmen. It is almost imperial, this thoroughfare. It certainly

is historical. The name it bears comes from the old Italian game of "*palle malle*," a game that gamins still play in sleepy old Italian cities, pounding their *palle* with the *maglia*, or mallet. It was the forerunner of our modern rackets, a sort of medieval tennis. It was introduced into London by Louise Renée de Querouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth

quetries of Nell Gwyn, and listened withal to the snappish diatribes in broken English of her jealous grace the Duchess of Portsmouth.

Of such are the environments of the great clubs of London. There, in the afternoons, meet the great men of England, the cadets of lines of belted earls and greater soldiers, reading, gossiping,



BROOKS'S—THE HEADQUARTERS OF BRITISH WHIGGISM—WHERE SHERIDAN AND GARRICK GAMBLLED.

and Aubigny, maid of honor to Queen Catharine, mistress to Charles II.

It was she who scratched poor Nell Gwyn's eyes, who sought with her polished French wit to outshine the sharp, street bred repartee of the Covent Garden orange girl, and who was routed in the attempt.

The Mall runs on to Buckingham Palace from the Duke of York's column, which commemorates that illustrious general who

with forty thousand men

Marched up a hill and then marched down again.

Bordering the Mall, where the game of "*palle malle*" was played, are some fine old trees which, in their sapling days, looked down upon the Merry Monarch, and smiled to see the skittish co-

smoking, lazying away the hours 'twixt twilight and dinner.

THE CARLTON.

In an imperial sense, the Carlton is the greatest of London clubs—the Union League Club of Great Britain. It is most substantial in appearance, clothed in a pale gray. Owing its origin to the illustrious Duke of Wellington, it began in a small way in Charles Street, the thoroughfare from Haymarket into St. James' Square. At that time, 1831, this was a refuse pit, and what has since become Pall Mall petitioned against the introduction of gas into that region.

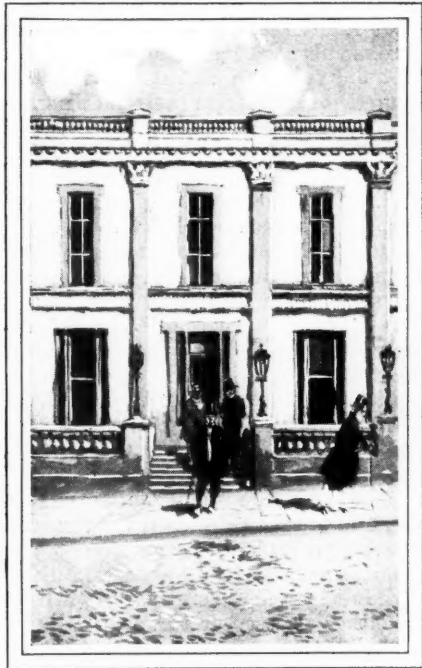
The Carlton Club was called after the prince regent's well known house, and as soon as opportunity offered the mem-

bers removed to Carlton Gardens and then developed into Pall Mall. Sir Robert Smirke, R. A., who, with Barry, afterwards built the Reform Club, designed the present splendid edifice. In this club there still survives some of the political spirit of the Great Duke.

It is severely Conservative. It is not only exclusively Tory, but, like the Conservative Club, a kindred establishment, houses the very *crème de la crème* of Conservatism. Only Tories of wealth can reasonably be members. Its social ingredients, even where these are linked to the unchallenged right of every Conservative member of the House of Commons to be a member, are above suspicion. The political committee has under its control a fund which may be used for assisting promising candidates fighting tough parliamentary seats. This is, in fact, the largest electioneering fund at the service of an English political party. The amount held in the club treasury is, of course, the special secret of the committee, but it is said to be about five million dollars. The kitchen of the club has been described as "spacious as a ballroom, kept in the finest order, and white as a young bride."

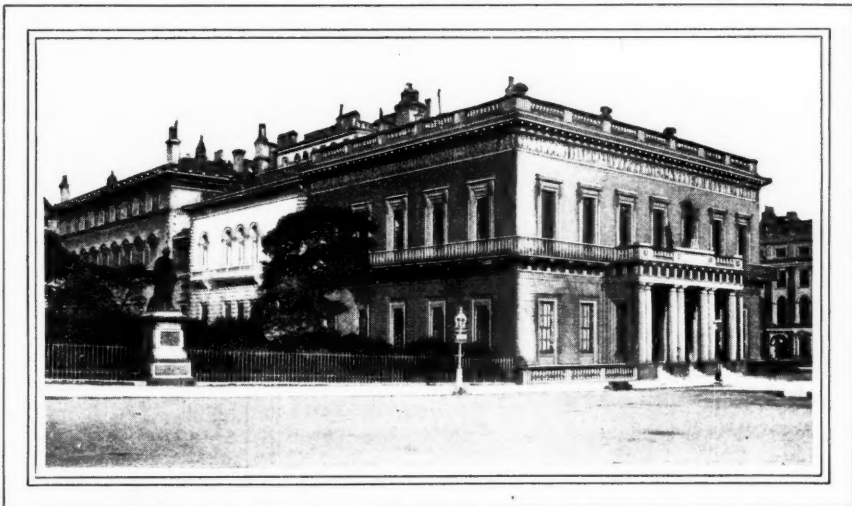
THE REFORM.

Next in rank as a political rendezvous is the Reform Club, which occupies the



CROCKFORD'S—ONCE THE MOST POLISHED "HELL" IN LONDON.

adjoining block in Pall Mall. The Reform has a distinctly political origin. As its name implies, it was established to promote parliamentary reform, and it



THE ATHENAEUM—THE HOME OF BISHOPS AND ACTORS, OF LITERARY MEN AND SCIENTISTS.

From a photograph by the Stereoscopic Company.

actually did assist in carrying the first great reform act of 1832. Its sponsors were members of Parliament.

It did so well that in 1837 the Reformers removed from their old place in Gwydyr House, Whitehall, hard by the spot where Charles Stuart lost his head, to the present aristocratic temple in Pall Mall. It became a great political resort, tempered by much hospitality. To show its superiority in this latter respect, the committee retained as chef M. Soyer at the salary of a cabinet minister. He added to his fame by the club breakfasts during the coronation of Queen Victoria, and when the dinner was given to Daniel O'Connell his *soufflé à la Clontarf* was the jest of the day as a bit of happy political satire.

The Reform was the greatest club of its day, one of the wonders of new London, and is still a delightful sanctuary. But though no longer a maker of policies, it is nevertheless the meeting place of the distressed Liberal party when it has either to weep or to wash its linen in public.

THE DEVONSHIRE.

The Devonshire Club was founded on the initiative of a group of Liberals who resented the growing Toryism or the shrinking progressivism of the Reform-

ers. Blackballing had come to be practised, upon the principle that the great club belonged exclusively to its existing members. Any exceptional quality was, therefore, sufficient to justify the use of the blackball—a speech during the election of a new member of Parliament, a business transaction, a display of superior brilliancy at last night's dinner table in some house where severe competition in conversation was the road to social ascendancy.

The Marquis of Hartington lent himself to the new Liberalism, and the club was successfully established with the name and, in a sense, under the eaves of the ducal house which in the sixties and seventies embodied an invincible liberalism. It came to be known as a chapel of ease to the Reform Club. Access to its princely rooms was easy, and it existed for a decade as the incarnation of the spirit of a progressive, virile, and active Liberalism. Still, although the Reform Club felt the effect of the competition, friendly relations were maintained between the two houses, and in those recurring intervals of domestic agony known as the annual cleaning time they received each other's members.

It is, however, doubtful whether the Devonshire Club ever realized, even in the flush of its youth and promise, the impulses that brought it into existence. It has not played any prominent part as a political rendezvous. I cannot recall a single meeting of the Liberal party having been held there. When Earl Granville's mansion in Carlton House Terrace, or Lord Rendel's in Carlton Gardens, became the theater of the formation of a new government, as they certainly were in 1880 and 1892, ardent statesmen expecting to be summoned to office waited the call



THE TRAVELLERS'—ONE OF THE MOST EXCLUSIVE CLUBS IN LONDON, A FAVORITE OF THE KING'S.

in the Reform Club—never in the Devonshire.

The Devonshire Club eventually became a great omnibus for the reception of every profession of life. It resembles

many notable persons. Today it is the center of London's hotel world.

Crockford was a sport and a turfite, and he founded his club as a gambling and money lending venture. It was a



THE ARMY AND NAVY CLUB—FAMILIARLY KNOWN AS "THE RAG." LORD WOLSELEY, WHEN COMMANDER IN CHIEF, ALWAYS LUNCHEDED AT THE RAG, AS LORD ROBERTS FREQUENTLY DOES NOW.

today a splendid lunching restaurant. It suffered from the split on Home Rule which destroyed its last flickering claim to be regarded as the headquarters of vigorous Liberalism. Now it is as beautiful and luxurious as ever, yet enviously isolated. Its existence is bound up in the traditions of Crockford's.

CROCKFORD'S "HELL."

Crockford's, in the early part of the past century, was the most polished "hell" of its age. It was the resort of the bloods of the day. Here d'Orsay hazarded such remnants of fortune as he allowed to be left himself. Crockford was a speculative fishmonger of Cecil Street, Strand—then a line of faubourgs terminating with Northumberland House. In these faubourgs dwelt

gilded "hell," furnished in the heavy, somber style of the early Georges, with massive candelabra, and was hung with mirrors and ponderous "oils" in broad frames enriched with high relief figures of Rubens' women, grapes, and hideous goddesses. It was an age of three bottle men, whose sullen appetites were assisted by their heavy, unctuous, drowsy surroundings.

How many young men of estate were ruined here is to be seen, perhaps, in the gaps in Burke's Peerage as well as in great but impoverished honors existing today. One night the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham hazarded half his estates upon a single throw of the dice box, and lost—but retained his temper. Crockford's, however, perished upon its own luxury. Its sins stifled it, and on

the ground where this hideous center of folly stood, the stately, blameless Devonshire stands today.

Club cooks in those days could command high prices. Crockford paid his chef, Ude, six thousand dollars a year. But just as a depraved appetite grows by what it feeds upon, Ude was haled to

its name is identified with such patrons as Burke, Horace Walpole, Gibbon, Sheridan, Garrick, and Wilberforce—most of them, however, needy. Here Charles James Fox displayed his passion for play.

Slowly Brooks's crystallized into a political establishment and became the



WHITE'S AND BROOKS'S, TWO OF THE MOST DESIRABLE CLUBS—IN THE DAYS OF THE "BLOODS."

Bow Street one morning at the suit of Lord Queensberry and fined for unlawfully trafficking in "red game" during the close season.

BROOKS'S AND THE ATHENÆUM.

The headquarters of British Whiggism is at Brooks's, in St. James' Street, a few doors from the Devonshire. Brooks's was closely identified with the great Liberal split over Gladstone's Home Rule bill. It was here indeed that the *emeute* was conceived and hatched.

Originally, like Crockford's and Almack's, Brooks's was the resort of fashionable gamblers a century ago. It was speculative in the sense that it was raised by the man whose name it bears to make him an income. But he proved a failure. Hare wrote to George Selwyn, "We are all beggars at Brooks's," and its founder himself died in poverty in 1782. Yet

headquarters of the old Whig sect. Now it is the home of the more exclusive of the Liberal Unionists. The Duke of Devonshire is a member, and it is practically run by Lord James of Hereford; but Mr. Chamberlain rests satisfied with the Athenæum and the Devonshire.

At the head of the erudite clubs of London stands the Athenæum, a magnificent temple dedicated in a sense to literature, the church, and the arts. Here bishops foregather with novelists, painters, and actors. Sir Henry Irving is a member of the Athenæum, and the Archbishop of Canterbury—the aforesaid vagabond and the primate of all England.

THE SERVICE CLUBS.

The origin of the service club is found in practical economy more than in social luxury. The long and costly war

with Napoleon threw upon London a large number of half pay officers of both branches of the service. Out of these doughty veterans was built the United Service Club.

The Senior United Service is today one of the best appointed establishments in Clubland. It stands in Pall Mall at the corner of Waterloo Place, the Athenaeum being its *vis-à-vis* at the western corner. Between the two stands the

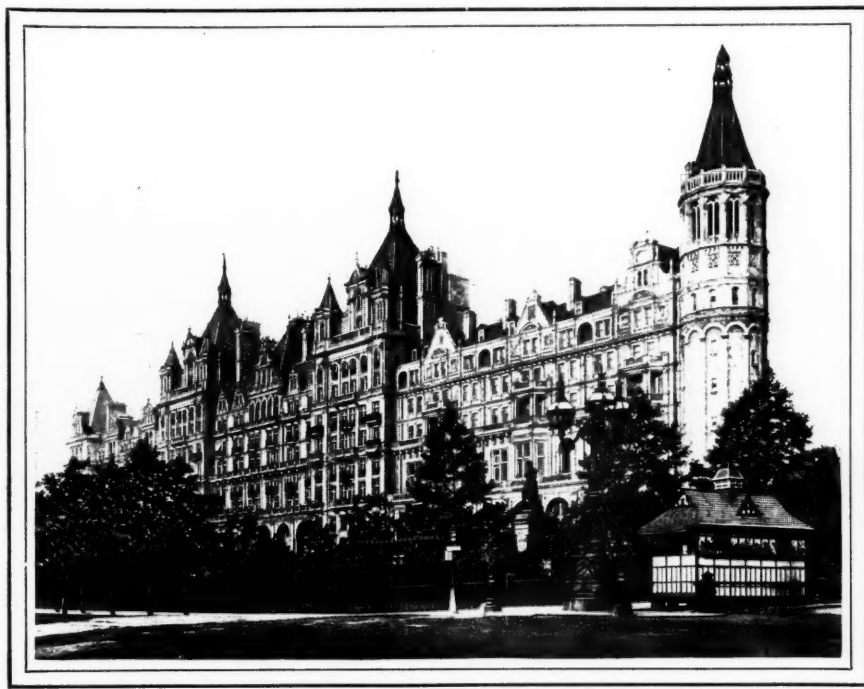
equestrian statue of the brilliant soldier, Lord Napier of Magdala. The Se-



THE STAIRCASE OF THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB
—THE FINEST IN LONDON.

known paintings upon the walls of the Senior are Stanfield's "Battle of Traf-

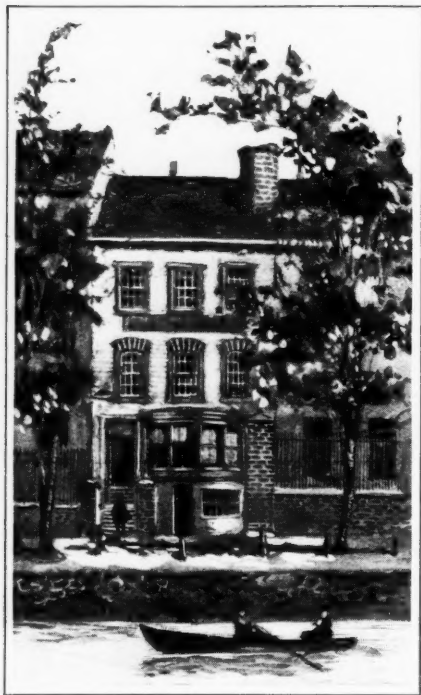
nior, as the club is called, was designed by Nash, and is the abode of luxury. Its rooms are upon an extensive scale, and upon its walls are portraits full length of Britain's better known warriors from Wellington upwards or downwards. The most distinguished original member was Lord Lynedoch, famous in the Peninsular War, who lived to see four coronations. He it was who, when a subaltern, killed a footpad in Piccadilly. The best



THE NATIONAL LIBERAL CLUB—A HUGE CARAVANSARY, THE MOST IMPOSING CLUB HOUSE IN THE BRITISH METROPOLIS.

algar" and Robinson's portrait of the great Duke of Wellington.

Later came the Army and Navy Club, known as "The Rag." This extraordinary title, which is even the telegraphic code address of the club, came from the name given to the Union Jack in the Crimea. Both services fought under the jack, and when the Army and Navy be-



DAN SALTER'S COFFEE HOUSE.

came the resort of officers who survived that war, the old euphemism chosen for the flag crystallized into a sobriquet for the club. There are several service "juniors," as there are several political "juniors." Wolseley, Roberts, Buller, White, and Kitchener are, of course, members of the greater establishments.

THE TRAVELLERS AND WHITE'S.

The most distinguished and exclusive of all the clubs is the Travellers, which stands—a plain, drab faced building, reached by a flight of uncompromising stone steps—between the Athenæum and the Reform. The Travellers was established in 1814, and Prince Talley-

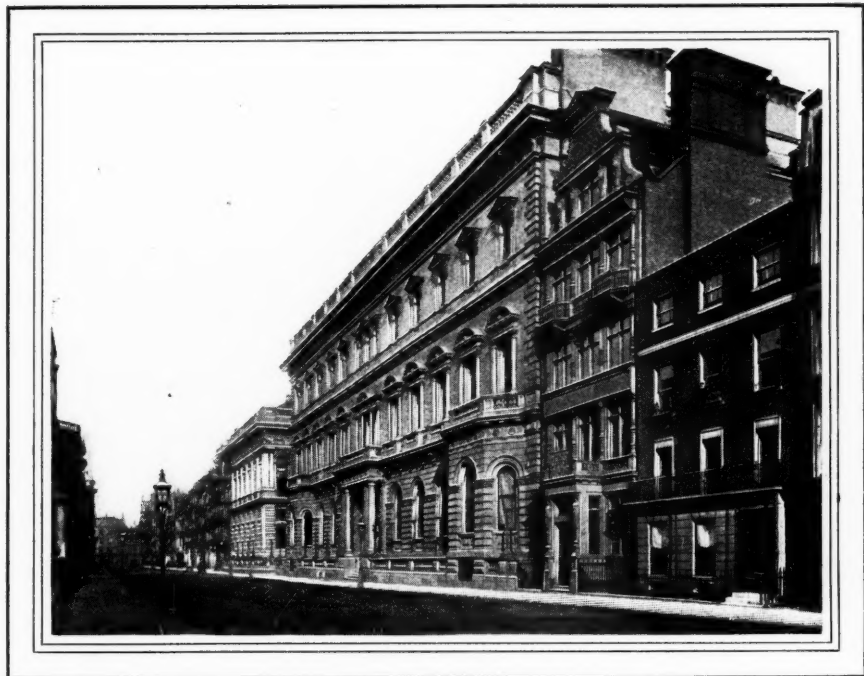
rand ranked with the foreign members of the time. It may be taken as a sign of the untraveled habits of the period, that, under the rules, no candidate should be eligible who had not journeyed to a point distant five hundred miles from London. In the days of its founding, that represented a decided tribute to adventure. Talleyrand played a sedate game of whist at the Travellers, where dice and hazard of any kind were forbidden.

White's is another of the exclusive clubs of London. "White's Chocolate House" was famous in 1689, when it was contemporary with the "Kit-Kat," the "Cocoa Tree Club," and the "October Club." It was a period of gambling. "Zooks" and demireps sat in the coffee houses and appraised every young gentleman of estate fresh from home as a butcher appraised the yield in veal or mutton of a calf or a Southdown. White's was the center of activity. But White's has sown its wild oats, and is now famous for the elegance of its members and the high tone of its social entertainments. One of its rules provides that each member shall contribute annually a guinea to keep a good cook.

THE MARLBOROUGH AND BACHELORS'.

The Marlborough is known as the king's club. It adjoins Marlborough House, and King Edward has for his exclusive use a private entrance. The members of the Marlborough are elected by permission of the king, and consist of personal friends, men who have done something diplomatic, and also officers of the united services. Sir Thomas Lip-ton is now a member of the Marlborough. The St. James', another reserved club, is almost the habitat of foreign ambassadors.

Among the exclusive clubs of the eccentric kind is the Bachelors'—the resort of the gilded youth. It is a very smart establishment in Piccadilly, and one of its crystallized eccentricities is that a member upon entering the state of matrimony ceases to be a member, though he may be reelected upon payment of a fine of twenty five pounds. On the other hand, the committee may refuse to reelect him. Two versions are given of the spirit of this rule. One is



THE JUNIOR CARLTON—THE HEADQUARTERS OF POLITICAL ORGANIZATION AMONG THE YOUNGER GENERATION OF CONSERVATIVES.

that the married element should not become dominant; the second is that "bores" should thus be got rid of. Lord Kitchener is a member of the Bachelors'.

HIGH PLAY AT THE RALEIGH.

The number of all night clubs in St. James' is rapidly diminishing. Almost the last is the old Raleigh. After its great namesake, this club was typical of adventure, gallantry, and travel. Its members dined, played, drank, and went home with the morning milk. One member, returning from India, reached the Raleigh at seven o'clock in the morning.

"Waiter."

"Yessir."

"Breakfast."

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"Breakfast, I say."

"Did I hear you say breakfast, sir?"
—with a puzzled look.

"Why, yes—confound the man! Can't you give me breakfast, eh?"

"Well, sir, it is a little irregular, but

if you would put up with a deviled bone and any wine you like, sir, I dare say we could do you. We are really thinking of going to bed now, sir."

Among peculiar names given to well known clubs, none is more apt than that bestowed upon the aristocratic Turf Club in Piccadilly. Tell any cabby to take you to the "In and Out Club" and you will be landed at the Turf. Address your letters and telegrams so and they will be delivered. The club house stands back from the street and has two gates in the front wall. On one of them, for the guidance of drivers, is painted the word "In"; on the other "Out." Hence the sobriquet.

Such is the composition of London Clubland. Elsewhere are other clubs, literary, theatrical, and bohemian, but their habitat is beyond the confines of Clubland. They are housed in Adelphi, along the Strand, bordering Covent Garden and Leicester Square. Within them is an interest, but not properly that of Clubland. It is solely an eccentric interest.

American Women in Husbandry.

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW.

AMERICAN WOMEN, WEARY OF THE DEPRESSING SURROUNDINGS OF CITY WORK, HAVE GONE BACK TO THE LABOR OF THE FIRST MOTHER. IN FARMS, IN GARDENS, IN FLOWER STORES, THEY HAVE MADE SUCCESSES OF THEIR LIVES, TILLING THE SOIL, CULLING THE BLOSSOMS, DECORATING CHURCHES AND BANQUET HALLS.

WITHIN the last few years, women have discovered a new kingdom, and, entering in, have prepared to enjoy the land; this, too, not in a figurative, but in a very literal, sense. Their new empire? Scientific agriculture in the broadest meaning of the term.

What this righteous possession of Naboth's vineyard means, viewed from an economic and social standpoint, is almost incalculable. For all women so inclined, there is an opportunity to earn a living in any of the multitudinous agricultural branches which may seem to them especially adapted to their capacity. One woman considers herself fully competent to manage a thoroughly equipped farm. Another chooses to devote herself to the establishment of a model dairy or the growing of small fruits. Therein lies one of its most potent fascinations—the opportunities are limitless.

The field, however, is still so comparatively new and the ground so little broken that the only way any data on the subject can be helpful is to cite some instances of what women have already accomplished.

To particularize, then, there was a group of women in one city, all self supporting, all caged in boarding

houses, all fulfilling admirably the dreary round of their treadmill duties. Each woman had a little money laid by for a rainy day, concerning the investment of which she talked vaguely and incessantly. All were desperately weary of the "whir of loom and smoke of commerce"—the daily accompaniment of their starved lives—and when they met they talked of flowers and trees and the old village life; they listened again to the "poppies that on a thousand hills were calling, calling," and into their consciousness there stole the voice of kind Nature whispering, "Come home."

THE WOMAN WHO DID.

One of these women was of the temperament which takes risks. Valorously she suggested that they all draw their hoarded savings from the bank, buy land, and become tillers of the soil. In spite of incredulity and wavering, she won her auditors, and ultimately they invested their money. First, they studied carefully the line each meant to follow. Next, they bought land and furnished it, so to speak. In the main, they have been successful. They have had some failures, and it has meant constant and



THE UNPRACTICAL EDEN.

unremitting work; but they are cheerful and confident of future success. In conquering the land they have found an outlet for their energies and enthusiasms, and a demand upon their capabilities which has brought out the best in them. They are no longer machines as alike as a row of pins, but resourceful, individual women.

One interested herself in violet culture. She built her greenhouses not too far away from the city market, and then devoted herself to the plants. She made more than eight hundred dollars in her first season, out of one small greenhouse.

Another took up the culture of small fruits under what is called the intensive system, which means the most careful cultivation. She had to study her soil, for small fruits are capricious, and she talked a strange gibberish, referring lightly to hundreds of pounds of super phosphate, sulphate of ammonia, muriate of potash, and other strange chemicals. Then she was always stirring up the ground until we thought her fruits would be torn up by the roots, but they seemed flattered by her care and attention, for she made money on them.

THE LABORER AND HER HIRE.

I said to the entire group one day, "Do you think you are all unholily lucky, or can any woman who takes up a patch of ground and grubs in it make money?"

"I myself asked that same cheerfully idiotic question of a successful farmer once," replied she who takes risks, "and he laughed.

"I have seen," he said, "one man who could make an acre pay, and another who couldn't get anything out of ten." Then he added these words of wisdom: "The markets are always overstocked with inferior fruits and vegetables, the results of poor methods of culture, but



LADIES WHO EXPECT LONG CREDIT.

there is always a sale for the best"—a truism not confined to florists.

The physical fitness of women for agricultural labor seems to be pretty well demonstrated by those engaged in it. There are no complaints of nervous prostration. In looking over an old copy of the *Herald of Health*, published in 1864, I found an article on a coöperative school in Illinois where farming was taught. The writer remarks truly, if tritely, that "the professions, arts, and sciences are being opened up to women, but there are few, in proportion to the great mass of either sex, who can hope to succeed in them. The great body of our people must be workers in the common walks of life, and here all the places open to women are full to overflowing."

He then gives some extracts from his diary that read like a page from "Lorna Doone" or "Tess":

On the fourth and sixth of April we threshed oats. One girl stood up in the horse power and drove five span of horses. Another girl stood

upon the platform and pitched the oats, which were unbound, to the machine; a third, with the aid of a little boy, measured and bagged all the oats; a fourth helped to stack the straw. On the seventh and eighth, having a piece of meadow on which the grass was light, one of the girls harrowed it, another sowed it with oats broadcast, a third sowed grass seed, and a fourth rolled it.

It sounds like the golden age, or like the pictures of life presented in William Morris' "News from Nowhere."

WOMEN WHO HAVE SUCCEEDED.

Perhaps the woman who has made the most signal success in horticulture and floriculture is Miss Mary E. Cutter, of Holliston, Massachusetts. She has used abilities as both writer and speaker in explaining the possibilities of her chosen field. She especially advocates for women the growing of small fruits and glass farming. In speaking of the advantages of the latter, Miss Cutter says in one of her comprehensive articles: "It necessitates careful advance calculation, in which women excel. The physical labor involved is comparatively light, and so fitted for one whose strength is not robust. There is room for much artistic discrimination, certainly woman's specialty."

Miss Cutter is no believer in the terrors of over production. She dismisses that bugaboo with a gesture of contempt. "A first class article always sells," is her dictum. When a practical farmer like herself makes the following statement, it is of value: "I have traveled through the Eastern and Middle States thoroughly, and have yet to find the land that would not produce something. I believe that all land can and should be made productive, and have no faith in the necessity of abandoned farms where there is a willingness to work." Miss Cutter further says that the land whereon her gardens bloom today was once waste and rocky, and adds that the present result has been accomplished by nothing more than energy and perseverance.

A WOMAN'S EDEN.

She has been established in business about sixteen years, and in gazing over her beautiful place, Winthrop Gardens, one finds it difficult to believe that it was once barren hillside. One sees

far and near wide orchards of choice fruits, vineyards wherein are grown the best varieties of grapes, acres of small fruits and vegetables, ornamental trees and shrubs, and flower houses full of the choicest plants. All is thrift, order, beauty, bearing in every outward sign that one thing which is forever good—success. The presiding genius of it all owns a charming home, won entirely by her own efforts. Her gospel is: "Gardening is earnest work. It will not do to poke here and push there and putter around anyhow. There must be thorough and well directed effort."

I asked Miss Cutter recently what percentage on her investment a woman who engaged in floriculture might expect, and what was the smallest amount of capital required. She replied:

"An investment of from three hundred to five hundred dollars, together with efficient labor, should, if invested in a greenhouse, yield thirty three per cent the first year and fifty per cent thereafter."

WOMEN AS FLORISTS.

There are, however, comparatively few women florists in the United States, and this seems somewhat surprising in view of the fact that in Europe the business of flower selling is largely in the hands of women. It would appear at first glance an ideal occupation for women. If some independent "she," bent on shopkeeping, elects to be a florist, her friends heave a sigh of relief. Since she will sell something, by all means let it be lilies and roses. She could not engage in a more attractive enterprise; and what could be better fitted to feminine talents than floral decoration?

The approving friends do not pause to consider certain factors concomitant to the success of the florist, whether man or woman. It is one of the most risky and expensive pursuits one can indulge in. Flowers are the most perishable of goods, to speak commercially, and one is dealing with the most uncertain class of customers. The buyers of flowers may be divided into heedless Bohemians and persons of great wealth. Neither class is noted for paying its bills with undue haste.

To the lay intelligence, floral decoration is a work to which many are called by reason of the apparent ease, the real refinement, and the charm of so graceful a task. The lay intelligence does not pause to consider that few, indeed,

may be a background for airy wreaths of white clematis; pale blossoms on a bank of fern will suggest the "snows of winter drifting 'gainst the livery of June," and heavy water lilies serve as a reminder of dim woodland pools and the "unsubstantial silver of the fountain's spray." For a midwinter ball, the flowers may concentrate the splendor of a tropical noon in their glowing tints, and these the decorator may blend with a bizarre audacity and evolve a color scheme that will recall an oriental tessellation.

"It all sounds very delightful," said one of the best known women decorators in New York recently, "but it is not so easy a task. Frequently, in decorating for a big



A WOMAN'S HAND IN DECORATION.

are chosen. It is emphatically an occupation for the artist, not the artisan. Great feeling for color, and some knowledge of its harmonious laws, are requisite in the aspirant for success; also the ability to group color tones in so masterly a way that the resulting harmony will be unmarred by one false note.

DECORATION AS A FINE ART.

One desiring to excel in this delightful labor must possess a brain apt at original suggestion and quick to grasp the latent possibilities of the space to be decorated, and a recognition of the decorations suited to the varying seasons. She must understand that for a midsummer entertainment only combinations of the coolest colors should be utilized: the deep green of ivy leaves

church wedding, I have arisen at dawn and gone all day without even a cup of coffee; for no matter how much assistance I may have, nor how efficient the men working under me may be, I must attend personally to every detail."

THE GROWING OF FLOWERS.

To turn from the standpoint of the retail dealer to that of the grower, one is very speedily informed that that branch of the business is not all cakes

and ale. Plants are subject to all sorts of insidious foes above the ground and under it, and therefore require the most absorbing and devoted care; but even after all this attention is rewarded with healthy plants and a harvest of blossoms, the grower finds his troubles have just begun. It is rather a painful fact, but events have proved that in most cases where the market is a large city, the small grower has an infinitesimal chance of success. The large retail florist requires so many specials, as they are called—so many dozen long stemmed roses, so many dozen short stemmed roses. He gives his order to a wholesale florist, who sells to him on commission, and this wholesale man does not wish to bother with the small grower, who may not be able to supply his orders expeditiously.

But in spite of these pessimistic views, there are a number of women who have made signal successes as flower growers, and whatever they have achieved is entirely due to their own efforts. One of the successful floriculturists in a Western city is a woman who, seven years ago, borrowed thirty thousand dollars to engage in her enterprise on a large scale. It is needless to say that she had studied her subject thoroughly before making the venture; in addition, she was a woman of great executive ability, and had a most inspiring confidence of success. Today her property is entirely free from debt, her loan having been paid entirely out of her profits.

THE FIRST WOMAN FLORIST.

Exclusive of a few widows of florists, who carried on their husbands' business after the death of the latter, Miss S. M. Tucker was the first woman florist in New York. Although a person of wide cultivation, she was without previous training or knowledge of floriculture. She gained her experience by becoming the business manager of a shop wherein



THE MODERN EVE.

were disposed the flowers grown in the greenhouses of her partner. Her custom was small at first, but when people found that the flowers they purchased were delivered absolutely fresh and at the hour promised, the orders became more and more frequent. Eventually, Miss Tucker, desiring to enlarge her business, associated herself with Miss A. B. Babcock, and selected one of the most desirable locations in town for the opening of their artistic flower shop, with a dainty tea room attached.

In talking over her work, Miss Tucker made a remark which seemed especially significant: "We like to buy from women growers. They take so much pride in sending us fresh flowers, and their flowers are always in such excellent condition, that there are rarely any we have to discard."

Among the women who have entered the field of flower growing for profit is Mrs. Clara Wilbur, of New Haven, Connecticut, a most attractive woman and a great favorite socially. After completing a thorough course of scientific agriculture, Mrs. Wilbur built her greenhouses after the latest models. These houses she manages herself, with the help of another woman, attending even to the furnace—an art in itself where floriculture is concerned. Flowers very quickly resent any changes of temperature. She also regulates the heat of the water in the tanks, and this, too, is important, for the spoiled beauties of the hothouse must be sprayed in water which will not chill them. Mrs. Wilbur does all her potting and planting, and, in fact, everything, herself. She has made a specialty of carnations and violets, but intends later to devote herself to the culture of fragile and delicate exotics—orchids and the like.

FROM GARDEN TO SHOP COUNTER.

One woman who has combined the arduous occupations of a retail dealer and a grower is Miss Carroll Macy.

Young, beautiful, and highly educated, she undertook this work a few years ago without any previous training. She began her experiment by putting up two large flower houses at Scarborough, New Jersey, and has gradually added to them until now they number eight. These houses are all constructed after the most approved modern methods. The old wooden frames, which excluded the light, have been superseded by iron framework.

THE SUCCESSFUL WOMAN.

Miss Macy, who is an enthusiastic grower, attends largely to the care of her plants herself. In her first greenhouses she knew every separate plant, and every leaf on it was dear to her. Flowers respond so quickly to affection that those who live much among them are apt to regard them as sentient, and conscious of the care bestowed upon them. For a long time Miss Macy did all her own spraying, and this is no light task. It means the dragging about of heavy hose, and the consequent drenching not only of one's flowers but of oneself. She met this exigency, however, by having an entire rubber suit made, consisting of a short skirt, coat, and hat, and now she can spray her roses with impunity, for these exacting beauties demand a daily shower bath, if the sun be shining—a bath which will spray even the inside of every leaf, and thus keep at bay the insidious red spider—

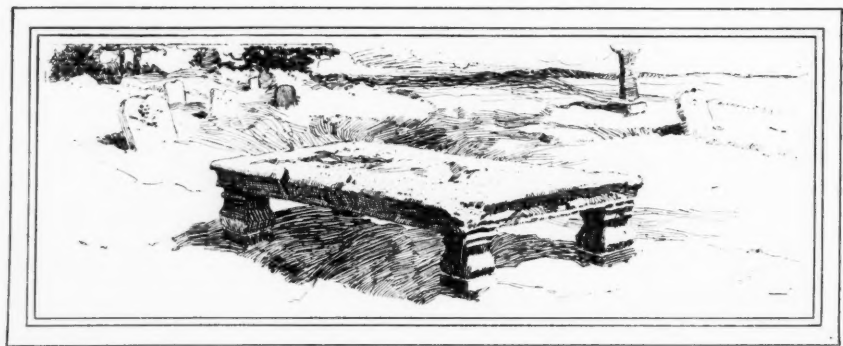
the bane of many a rose grower's existence. Although growing all flowers, Miss Macy has made a specialty of carnations and roses, the New Jersey soil being especially suited to rose culture.

WOMEN AS GARDENERS.

As Miss Macy increased the number of her houses, she found it necessary to employ considerable skilled labor. Trained gardeners are difficult to secure, and the wages paid are high. If the experience of various women growers be of value, there is no reason why women should not fit themselves for this occupation and engage in it successfully.

As her business enlarged, Miss Macy found it necessary and convenient to open a shop in New York as a sort of shipping depot for her flowers. This, too, she has managed with great success; but any untrained woman who contemplates opening a flower shop should pause and consider the question from all points of view. It is an extremely expensive undertaking; the locality must be good, therefore the rent will be correspondingly high; then, the large, ornamental refrigerators in which the flowers are kept cost several hundreds of dollars. There must be a man to attend to the packing and unpacking, a Buttons to open the door; and last, but not least, there must be considered the costly and perishable blossoms of a day.





The Mutilated Monument.

BY DOUGLAS STORY.

THERE are good days in a Scots summer—I know, because I have experienced them—days when the sheep come early to the watersides and lie long into the evening under the alders and mountain ash. They have such days in Algiers in early March, and in Cairo in late February, but devoid of the heathy freshness of the Scottish summer day—the “caller” air of the moorland.

It was one such day last July I lay stretched at full length on the green lawn they told me had been the cloisters of an abbey. A dozen ivy mantled pillars, a rod or two of crumbling wall, and a glorious Gothic window piercing the one upstanding gable were all that marked the site of one of the greatest of the border monasteries. My companions were Scots, and enthusiastic—sons of a nation of antiquaries. I was indifferent, and American—one in whose Pittsburg experience there had been little opportunity for medieval research and ecclesiastical refinement. But I was an Elliot, and, although my great grandfather fell behind the breastworks on Bunker Hill, the connection with the old stock in Tweeddale never had been severed. I was making my first visit to my cousins, the Elliots of Hundlestree Hall, and with them was exploiting the lions of the neighborhood. So it came about that we lay placidly in the sunshine on the grassy

grave of the cloisters of Traquair Abbey.

I listened to their talk of apses and naves, of corbels and machicolations, of abbots and monks and priests and reformers, as to so much Greek. Such experience as I had had of churchgoing was to a plain brick structure in western Pennsylvania, where the parson wore a rusty surtout, and my sister played the harmonium. I knew as much of the Romish Church as of that of Buddha. My cousins’ reconstruction of a medieval monkery therefore amused, but signally failed to enlighten, me. So they drifted into a discussion among themselves as to the probable cause of defacement of a monument that lay some distance from us.

It was a flat, plain slab of dark gray stone, placed on pillars tablewise, that stood solitary above the turf, commanding attention. The custodian had told us he knew nothing of its history, and had shown us that neither moss grew on its surface nor grass within its shadow.

“Aye, aye,” said he. “I’m thinkin’ there’s an ill tale to tell o’ the tenant o’ yon bit housie. It stands its lonesome when a mercifu’ Power has permitted all others to molder into dust. The land about it is cursed; neither God’s good rain nor the best o’ nitrate fertilizer will induce one blade o’ grass to grow within the circle o’ its longest

shadow. It's an ugly, ill made thing, too, although it's strong, an' the one eyesore on the bonniest stretch o' grass in a' Scotland. I wish to goodness the laird would order its demolition, but folks is a' feared to touch it." And the old man tottered grumblingly away to tend his cows to their midday milking.

My cousins and I had lingered for a minute or two to examine the stone

John Knox and the Reformers, pointing to a wriggly line he called the outline of an abbot's miter in justification of his supposition; Colin, the patriot, denounced the English as authors of all possible vandalisms on Scottish soil. I lay back and listened, with my head pillowed on the grass, contentedly ignorant. Occasionally, from the river across the lawn, came the sullen plop of a large



"BACKWARD AND FORWARD OVER THE FOREST GLADE THEY STRUGGLED, FEINTING, THRUSTING, HACKING, AT EACH OTHER."

more closely. The surface, on which an inscription had once been lettered, was scored with great gouge marks, where some vandal hand had wrought to erase its message. On the naked face of the stone every mark stood out distinctly, and the unsightly scars affected one as the seared features of a victim of vitriol. They bore evidence, in their unnecessary depth and in their irregularity, of extreme haste and a blind fury.

My cousins were divided in their theories of explanation. Gilbert blamed

trout feeding in the pool behind the willow.

And as I lay, I gazed straight up into the cloudless sky. Speedily the turquoise deepened into sapphire, then darkened into night, with little diamond points of starlight piercing the envaulted black.

I was alone, on a rough roadway hacked with great ruts and cumbered with river stones. To my left flowed the river, shimmering green in the star-

light; to my right rose the walls of the abbey, showing black and grim against the faint afterglow to the westward. The light of pale candles glimmered through the lancet windows of a little

walls of the great church. Then burst upon me the full glory of the Magnificat. "*Magnificat anima mea Dominum.*" chanted the monks, and I sank to my knees in the ecstasy of my adora-



"THE CRUCIFIX ABOVE BROTHER ARCHIBALD'S BED HUNG WET WITH BLOOD, AND AT SO GLORIOUS A SIGN THE BRETHREN PROSTRATED THEMSELVES, AND THE FAME OF THE MONASTERY WENT ABROAD THROUGH THE LAND."

chapel of the Virgin standing apart from the main buildings, and from the choir of the abbey church came the steady glow of lighted altars.

Then to me, across the trim gardens and high, square cropped beech hedges, came the solemn sound of men chanting the Kyrie eleison. To me it sounded as familiar as the rumble of the rolling mills at Homestead, and as intelligible: "Lord have mercy upon us and incline our hearts to keep this law. Kyrie eleison! Christe eleison!" Involuntarily, I made the sign of the cross and made obeisance toward the east. In the lull of the voices, I moved round the silent refectory and through between the chapter house and the chapel of the Virgin till I stood under the

tion. When I recovered my senses the long line of black cowed figures was silently leaving the church. One, only, remained, kneeling before a shrine in a recess. I moved over and stood beside him, feeling no strangeness, arousing no curiosity.

His form and figure were concealed from me by the folds of his habit, but in the hot fingers of his muscular hand I saw a rosary constantly turning. No sound escaped him save the monotonous mumble of his prayers, yet his personality fascinated me. I knew he was bent upon some mighty purpose, and I knew I was in some way to be associated with him in it.

After a dozen paternosters he rose, and, making the proper genuflections,

crossed swiftly over the flagged floor to where a small door in the northern transept opened upon the chapter house and dormitories. Along the cold corridors we glided, until we arrived at the door of a solitary cell. The moon had risen now, and by its light one could mark the contents of the tiny chamber. In it were but a pallet and a stool, on the floor some rushes, and on the wall a crucifix, bringing into relief the pathetic effigy at the intersection, and revealing the uncommon composition of the cross. It was a cross of an unusually long upright, with a very short cross piece, and was made throughout of burnished metal, set in a framework of ebony. Before it the monk once more abased himself, and, after praying for some time in silence, rose to his height and, raising his arm, said in accents that rolled through the corridors, "Tonight I redeem my vow!"

Now that I saw him upright, I found him a mighty man, deep chested, with great, hairy arms, and tireless limbs set in sandals. Casting back his cowl and loosening the girdle at his waist, the frock fell from him so that he stood in the moonlight untrammelled save for a sleeveless lawn shirt clinging close to the body and lightly belted round the waist. His face was as the face of Dante, lean and pallid, with the complexion of the monastery and the jaw of the fighting man—a face of unswerving purpose. His limbs were the limbs of an Antæus, and showed more sympathy with the saddle than with the altar step. In his eyes there was none of the meekness of the cloister, but the fire of an overpowering hate, a mastering passion.

Stretching up to the crucifix, he worked for a second or two with the framework and then lifted, as from a box, the metal center. It was a sword. Gripping it by its sacred hilt, the monk made it sing through the air in a series of passes to limber his wrist. Then sitting down on the stool, he carefully tested the edges, appraised the balance, and tried its elasticity. Little as my training had prepared me to worship, or even to reverence, the emblem, I shivered as the grim monk toyed with this sacred symbol of his creed—this figure of peace turned weapon.

Hitherto we had been alone in this part of the vast building, but the soft shuffle of sandals was making itself heard, and the twinkle of rush lights showed at points down the corridor. The monk hastily donned his frock, clutched his sword to his breast, and set off down the passage, away from the lights, to the head of a steep stair that led down to the court in communication with the abbot's house. Down this he hurried, skirted the abbot's house, crossed the cemetery and the kitchen garden, and let himself out with a special key at a little wicket maintained for the fowl keeper in the extreme corner of the abbey demesne. We were once more on the highroad beside the river, with the pointed gables of the abbey to my right, and the dark waters of the Tweed to the left.

The monk moved rapidly and with a strange certainty over the loose stones and heavy roadway. Ever since we had left the abbey lands, he had become a new man, walking with a new firmness, with his shoulders flung back and a round oath for every stone that stubbed his toe or rain puddle that spattered his habit. Between times, he muttered snatches of prayer, interspersed with horrible outpourings of blasphemy. In a cleared space he halted to make some play with his sword, but the clanging of a gate aroused him and he hurried on. We had passed now out from the trees and the hedges to the bare hillside, unfenced and very bleak. The river bent away to the left, to meet us again some half of a mile to the front. We had almost crossed this naked stretch when the thud of hoofs and the jangle of bridle chains came to us from the road behind. The monk quickened his steps and plunged into a thicket of hazel that bordered the way downward to the ford.

Scarce was he covered up in the darkness when there came stumbling along the road we had traveled a troop of men on horseback, six in number, well dined and very jovial. The song they were singing was not one they had learned in the abbey, nor was their language, as they splashed through the ford, strictly canonical. With a mighty tugging and swearing, they forced their horses through the water and up the

bank beyond, leaving the night in its silence to me.

Scarcely had the sound of their singing died on the night when there came again the clatter of a horse, and I saw, riding towards me slowly and carefully, with his bridle hand checking every stumble of his animal, and with his sword arm free, a knight of stature equal to that of the monk hidden in the thicket. The moon struck full on his face—a dark, handsome face, with a sinister mouth, full blooded lips, and a wary, half closed eye. It was a face no man could look upon and love, but such an one as women leave better faces to follow. He rode past, humming a scornful air, with a quick glance missing no thing on either side of the path.

He disappeared into the blackness of the nut wood. Suddenly I heard the clatter of his horse's hoofs upon the gravel and the knight's broad oath at its rearing when the monk stepped out from the bushes before him. Swathed in his Benedictine habit, the monk was invisible against the background of hazel. The knight snatched at his sword, but the monk was too quick for him, and, seizing his right wrist in his sure grasp, gripped him by the neck piece of his jerkin, dragging him by main force from the saddle. He fell heavily, and the monk next instant had him by the throat. Long time they struggled in the roadway, the horse standing stolidly by, not three yards from the writhing combatants. Finally, the monk, by a supreme effort, wrestled himself on to the other's chest and pinned him there. Even in the black horror of the spot, I could see his pale, cadaverous face, with eyes glowing like hot coals, working above the full blooded face of the knight. And to me it seemed the same face doubled, save that the undermost was the fleshier and, at the moment, the less maniacal. The monk knelt on the other's chest, and every now and then shook his adversary's head against the stones as a terrifier might a rat. Then he loosened his hold, and the knight gasped out:

"Villain! Dog! Is it money? Or is it life? If money, it is there in the saddle. If it is life, take it, and take quickly; and then forever dread the

curse of the Earl of Lovel." Then, as though struck by an idea, he cried out more sharply: "Who dares stay the Earl of Lovel? Quick, fiend, who dares stay the Earl of Lovel?"

And the monk answered only, "The Earl of Lovel!"

I thought the knight's eyes would burst from their sockets at the saying. "What! Archibald?"

With a shake of his shoulders, the monk's cloak fell from him and he knelt, revealed in his blanket colored frock. "Aye, Archibald Elliot, Earl of Lovel, the brother you betrayed, the brother you hounded into exile, the husband you defrauded of a wife, the husband to whom, by God's grace, this very day you confessed the murder of the woman he had loved and tended and, all unsuspectingly, had left in your brotherly charge when outlawed."

I thought the man's very vitals would burst asunder at the straining. The knight cowered under him as a school-boy expecting a cuffing.

"'Tis ten long years since last we met, and five of these I have spent immured in yon monastery of Traquair, waiting God's good time to bring me vengeance. Day and night I have prayed to the sword I made my crucifix to give you over into my hands, and in the silent night time I have exercised every tiny muscle to make me sure of my revenge.

"And so this happy day it bethought you to confess yourself; and, in your blindness, you confessed yourself to me. Oh, monster, think ye that God's vengeance can be stayed for a few chance prayers and a gift to holy church? No, vengeance is God's, and I, an unworthy servant of His church, am His minister. Your life were a small price for your past; the full reckoning will be demanded in God's eternity."

The wretched man underneath quailed not, but spat in the face of his brother and cursed him.

"Take your revenge, then," he cried. "Your hand is on my throat, and I had rather go to my judging murdered, than absolved, by you."

"Not so, Malcolm. Murder were a poor revenge. You have your sword, I have mine. God will judge between us."

Without another word, they rose and stalked side by side to an open space together. There they turned and faced each other—men of a wonderful likeness. Of the fight that followed I know little, but to its fierceness I can bear witness. Backward and forward over the forest glade they struggled, fainting, thrusting, hacking, at each other. Soon the knight poured blood from a dozen wounds; the monk was unhurt. Then opportunity presented itself, the monk thrust at the other's mid parts, and, with the squeal of a rabbit in a snare, the knight rolled in upon himself. His agony was horrible to witness, but the monk stood silent, unrelenting. Then the knight's callousness yielded. He looked up in the face of the monk and cried to him:

"Oh, brother, shrive me! For the love of the mother that bore us, shrive me! I cannot face my God unshriven—I cannot!"

His voice was a scream. But the monk smiled, merciless as a god. The knight raised himself on one bloody elbow and called once more to him:

"Archibald Elliot, by the vows you have taken, I command thee hear the confession of a dying sinner! By holy church, I——"

And in the last great choking he passed away from the Knowable.

The monk gazed down for a few moments at his ghastly handiwork as it lay in the moonlight, then raised the dead and kissed him on the lips. With a sob, he dragged him to a grave he had dugged, and buried him. Then, praying wild prayers, he rushed back with his bloody sword the way he had come. As I turned to follow, I heard, from the hill over the river, the jangle of the earl's retainers, seeking their leader.

Next day in the abbey there was wild commotion, the singing of loud Te Deums, and the telling of a wonderful miracle. The crucifix above Brother Archibald's bed hung wet with blood, and at so glorious a sign the brethren prostrated themselves, and the fame of the monastery went abroad through the land. Soon thereafter Brother Archibald was chosen abbot of Traquair, and to him came the king and his court to

receive the blessing of Scotland's most holy man.

But the abbot sat alone in his abbot's house, painfully writing in a little locked book the goodly things that would bring to Traquair a reputation more honored than that of Dryburgh or Melrose. And the good monks forbore from disturbing him. He sat in a high, carved oak chair, with his book on a little square table before him, and the miraculous crucifix on the wall behind. Sad, old, worn, but very beautiful, was the face of the abbot as I saw him.

At length the task was finished; the book lay sealed, not to be opened until five years had passed from the abbot's death, and then to be read aloud in the presence of all men from the church steps. The abbot turned his face to the wall and died.

The funeral was the funeral of a saint, and the stone they raised over him recorded in medieval Latin the virtues of the most holy abbot Traquair, or all broad Scotland, had known. But the sods around the abbot's grave withered and died, and, despite the monks' most zealous care, the ground lay unfruitful, barren.

Once more I lay on the grass, and a furious mob beat at the stone with pikes and chisels and axes. They had learned of the desecrated crucifix, of the priest that denied comfort to the dying, of the fratricide, of the miracle that was evidence of a murder; and they took their revenge as mobs do. But the tomb they dared not rifle.

Once more the sky grew blue above me, the stars disappeared, the sound of medieval riots died out of my ears, and I, Archibald Elliot of Pittsburg, was once more an American. I lay on the grave of the abbey cloisters, and a stone's throw from me stood the baleful tomb, crying aloud in its nakedness for the mercy of corruption. The vaulted passages, the mighty halls, the great, echoing church, had faded; only the macerated window remained—a beautiful skeleton.

My cousins continued their theorizings of English invasions and Reformation iconoclasm. They still speculated as to the mutilated monument. To what end? I knew.

College Days of the Presidents.

BY FRANK S. ARNETT.

BIOGRAPHERS OF THE PRESIDENTS HAVE BEEN STRANGELY SILENT CONCERNING THEIR COLLEGE LIFE—THE FORMATIVE PERIOD IN ALL MEN'S LIVES. AS A MATTER OF FACT, IT FORMS THE MOST INTERESTING CHAPTER IN A NATION'S HISTORY—THE EARLY ASPIRATIONS, THE ROMANTIC LOVES, THE DISSIPATIONS OF OUR PRESIDENTS AS UNDERGRADUATES.

Will you personally give my good wishes to the team and say I am sure they can win, and that I count upon their playing without a let up from the first to the last?

THUS read the telegram sent by Mr. Roosevelt to the manager of the Harvard team on the eve of this year's battle between the crimson and the blue. For present purposes, it is unimportant that this was the first occasion on which a President of the United States had "rooted," by wire or otherwise, for a football eleven. Nor does it particularly count that the message was indicative of how the old time undergraduate spirit survives in every college man worthy the name, no matter how lofty the position he may have attained. The point here is the reminder it gave of an inexcusable sin of which the biographers of our Presidents have been guilty.

All dwell with glee upon the subject of log cabins. All seize and painfully elaborate impossible instances of childhood virtue, or legendary feats of heroic prowess beside which the achievements of Jack the Giant Killer shrivel into Delsarte exercises. But all utterly ignore or dismiss in a paragraph the student days of our eighteen college bred Presidents.

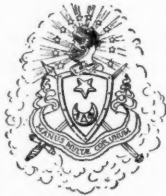
Colonial Harvard's snobbish social system caused John Adams to pose as an ultra aristocrat. The dissoluteness of his William and Mary instructors disgusted Jefferson into moral severity. The publicity of his low grade at Bow-

doin goaded Pierce to herculean study and made of him a truly scholarly President. At the University of North Carolina Polk became a fanatic in religion, dreaming of his future spoliation of Mexico as akin to a mission from on high. The cruel injustice of Dickinson authorities made Buchanan ever after cynical, morose, and unscrupulously ambitious. Equally important results are apparent throughout the list, yet the biographers know nothing of these vital years. For sins such as this, of commission as well as of omission, for high treason against good English, cheap trucklings to vulgar prejudices, and a studied contempt for anything bordering on the life-like or the dramatic, commend me to the greater part of this particular class of literature.

The heaven born biographer accepts the truth wherever he may find it. The dabbler molds a character out of fictitious characteristics.

A CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE.

I am uninformed as to who originated the biographical conspiracy by which our Presidents have been pictured as a succession of poverty stricken and uneducated boors. As a boy, I labored under the impression that during half their lives all the Presidents were on the verge of starvation, that their first real square meal was eaten in the White House, and that not one of them ever attained an educational point higher than the "three R's." The self made



ALPHA DELTA PHI.

man is worthy the highest regard; but if the man in question was molded by circumstances, as other men have been; if he knew the name of his grandfather, had a normally comfortable boyhood and a jolly time at college; if he grew up, joined a club or two, like any other reasonably well off Christian, and, as President, conducted the social duties of the office with the dignity and ease of long association—if these were the facts, as they were in a majority of the cases, why suppress them?

Our Presidential biographers have pandered to a non existent, but supposedly popular, hatred of culture and comfort in public life. With a school population of more than sixteen million, with nearly one hundred and fifty thousand of our young men and women attending colleges and universities, with the feeling of self respect that comes from education and material comfort, Americans have little reason to regret that three fourths of our Presidents have had a college education; that, with few exceptions, they were, as students, free from financial worry; and that, with perhaps a doubtful case or two, all were gentlemen by birth or training.

It would be more satisfactory if the list commenced with our first President—the founder of Washington and Lee University—but the story really starts with John Adams, and for its first half century clings closely about the halls of Harvard, William and Mary, and Princeton.

JOHN ADAMS.

Adams approached the already venerable Harvard with reverence and humility; reverence because its diploma was a passport to social recognition, humility because in undergraduate circles and even in official ratings the student was graded according to the social standing of his parents, and Adams' were not of the most exclusive colonial aristocracy.

As a diploma presumably represented scholarship, one might think that this would have been the first qualifica-

tion taken into account by the faculty. But in the distorted reflections of the eighteenth century's manners and customs, wealth and social rank were alone officially recognized by the early American colleges. Startling as is this little known fact, it explains the longing of many of those educated in this atmosphere for something more theatric, more courtly, than a republic, and explains their desire to bring here some petty European prince as sovereign of the kingdom of the United States.

So valued was a course at Harvard that when Adams' grandfather sent there the eldest son, the entire property was divided among the others, the diploma being considered equal to a share in the estate. But the privilege had its unpleasant side. When Adams attended his first dinner in commons and the undergraduates filed in after the black robed masters, he found that, even at table, he came fourteenth in a class of twenty five, and was informed that he would have been lower but for his mother—a Boyleston, an you please.

Adams' character suffered from this system. He was neither a pedant nor a profligate. His religion was a matter of habit. He was colorless, poverty not stimulating him nor ancestry making possible the full partaking of college life. He studied with sufficient faithfulness, took his degree with average credit, and passed out into the world, to be not infrequently ridiculed for his social pretensions. This is what the Harvard of that day did for certain of her sons.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

John Quincy Adams entered the college with none of his father's disadvantages. Colonial independence had dimmed Harvard's lines of caste, the elder Adams had become a man of note, and the boy himself came among the students with a halo of romance and strange distinction. With what tales did he hold spellbound the students gathered around that winter's dormitory fires!—of four transatlantic



SIGMA CHI.



PHI DELTA PHI.

voyages, of attacks by privateers, of his share in historic events, of kings and statesmen, of the fashionables, the frivolous, and the men of letters of all Europe; all this at a time when few Americans had crossed the ocean to the Old World.

Whatever else he may have been, Adams was a scholastic aristocrat. He believed in the dignity of Harvard's honorary degrees, and fiercely opposed bestowing a doctorate of laws upon President Jackson. He felt it a disgrace thus to honor "a barbarian who could not write a sentence of grammar and hardly could spell his own name." And, indeed, do you blame him? One has a fleeting picture of Mrs. Jackson seated in the White House, recollections of the inauguration orgy jostling in her mind with a somewhat befuddled curiosity as to the exact meaning of the LL.D. for which "Andy" had gone to Cambridge; wondering, too, if its legal sound foreboded further complications in their already somewhat tangled marriage relations; the while she puffed away on her corn cob pipe—a quaint first lady of the land. After all, John Adams, poseur though he may have been, was not so bad.

Until Mr. Roosevelt was so tragically called to the Presidential chair, those were the only Harvard men that had occupied it. Equally with the older college, William and Mary has been the mother of Presidents; and Williamsburg, even more than Cambridge, should be interesting to biographers. During the college days of Jefferson and Monroe, the town was unique in a life that even the South has never duplicated. It was a riot of pleasure and power, a jumble of royalist splendor and patriotic fervor, an awe of learning and indulgence in vice—all seething in the quaintest collection of a thousand souls that America has ever known.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

When, one autumn day in 1760, Jefferson entered Williamsburg, he was

physically superb, at home in the saddle and the canoe, expert with rod and gun, intimate with many an Indian chief. He knew the families for miles around his vast plantation, and was related to half of them. He had had able tutors, had mastered the violin, and was popular and graceful as a dancer, yet had he never seen a town of one hundred inhabitants. Small wonder, then, that he should write home of Williamsburg's "viceregal court, vying in elegance with that of St. James."

When Jefferson first drew rein at the quaint old Raleigh Tavern the Colonial legislature was in session, and the place, in truth, was gay. Glancing down the main street's stretch of three quarters of a mile—at one end the capitol, at the other the college—he saw the twenty or more families of wealth parading in their old time six horsed coaches. These stately turnouts and the period's brilliant costuming—the men arrayed in brightly colored velvets and satins, silver buckled and powder wigged; the college boys in their prescribed caps and flowing gowns—gave the tiny seat of government a picturesquely busy air found nowhere else in the colony.

At this time, the college was to Virginia all that Harvard was to Massachusetts. Its chapel, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, was looked upon as a second Westminster Abbey. Its commencements were attended by hundreds, who came in the saddle and in coaches, by sloops and barges. Yet despite all this ado, despite its handsome endowment by royalty, and its professors appointed by the bishop of London, the college itself had little to do with Jefferson's education. He found much of the wealth of William and Mary useless, and its professors leaders in dissipation. The president, representing the bishop, might have brought charges against the clergy for their flagrant drunkenness, but refrained, being himself a notorious drunkard.

At the palace, as, with the exaggeration of the time, the residence of the lieutenant governor was called, Francis Fauquier, representative of the crown, welcomed Jefferson to his weekly musicales and state dinners. Here, from the courtly, world wise executive,

the boy gained a knowledge of society in European cities, of life in other English colonies, and of Addison and all the then contemporaneous literary lions of London.

But if Fauquier was the most finished gentleman Virginia had known, he was also the most demoralizing. He introduced a passion for high play that ruined many a fine old family, encouraged hard drinking and a mania for racing, delighted in having the clergy and favored students join him in his all night revels. The society of old England at its drunkest and maddest was copied, in a Lilliputian way, by that with which Jefferson associated at college.

JAMES MONROE.

It has been claimed that in the Apollo, the Raleigh Tavern's most historic room, Jefferson founded Phi Beta Kappa—first of college Greek letter fraternities. In reality, it was born during the brief student life of James Monroe, on the night of December 5, 1776, fourteen years after Jefferson's graduation. The now famous and purely honorary society was not formed for political purposes, despite the excitement of the times, but for "the promotion of literature and of friendly intercourse among scholars."

This must not mislead as to the feelings of the students. Notwithstanding a widespread relationship with English baronial families, both students and townspeople were fiercely patriotic. Monroe came among them just in time to participate in an enthusiastic outbreak. The town's powder had been seized by Lord Dunmore, who had succeeded Fauquier. Monroe placed himself at the head of the student mob seeking the life of the royalist governor, but that official managed to reach in safety the British man of war Fowey.

Later came news of Bunker Hill. Monroe was seventeen. Like Jefferson, he was at home in the saddle and familiar with weapons. At such a time, to continue studying was impossible. Accompanied by three professors and nearly one half the students he joined Washington near New York, uniting there with other patriotic recruits from Harvard, Yale, and Princeton. The

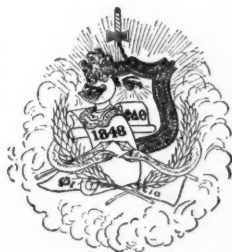
study was abandoned for the bivouac, and students became ardent soldiers.

JAMES MADISON.

From Princeton James Madison had already graduated. A boyhood friend of Jefferson and of Monroe, he was the one President from the South to seek an education outside his native State. Although William and Mary professors continued hypocritically to subscribe to the Thirty Nine Articles, and although the students were forced to repeat the Church of England catechism, Madison's parents feared the well known heretical influence of the college, and, through the advice of his New Jersey tutor, he was sent to Princeton.

Princeton was then a stopping place on the coaching road between New York and Philadelphia. When the handsome young Southerner first alighted at the old Nassau Inn, he saw a far goodlier group than did Alfred Vanderbilt when he changed horses there the other day on his record breaking coaching trip along the old time road. More than one hundred horses stood impatiently waiting to replace those of the incoming coaches. Half the townspeople and all of the students were outside the quaint tavern or strolling near by in Nassau Street as Madison's coach dashed past to the merry music of the horn. The citizens sought from the travelers the latest news; the students were there, hopeful of catching a fleeting glimpse of a pretty Quaker or a blushing Knickerbocker face. Over the shoulders of the lads were thrown the black gowns of the college, which, threaded in and out among the lace ruffled and richly embroidered coats of influential citizens, formed a picture filled with life and color. The well to do Madison, with the careless grace of the South, had arrayed himself in his bravest for the occasion. He looked the future President of, as yet, a non existent republic, had prophesied been there to take the cue.

Madison lodged



PHI DELTA THETA.

in the oldest of the college structures, slenderly belfried and stately Nassau Hall. Here he was graded according to social rank—a matter that troubled him little—and here each morning at five he was awakened by the blast of a great horn.

MADISON AS TOPER AND FLIRT.

Jefferson paid thirty pounds sterling for tuition and board at William and Mary, his annual expenses being about



PSI UPSILON.

two hundred and fifty dollars. Existing records indicate that Princeton was then a more economical place in which to study. And Madison did study—almost killed himself at it, in fact—taking but three hours for sleep.

He was not among those who stole from

town to Philadelphia, trusting to chums to answer for them at recitations.

There is a touch of the typical college boy even among the grinds, or "polers," as Princeton dubs them, and, although that five o'clock horn was a sovereign preventative of midnight revelry, Madison was occasionally found in the group around the blazing logs in the great quaint parlor of the Nassau Inn, when tankards of ale and puffs at the long stemmed pipes punctuated the students' songs. An attractive fellow he was, with brilliant eyes and a winning smile—a favorite with the students, with the venerable president, and with the town girls, too, with whom he flirted down Nassau Street or the pleasant path on Princeton Hill.

Not as scholar, nor as President, will Madison have fame for all time at Princeton. This he is assured as founder of the Whig Society—the club whose looped and flowing blue ribbons, worn on the wrist, antedated by more than a century the present college colors of orange and black. Around this creation of Madison's, and its rival, Clio Hall, still centers the undergraduate life. In this way is the absence of the Greek letter fraternity system somewhat amended. Princeton alone among the great colleges has always prohibited these secret

societies. She has encouraged her undergraduates to a life free from all caste.

First among the Presidents to seek any save the time honored and classic shades already noted, was William Henry Harrison, who studied at Hampden-Sidney, although his grandson, Benjamin Harrison, went to Miami. Grant, as a West Pointer, is, of course, one of the college bred Presidents.

JOHN TYLER.

Tyler takes us back to William and Mary, where he met the beautiful girl who later became his wife, and whose hand, until three weeks before marriage, he never dared kiss during an engagement of five years. It was as students, too, that Pierce, Hayes, and Garfield met their fates.

FRANKLIN PIERCE.

Pierce was well equipped to win the heart of the delicate daughter of a former president of his alma mater, Bowdoin. Hawthorne, who was in the class below, describes Pierce as "vivacious, mirthful, slender, of a fair complexion, with light hair that had a curl in it; his bright aspect making a kind of cheerful sunshine, insomuch that no shyness of disposition in his associates could well resist its influence."

RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD HAYES.

Hayes was at Kenyon when he fell in love. The college then consisted almost solely of what is now "Old Kenyon." Its medieval collegiate architecture, its great walls of ivy covered stone and diamond paned windows, gave a venerable air possessed by no other college in the West. It was the ultra fashionable school that side the Alleghanies, and the faculty held that a graduate was synonymous with a gentleman. While at home, in vacation, Hayes met Lucy Webb, a student at the Wesleyan Female College of Cincinnati. When he chose that city in which to practice, she was still a schoolgirl. At the seminary he wooed and won her.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

Garfield, janitor at Hiram College, Ohio, building the fires, sweeping out the rooms, ringing the bell, taught for

a time, thrashed the school bully, and fell in love with a pupil. When, with his hard earned savings, he went East to enter the junior class at Williams, he had the inspiration of her promise to become his wife.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

The college life of Buchanan was a tragedy, and to his death he never knew the love of woman. At Dickinson he was the typical bad boy, and at first that is rather comforting, several of the others having been all but immaculate. The college, saved from extinction only by a lottery, was now without discipline or management. Immorality was rampant among the students. Sobriety and books were ridiculed. Buchanan became a leader in debauchery, although his physique enabled him at the same time to maintain a high rank in scholarship. The faculty chose him as a scapegoat, and he was expelled.

Reinstated by the intercession of the family pastor, Buchanan again ranked highest in his class, and, according to custom, was nominated by his society for first honors at graduation. The faculty refused to consider scholarship in its choice and barred him on the ground that "it would have a bad tendency to confer honor upon a student who had shown so little respect for the rules of the college."

Cheated of that which he had won by years of conscientious work, he left college with little love for his alma mater. Yet when, twenty years later, Dickinson's finances became almost hopeless, his substantial check responded to an appeal for aid. Poor Buchanan! The record of his two essays on "The Fair Sex," read before his college literary society, has something pathetic in it to those who know how reports of his wild life caused his betrothed to break her engagement to him. Nevertheless, the soured and apparently conscienceless man remained faithful to her through life.

COLLEGE FRATERNITIES.

Six of the Presidents—Garfield, Arthur, Benjamin Harrison, Cleveland, McKinley, and Roosevelt—have belonged to college fraternities—a fact not

even remotely indicated by their biographers. Only four, however, were bona fide fraternity men. Cleveland and McKinley were not elected as undergraduates. A strict constructionist might even eliminate Garfield as belonging to the anti secret fraternity of Delta Upsilon. That society's first organization was at Williams, where Garfield joined—his position and tastes at that time scarcely fitting him for membership in the others. Delta Upsilon was then, and until 1864, known as the "Anti Secret Federation," and was aided by the indignation aroused by the disappearance of Morgan, the mason.



DELTA KAPPA EPSILON

WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

McKinley, who had a brief course at Alleghany College, became a trustee of Mt. Union, where two fraternities were rivals in securing members of the board, and he was elected by Sigma Alpha Epsilon. He was also given honorary membership in the legal fraternity of Phi Delta Phi at the Ohio State University.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

Mr. Cleveland, who had studied at Hamilton, was elected to Sigma Chi by the local chapter at Ann Arbor at a time when he happened to lecture there. Sigma Chi is elsewhere a regular collegiate society, but at Ann Arbor is composed of law students. The election was without authorization, and the constitution of the entire fraternity had to be changed in order to make it legal. Membership such as that of McKinley or Cleveland carries little weight in the Greek letter world. Harrison's affiliation with Phi Delta Theta was regular, he having joined while a student at Miami.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S ORIGINALITY.

Mr. Roosevelt, besides being a member of the legal fraternity of Phi Delta Phi, which he joined at Columbia, has the unique distinction of belonging to both Delta Kappa Epsilon and Alpha

Delta Phi—a circumstance shocking to secret society men at colleges where the sacredness of individual fraternity relations is more deeply imbedded than at Harvard. That a “Deke” should know the inner workings of the “Alpha Deltas,” and vice versa, is possible nowhere else, and, to its former extent, is no longer possible even at Harvard.

Mr. Roosevelt, who was in the class of 1880, was elected to the Dickey Club while it was still recognized as a chapter by the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity at large, although as such it had been officially suppressed by the faculty in 1858. In 1893 the fraternity withdrew the charter, partly because of the ridiculously large number of members admitted. Men elected to the Dickey since that year are not members of Delta Kappa Epsilon. This, it is worthy of note, is the simple explanation of conditions at Harvard that seem constantly beyond the unraveling of even the Boston newspapers.

CHESTER ALAN ARTHUR.

Arthur, who came of a college bred race, was the typical fraternity man of today. His scholarship was shown by his election to Phi Beta Kappa as one of the sixteen highest in his graduating class at Union. But it was to Psi Upsilon that he gave a lifelong devotion. One evening during his administration, President Arthur gave a Psi U dinner at the White House—the only Greek letter festivity ever held there.

To it were invited all the fraternity's members in Congress, including Senators Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut, and William P. Frye, of Maine. Charles Dudley Warner was also present; and among the “Psi U girls” was Mrs. Waldo Hutchins, daughter of Governor Ellsworth, of Connecticut, who, wearing the fraternity colors, came from New York especially to attend. Arthur, that night, was again a college boy, and although carriages had been ordered for ten o'clock, there was reluctance to leave even at two in the morning.

That dinner and Mr. Roosevelt's telegram to the Harvard eleven speak elo-



SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON.

quently of how their college days lastingly impressed our Presidents. Hayes unquestionably voiced the feelings of all of them when, on his death bed, he said, “The four years spent at Kenyon were the happiest and most glorious of my life, except only the four spent in keeping time to martial music under the shadow of the old flag.”

As one reads those words, he ceases to worry about disputed election returns. As one delves into overlooked records of Buchanan's student days, he feels that his character could be rehabilitated by an unprejudiced biographer.

THE INFLUENCE OF COLLEGES.

Luminous souled teachers like Mark Hopkins, at Williams, and Dr. Strong, at William and Mary, have been the real power behind the Presidential chair. More than a century and a quarter ago, all the sycophancy of Harvard and Princeton melted away into a stanch Americanism that made patriots of Adams and Madison. The same quality sprang full born from the apparently unfruitful soil of the pleasure loving professors at the college of Jefferson and Monroe.

It is a revelation to picture the white haired Witherspoon coming from among his beloved boys at Princeton to hurl back in the very teeth of the royalist governor of New Jersey his sneers at American ignorance; or the scholarly and venerable Langdon stepping at dusk from Harvard's door in front of the heroes who tomorrow will occupy Bunker Hill, and, with uncovered head, invoking God's blessing on the Revolution.

The truth about the great men of our nation is more alluring, more dramatic, more pathetic, and more humorous than anything the so called historic novel has given us. When the United States shall have produced a Carlyle, we shall give to the world such a tale of the Revolution as it has not yet dreamed of.

In the biography of our Presidents is buried a romance that the country has need of. The youth of the nation has long enough been fed on peptonized truth. It now cries for the actual fact.

The Barque of Dreams.

ONE night, upon the Barque of Dreams,
I voyaged into the Orient,
And with me, as a pilot, went
A tall and turbaned Mussulman
Whose eyes had wondrous starry gleams,
And who from out of El Koran
Wove me weird tales wherewith he blent
Soft snatches of Arabian song,
The while we smoothly slid along
Before light gales of jasmine scent.

The sails were hued like mother pearl;
In radiant sweep and rainbow swirl
The water 'neath our keel slipped by
While overhead there hung a sky
Where clouds, in little snowy curl,
Floated and fledted waveringly.

We coasted beaches where the palm
Stood up in purplish silhouette;
Where ever, in a silvery psalm,
The hidden birds kept chorusing,
And streams afar flung jet on jet
Down heights bright raimented with spring.
From many a marble minaret
We heard the rapt muezzins call;
And to the prayerful cries my guide,
During each trembling interval,
With reverence serene replied.

We sighted terraced islands where
Colossi brooded still and strange;
And sphinxes, with mysterious stare,
Crouched, pondering on death and birth,
And all the miracles of change
That mystify the sons of earth.

And, at the last, methought we came
To piers of burnished jasper stone,
Where round the water made no moan,
But rippled into ecstasies;
And all the land was lit with flame
Of very joy, each spot the same.
Then suddenly my guide seemed one
Whom I had loved beneath the sun—
A woman of celestial guise.
"This," murmured she, "is Paradise!"
And forth we stepped upon the shore,
Hand locked in hand, in worship wise,
And there abode for evermore.

Clinton Scollard.

One of Three.

THE MYSTERY OF A BROKEN TRUST

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS.

I.

THERE were three letters waiting for Eliot when he came back, as he had felt there would be. The morning paper lay beside them—not spread widely, as he had thrown it down, but folded by Dennis' neat hands, with that dreaded column hidden; yet he felt its head lines staring up at him through the paper. The secret that had put the first gray into his black hair, six months before, was now common property, to be flung on any man's breakfast table, and, worse than this, there were only three persons on earth who could have betrayed it.

"It's in one of these letters," he said half aloud, then checked himself as he saw his servant kneeling before an old desk, polishing its brass handles.

"Finish that some other time, will you, Dennis? I am going to be busy here," he said. Dennis gathered up his materials and went with his deferential noiselessness, and then Eliot took up the letters with a firm hand, though it flashed through his mind that if death were by any chance on its way to him, he would like it to come now, before he knew who had broken faith—his brother, his friend, or the woman he loved.

Oscar's writing, big and black and matter of fact like himself, reassured Eliot for the moment, like a human voice after a bad dream.

DEAR JACK:—I have just seen the papers. Am more cut up than I can tell you. Who could have let it out? I don't suppose I need to tell you that I have never breathed it. Have not even talked it over with Scott since the day of poor Bertie's funeral, when we three had it out together. Yet some one must have talked. Scott is your friend—mine, too, for that matter—a bully fellow, and thoroughly trustworthy. Only, he's rather soft about women. A clever one could get anything she really wanted out of him. However, there is no shadow of reason to suppose that in this case. Will look you up tonight. Esther knows, of course, but she is out of the question. Don't get too down.

Yours,

OSCAR T. ELIOT.

Eliot laid the letter down and turned heavily to the next. Scott had been his

fast friend for twenty years—over half his life.

DEAR JOHNNY:—This is terrible. Poor little Bertie! They might have let him lie in peace. I am sick with rage at the senseless cruelty of it all—publishing the folly of a child of sixteen as though it had been a grown man's crime. Of course it is partly your penalty for being John Newman Eliot. A son of mine would have been passed by with a paragraph, and so, just at present, I am selfishly thankful to have neither fame nor family. Have you any idea how it got out? I can't imagine any one in his sane mind betraying such a secret. If Oscar had not put his old weakness so far behind him, I should be afraid some reckless talk—This is horrible of me, but it was the only explanation I could think of, since no one but we two knew about poor Bertie. I suppose you have told Esther; but that, of course, is unthinkable. I will see you tomorrow. I am sorrier than I can say—vindictive, too. I want whoever told shown up.

Faithfully your friend,

JEROME SCOTT.

There was one letter left, and Eliot sat holding it, his eyes fixed unseeingly on the dwindling fire before him.

"Only those three on God's earth knew!" He did not realize that he had spoken aloud until he heard an apologetic cough close behind him.

"Will you have the fire kept up, sir?" Dennis asked.

"Yes; it is chilly." He shivered, glad of an excuse to delay opening the third letter. When fresh logs were snapping and blazing, and the man had stolen out, he cut the envelope across the top with a silver scimitar, as he had the others, and unfolded the sheet.

My dear, do come to me as soon as you can. I ache for you so. Who could have been so wicked as to tell? It seems so needless, after all these months. What shall you do—deny it? I will tell any lie for you—do anything in heaven or earth. Come soon and let me try to help you.

ESTHER.

In a quick rush of relief he pressed the letter against his face. Then his eyes fell on the other two, and they grew hard and cold. Somewhere among the three the treachery lay.

His mind went back to the afternoon, six months before, when he had met his trouble, and, following its dreary habit,

he lived the scene over again. He saw himself, keenly alive, happy in his lot, enter the bank and take out his check book.

"You know this will overdraw your account, Mr. Eliot?" the cashier had said, looking up from the check.

"Why, how can it?" he asked; and not the least chill of warning touched him.

"There was a draft last week, you know—and then the thousand dollars your son drew this morning."

"Oh, to be sure. I had forgotten that," Eliot said with a laugh. The pause had not lasted a moment.

The cashier smiled sympathetically. "A son is an expensive luxury," he commented. "Of course, if you want to overdraw, Mr. Eliot, to any amount, we can—"

"No, I believe I won't," Eliot slowly tore the check into little pieces and looked about for a basket in which to drop them. "I was only going to pay a bill."

"Let Jones do the walking," said the cashier, nodding humorously. "If you change your mind, however, we—"

"Thanks, very much." And then at last he was in the street, walking blindly towards his home under a dragging weight of trouble that crippled body as well as spirit. He was not angry—only bitterly humiliated. Somewhere, he had failed—he who should have been mother as well as father to the boy. He had respected his reticence too far; had taken too much for granted that the child had the same feelings he had about honor and truth and the name he bore, and would hate just as thoroughly to talk about it. He had given him too unquestioned a liberty. And now, what was there left to do?

As he reached his house, the door opened and Bertie came down the steps. Each involuntarily paused at sight of the other. Then the boy flung up his head with an attempt at bravado; but his father passed him with lowered eyes and trembling hands, ashamed to look him in the face.

The next morning's papers had given big headings to the sorrow of John Newman Eliot, whose only son had been accidentally drowned while in swimming the afternoon before. And Eliot had borne the letters and flowers and sympathy in silence until the day of the funeral, when the anguish of self accusal broke out at a word from Scott. His brother was the only other person within hearing, and the

three locked the secret within them, agreeing that no one but Esther should ever know.

Now, six months later, the papers were parading the fact that John Newman Eliot's son had followed up forgery with suicide. Eliot turned again to the letters. Who had told?

II.

"THE thing has become an obsession. I simply must find out who told," said Eliot, walking restlessly about the dingy little parlor. "I came to you rather than to a man detective because I heard you had been a newspaper woman, and so I thought you could go at the paper more intelligently. As I told you, I went down to their office the morning the article was published, but I could not get anything out of them. At the bank, they were amazed. They knew my son so well they had not questioned—" His voice faltered in spite of the nervous grip with which he was holding himself. He turned away from her to stare blindly out of the window.

The young woman watched him over tranquilly folded arms. There was something cool and efficient about her, a pleasant alertness in her blue eyes. She gave Eliot the impression of being a thorough "good fellow," full of resource and pluck, ready to enjoy her experiences, and utterly impatient of anything she might call "nonsense." The contrast to Esther, impulsive and ultra feminine, would have made him smile at another time.

"You have reason to suspect some particular person?" she asked finally. The lines in his thin, nervous face deepened.

"To my certain knowledge, only three persons could have told," he said, speaking the more distinctly because of the scruples he violated. "That is why I have been driven into—coming here. I cannot question them; but I must know. I can't believe in anybody again until I find out."

She made no comment, but he felt the inexorable question under her attitude of patient waiting. Had she been a shade less matter of fact, or if she had betrayed a trace of vulgarity, he could never have passed this point; but she had shown the one attitude bearable to his tormented sensitiveness. He hesitated only an instant.

"They are my brother Oscar, my best friend, Jerome Scott, and—a lady."

"And you say you haven't questioned them?"

"How could I? And then, if the person who told would not admit it voluntarily, surely he would deny it. I saw each of them, of course, soon after, and they all seemed uncomfortable—it was probably my fault. When we spoke of it, I couldn't look at her—at any of them." He frowned angrily and bit his lip. "The whole situation was impossible. I went away for a few days, to avoid them and to get rid of it; but it has driven me back. I have got to know. I don't care what it involves."

Miss Bellechambers considered deeply.

"I may not be able to get it out of the newspaper," she said finally. "If that fails, can't you let me meet these three—see them with you for an hour or so? I am rather clever at locating uneasy consciences."

"But I don't see how——"

"Why not invite them to meet me at dinner, as an old friend? I have a very good dinner gown, and have played that part several times."

Her tone was entirely impersonal and businesslike, but Eliot flushed uncomfortably.

"Oh, I could not do that," he exclaimed. "I should feel too—too——"

"Well, then, suppose you invite them to dinner, and let me come in to help wait on the table? I have done that, too. I can make it all right with your servants. I should learn more by seeing you together than——"

"Damn it, no!" Eliot rose in his excitement. "I beg your pardon—but, oh, I can't."

"Well, we will try other ways first," she conceded. At the door he paused.

"I couldn't have this found out," he said, with a vague motion towards the room. "Yet how do I know you can keep a secret? They couldn't."

"It is my profession," she answered briefly.

III.

MISS BELLCHAMBERS handed back the two letters, and thoughtfully smoothed the neat white apron that covered her black gown.

"And the third—the lady's letter took the same tone?" she asked.

Eliot nodded without speaking. He looked worn and harassed.

"I really don't see what you can hope to find out merely looking on," he said

presently, with an irritable movement of his hands.

"Nor I—yet," she answered.

Left to himself, he fell into solitary reverie, leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece.

"I can't help it. I must find out—fair means or foul," he said finally, bringing his fist down defiantly on the wooden shelf. "It's better to lose faith in one than in all three."

"Am I the first? Where did you find your nice new maid?" came Esther's voice from the doorway.

"Oh, she isn't much. I shan't keep her," he said uncomfortably. "It is very good to have you here, Esther."

"She seemed so ladylike," Esther persisted. "My gown wasn't hooked properly and she did it over for me. Wherein does she fail?"

"I don't know—she isn't careful enough." He stooped and needlessly mended the fire. "I am a good deal of an old maid, you know."

His laugh fell rather flat, and she made no response to it, looking at him gravely. He breathed deep relief as Oscar and Scott came in, saving him from the topic. A few moments later dinner was announced.

"But, Jack, who is to chaperon this party?" Esther asked as they turned towards the door. He stared at her, then gave a short laugh.

"My dear, I am losing my mind. I never once thought of a chaperon. Shall we give it up—go and dine somewhere else?" He spoke eagerly, buoyed by a sudden relief he would not analyze; but Oscar broke in with his sledge hammer directness.

"Nonsense! I'm old enough to chaperon anything. You know you don't care a cent, Esther."

She stood smiling at the three waiting men—a picture Eliot would have appreciated if he had not been sick at heart, ashamed of himself, yet still too bitter to forget how he had been wronged.

"Perhaps the new maid is married," she suggested with a laugh. "Shall I ask her, Jack?"

His nerves were too shaken for him to realize at the moment that she could only be in jest.

"No, of course not," he said sharply, then colored as he saw hurt wonder drive the amusement out of her eyes. "If you are uncomfortable, Esther," he went on more gently, "we——"

"Oh, no," she said, and led the way to the diningroom.

At the head of his table, Eliot made spasmodic attempts to laugh and talk; but his nervousness and constraint seemed to be reflected in the others. He could not meet their eyes, and felt that they avoided him. The new maid served quietly and unobtrusively, seldom leaving the room. He saw by small signs that she had come to an excellent understanding with his man, Dennis.

Oscar, always impatient of a situation not clearly defined, flatly refused to take part in a forced discussion about a new play, and finally broke in on it with sudden harshness.

"What's the matter with you tonight, John? You aren't a bit like yourself."

Something within Eliot said quietly "Now!" and he felt every cord in his body tighten to meet the coming strain as he answered:

"Well, I am bothered about several things. I haven't been myself lately—not since all that came out about Bertie. I can't get over it." In the pause that followed, he kept his eyes on the wine glass he was slowly turning between thumb and forefinger. No one stirred or spoke. The new maid moved quietly about the table, intent on her duties. "I went away to see if I couldn't get more reconciled," Eliot went on, "but it was no use. I can't forget it or forgive it."

Still he could not look at them. Jerome Scott broke the silence, clearing his throat once or twice before he could finish the sentence.

"It was such a needless piece of brutality—to print it or to tell it," he said.

"Oh, I don't see how any one could have told such a secret," added Esther, in a breathless little voice. "Unless it was unintentionally—by some accident."

"Unintentionally?" repeated Eliot.

"I think you take it too hard, John," Oscar broke in. "That the poor boy did a foolish, wrong thing—that is your trouble; not that people have found it out. What do you care about them?"

Eliot saw the new maid's eyes fixed on the speaker, and studied her face with incautious eagerness. She immediately turned and went back to the sideboard. He recollected himself with a start.

"Well, it isn't altogether—that," he said. "However, I don't think my troubles are a very cheerful dinner topic. Jerome, brighten us up. That is your mission in life." He met his friend's glance over his lifted wine glass, troubled

but candid, and knew as though by revelation that it was untouched by any secret of self blame.

"No, it wasn't Jerome," he decided. "He is bothered because he thinks it is one of the others; but he never told." And, scarcely realizing what prompted him, he took up the claret bottle and held it over one of his brother's unfilled glasses with an inquiring look. Oscar pushed it away.

"Here, don't," he said. "You know I never touch anything stronger than pudding sauce. I haven't in five years." Eliot's heart failed him a little. Even the straw held out by Scott's letter had broken. He turned with a certain desperation to the woman he was about to marry.

He had seen almost nothing of Esther since the article had appeared, kept away by a dread of finding out what he most desired to know. Now, as he turned to her, he felt for the first time an indefinable change. Something of her old frankness seemed to have gone. While Oscar and Scott fell into discussion, they made talk with conscious effort—these two who had been so close to each other for months. As the dinner dragged on, it became more and more clear to him that Esther was not happy—that she carried some burden that made her shrink from his glance and cling with pathetic eagerness to impersonal topics. Once the talk wandered to the question of unforgivable sins, and she claimed with sudden eagerness that there could be none between people who cared deeply for one another.

"Why, there is nothing I wouldn't forgive you, no matter how it hurt," she urged, lifting distressed eyes to his. He felt only a cruel need of testing her.

"How about broken faith?" he asked. "I should never forgive myself that, and I shouldn't expect you to forgive me." The color surged into her averted face.

"Sugar, madam?" said the new maid softly at her elbow.

"No—yes, I mean," said Esther, with a little forced laugh.

When the maid poised the tongs over his own coffee cup, Eliot spoke to her somewhat sharply.

"That will do. You can go now."

He felt a warning finger on his shoulder. Oscar had not yet been served. A moment later she left the room.

As they crossed the hall later, a glimpse of Miss Bellechambers' white apron made him drop behind the rest. He laid a nervous hand on her arm.

"Well?" he whispered. "What did

you—" But she drew hastily away from him.

In the drawingroom he found Esther turning over the magazines on the table.

"My head aches tonight, Jack. I am going home early, if you don't mind." The desolate little note in her voice appealed to him terribly, but he shut his heart against it.

After his guests had gone, Eliot turned back into the empty drawingroom full of bitter thoughts. That, under any provocation, she could have told his secret, and, having told it, should shirk the blame—yet what else could make her ashamed to meet his eyes? A gleam of white on the floor caught his attention, and he stooped to find her little lace handkerchief. Something of her about it brought a sudden softening. He held it close between his hands.

"Not Esther—I can't stand that!" he exclaimed.

"No—not her," said Miss Bellchambers' voice close behind him.

He turned eagerly.

"No? You are sure?"

"Certain."

"I might have known!" Then a shadow crossed his eyes. "Oscar?"

"No."

He threw himself into a chair. "Oh, I can't believe it of *him*," he said.

"Not Mr. Scott—not any one of those three."

"Why, but no one—who, then?"

She seated herself in the big chair opposite and smoothed the little apron.

"You yourself."

"What?"

"You yourself."

He merely stared at her, waiting.

"You have a bad habit of talking to yourself," she went on. "Your man Dennis has a bad habit of sneaking about without making any noise. They gave him fifty dollars for that story."

Eliot was still bewildered.

"You mean—"

"You yourself gave me the clue. You say whole sentences aloud when you are bothered. I found that out in the first half

hour. Then I went to work at the man. The rest was easy. We have made a partnership; he is to sell the scandal I collect, and we are to share the proceeds." Miss Bellchambers smiled slightly.

"But—but I don't understand!" Eliot exclaimed. "What was troubling her, then? She was utterly unlike herself."

"Well," said the detective slowly, "considering that you kept your eyes glued on me, and acted like a criminal when I was mentioned, and grasped my arm while she was still facing the hall mirror—"

"You think she noticed, and guessed?" he said, honestly puzzled. "Oh, I hardly think that. It's more likely she saw I suspected her of having told, and was horrible hurt—poor girl!"

Miss Bellchambers dropped her eyes with a little bored smile.

"No doubt you are right," she said.

"Well, it's over now, thank Heaven!" He stretched his arms out wide. "You have taken ten years off my age. How can I ever thank you?"

"It's my profession," she answered drily.

At that moment the door was pushed open. He turned to see Esther.

"John, I had to come back. I couldn't stand it! What was wrong tonight?" She was breathing quickly like a frightened child.

Then she saw the white aproned figure in the deep chair, and stopped short with a haughty upward fling of her head. "I did not know you were engaged. Good night." And she was turning away, but Eliot caught both her hands in his.

"Darling! Wait till I explain. This is Miss Bellchambers, the detective."

The color came suddenly back to Esther's cheeks.

"Detective?"

"Yes. She has solved the whole mystery; and oh, girlie, I'm so happy!"

She did not understand, but she clung to his hands, and at last their eyes could meet. Then she turned gratefully to the detective; but Miss Bellchambers had slipped from the room. She was a discreet detective.

THE HOUSE OF PAIN.

I DWELL content within these narrow walls,
No darkness thick, no silence me appalls,
Since thou, beloved, dost wander free
With eyes that only see
The overflowing May, the flowers, the light
Undimmed by memory of my endless night.

Anna McClure Sholl.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

The Governor General of Canada.

Of all British pro consuls, the one of greatest interest to citizens of the United States is the right honorable the Earl of Minto, G. C. M. G. Representing the king in a territory which, of all foreign states, most nearly concerns us, he possesses an influence and wields a

power which are of the utmost moment to those who live south of the Dominion of Canada.

Before assuming the dignities of vice-royalty, his excellency had made his mark as a soldier and a sportsman. Educated at Eton and Cambridge, he took his degree at the latter university. As



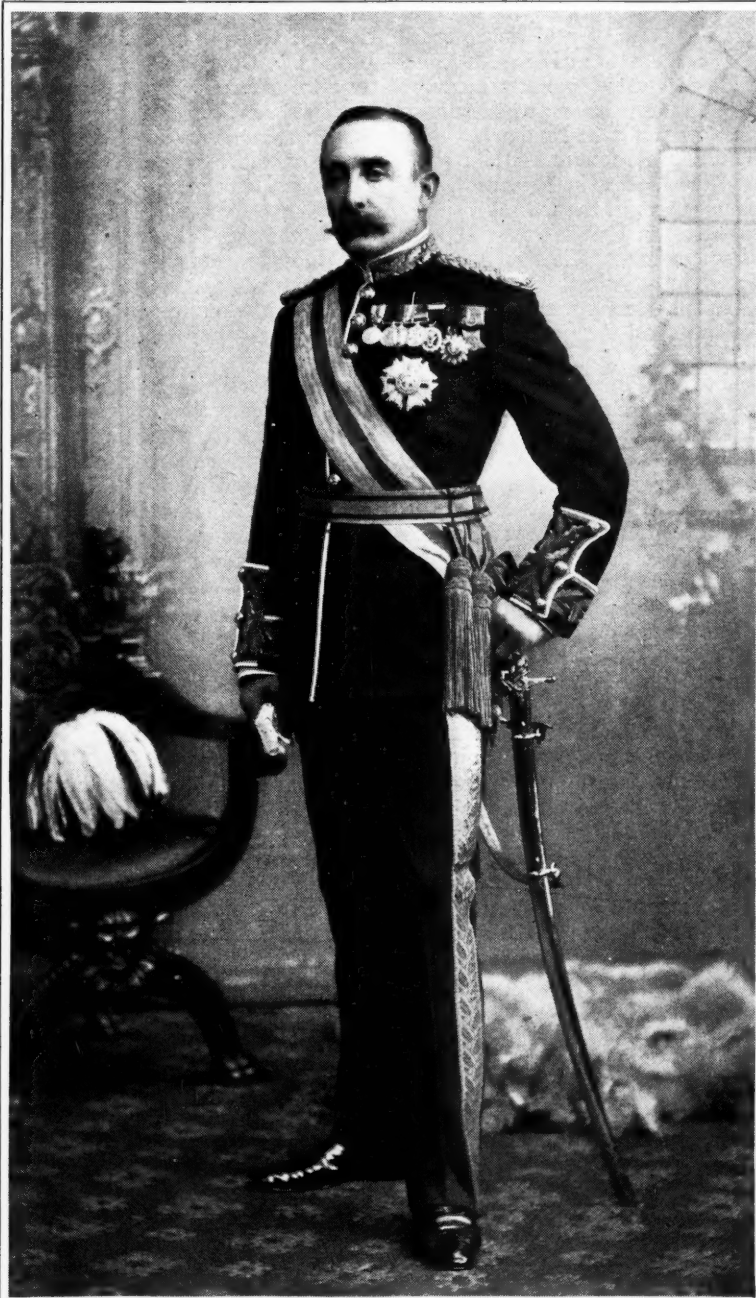
SIGNOR EDMONDO MAYOR DES PLANCHES—THE ITALIAN AMBASSADOR.

From a copyrighted photograph by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.



HER EXCELLENCY THE COUNTESS OF MINTO.

From a photograph by Tapley, Ottawa.



HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA.

From a photograph by Topley, Ottawa.

an oarsman and a runner, he left his name on the 'varsity athletic records. Joining the Scots Guards in 1867, he turned his attention to horsemanship, and became known as one of the finest cross country riders in England.

In 1874 he rode fourth in the Grand National Steeplechase at Liverpool, and in the same year won the Grand National Steeplechase of France at Auteuil on "Miss Hungerford." He was then the best gentleman rider in Great Britain. At the Lincoln spring meeting of 1875 his lordship passed the post first on five different mounts. He was also a bold rider to hounds, and hunted regularly with the Duke of Grafton's, Lord Yarborough's, and the Bicester packs.

As a soldier, Lord Minto has had a remarkably varied experience. In 1871 he was present with his brother in Paris during the Commune, and was a witness of the horrible scenes of anarchy then enacted. Three years later he was with the Carlist army in Navarre and in Biscay, in the north of Spain, as correspondent of the *Morning Post*.

In the spring of 1877 his excellency, then Lord Melgund, was attached to the Turkish army during the Russo Turkish War. He was the first to announce in England the crossing of the Balkans by the Russians, and was present with the Turkish army at the bombardment of Nikopolis and at the crossing of the Danube.

In 1878 Lord Melgund journeyed to India, went straight to the front in Afghanistan, and was with Lord Roberts in the Kurram Valley. When Cavagnari set out with his mission to Cabul, Lord Melgund was asked to accompany him. At the last moment he was prevented, and so escaped the massacre in which Cavagnari and the whole of his mission, with a single exception, perished.

In 1881 his lordship accompanied Lord Roberts to the Cape as private secretary, and in 1882 went out to Egypt as captain in the mounted infantry. That little corps of picked shots, mounted on little Arab horses, saw much hard service, and most of the officers were killed, wounded, or invalided home.

In 1883 his lordship went out to Canada as military secretary to the Marquis of Lansdowne, the governor gen-

eral. In the same year he married Mary Caroline Grey, daughter of General the Honorable Charles Grey, private secretary to her majesty, Queen Victoria. Hardly had Lord Melgund landed in Canada than he was invited to take command of the corps of Canadian voyageurs who took part in Lord Wolseley's Egyptian campaign. His lordship was unable to accept that invitation, but in 1885 he was there to take the post of chief of staff to General Middleton in Riel's Northwest Rebellion.

This closed Lord Melgund's career in active service. From all of these campaigns he carried away decorations, and so today wears the Afghan medal, the Turkish and the Egyptian medals, the decorations of the Medjidie and Khedive Star, the Northwest medal and clasp.

In 1888, on the formation of the Scottish Border Brigade, his lordship was appointed brigadier general. In 1891 he succeeded to the title of Earl of Minto.

As governor general of Canada, his excellency has had remarkable success in dealing with the difficult problems of the colony's development towards the North and West. The Indians of the Northwest look upon him as indeed the representative of the Great White Father from the Land of the Rising Sun.

The Countess of Minto.

Much of the success of the governor general in Canada must always depend upon the personality of the lady who is his wife. Throughout Canada, Lady Minto has exercised an influence which has always been used for the good of the people, for the advancement of charity, for the development of beneficent institutions. As the first lady in the land, she has done much to weld together the heterogeneous components of a colonial society which includes peoples of different races and of antagonistic religions. Her influence has been far reaching and profound.

A lady who counts among her ancestors Pocahontas, her excellency possesses a connection with the western hemisphere of the closest and most romantic kind. It is a connection of which she is proud, as the first families of Virginia are proud.

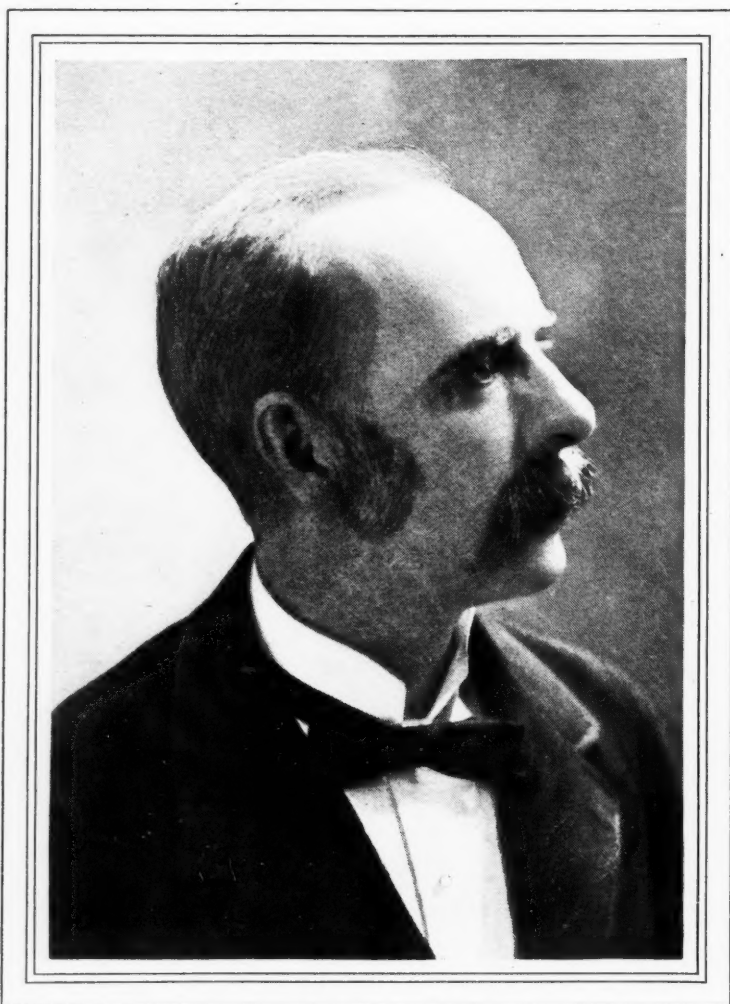


THE COMTESSE MARGUERITE CASSINI.

From a copyrighted photograph by Clineinst, Washington, D. C.

During the recent tour of the Prince of Wales through Canada, it fell to her excellency to lay the foundation stone of a hospital at Revelstoke and to open a hospital at Regina, in Assiniboia. It was a quiet Sunday evening, the snowy

peak of Mount Sir Donald was blushing its last good night to the setting sun, as Lady Minto dedicated to the relief of suffering the Queen Victoria Memorial Hospital of Revelstoke. In the gentle peacefulness of the scene one had pic-



HON. LESLIE W. SHAW, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

From a photograph by Edinger, Des Moines.

tured the character of the woman who today is Queen in Canada.

The Italian Ambassador.

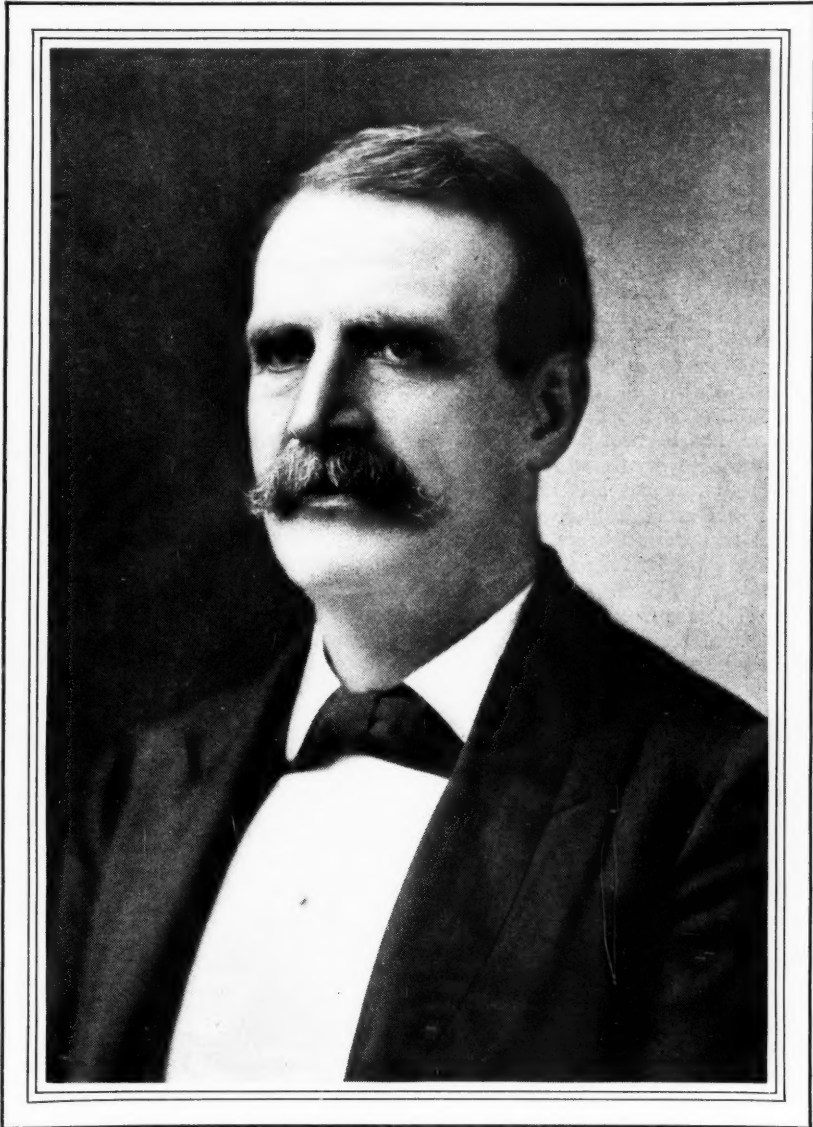
Bismarck and Crispi individually molded many able diplomats; they collaborated to fashion one. The product of the iron-willed diplomacy of the masterful German and of the softer, though no less firm, diplomacy of the great Italian statesman is Signor Edmondo Mayor des Planches, the new

ambassador of Italy to the United States.

The descendant of a race of diplomats, bred in the country which is the birthplace and the cradle of the art of international negotiation, Signor Mayor underwent a postgraduate course with Bismarck and Crispi as his teachers. During the first premiership of Crispi, he held the post of chief of the Italian ministry for foreign affairs, and accompanied the premier on his historic visits to Bismarck at Berlin and

Friedrichsruhe. On one occasion, at the beginning of these visits, Signor Mayor asked Prince Herbert Bismarck what kind of a pen his father used.

Impressed by the young Italian's ability, by his discretion and ready wit, Bismarck requested Crispi always to employ him as his messenger in the con-



HON. HENRY C. PAYNE—POSTMASTER GENERAL.

From a photograph by Stein, Milwaukee.

"A swan's quill," responded the prince.

"A swan's quill?" repeated Signor Mayor. "Why not an eagle's quill?"

fidential negotiations they were conducting. When Crispi returned to power in 1894, he suggested to Signor Mayor the preparation of a circumspect

history of the negotiations with Bismarck.

With the permission of the German chancellor, the work was done and the proofs sent to him for correction. Judge of men as he was, the prince saw no necessity to read the proofs, so he returned them to the author with the statement that he was satisfied that nothing had been written which would injuriously affect the relations of Germany and Italy. When the book was issued, Bismarck read a copy and found that his judgment again had been vindicated. Signor Mayor modestly refrained from signing the history, a policy he has pursued with respect to other works he has written; but throughout Italy he is known as a litterateur of no mean merit.

Signor Mayor is comparatively a young man. In the fifty years of his life, there has been crowded participation in notable events which have left their impress upon all nations. His family had its root in Savoy, the birth-place of the reigning royal house, but was transplanted to Turin, where the ambassador was born. He received his education at the College of Moncalieri, at the University of Turin, and in Heidelberg.

Signor Mayor entered the Italian foreign office at the age of twenty five years. So marked was his ability, so quickly did he grasp the rudiments of his profession, that a year later he was appointed one of the assistant secretaries of De Pretis, the premier and minister for foreign affairs and finance. He held the same position in the cabinets of Mancini and Robilant, and when Crispi first assumed the premiership he called the young diplomat to fill the chief secretaryship in the foreign office. Signor Mayor was one of the representatives of Italy at sanitary conventions held in Rome and Venice.

When Crispi returned to power in 1894, Mayor was sent to Berne, Switzerland, as counselor of legation. In 1899 he was promoted to the grade of minister and transferred to Belgrade, Servia. Two years later he was selected for the post of ambassador to Turkey. Before assuming this office, however, he was transferred to Washington.

Since the recognition of the United States as one of the foremost world powers, Europe has accredited to the President its ablest diplomats. In stationing in this country the disciple of Bismarck and Crispi, Italy has followed the example of her sister states of the continent.

The Postmaster General.

In an office in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, the president of a street railway company listened to the demand of a committee of the employees of the road that an increase of wages be granted. When the spokesman had finished, he quietly replied:

"The men are receiving higher pay than street railway employees of many other cities; they are getting as much as it is possible to give them. The increase cannot be granted."

A few days later the same official was told that the residents of Milwaukee proposed to boycott his road because he had refused to accede to the demand of the strikers. With the same quiet intensity that had characterized his reply to the committee of the company's employees, he said:

"The road will be operated, whether it is patronized or not. It is impossible to pay the men higher wages and make the property profitable. When the people want to use the cars, they will find them running."

The president had his way.

A few years before, the railway president, transformed into a politician, heard the members of the Congressional delegation of Wisconsin express their views upon the impending election. When they had done, he said slowly:

"Wisconsin will go Democratic by thirty thousand. You will fail of election," he continued, pointing at one of his listeners. "You will also fail," he said to another. "You may pull through," he told a third. Each man learned that night what his fate would be. When the ballots were counted, it was found that the Democrats had carried Wisconsin by thirty thousand, and that every representative whose retirement had been predicted by the quiet spoken man had failed of return.



MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF THE PRESIDENT, WHO COMES OF AGE FEBRUARY 11.

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

These two incidents show the will, and the business and the political sagacity, of Henry C. Payne, of Wisconsin, the new Postmaster General of the United

States. He was born at Ashfield, Massachusetts, on November 23, 1843. His education was finished at the Academy of Sherburne Falls, Massachusetts,



MISS JOSEPHINE BOWEN HOLMAN, OF INDIANAPOLIS, FIANCÉE OF SIGNOR MARCONI.

From a photograph by the Misses Selby, New York.

States. Mr. Payne belongs to the army of America's great men who have risen from poverty to affluence, from insignificance to prominence, because they possessed the requisite ability and the equally necessary quality of industry.

Wisconsin is Mr. Payne's State by

and then the young man started to earn his livelihood. He obtained a place in a store, which paid him the munificent salary of one dollar per week. Ambitious for greater opportunities, young Payne decided to go West, and selected Milwaukee as the scene of his future

career. He secured employment in a dry goods store, and his industry speedily won for him recognition and promotion.

Mr. Payne's business and political careers parallel each other, and both have been crowned with success. From the modest position in the dry goods store, he speedily rose to participation in many important business enterprises, and for years past his association has been sought in projects in which the financiers of Wisconsin were interested.

For fifteen years, he has been the president of the Wisconsin Telephone Company. For twelve years, he has served as president of the Milwaukee Electric Railway & Light Company. Appointed receiver of the Northern Pacific Railroad, he applied to its management the executive ability and experience which had enabled him to make other enterprises successful.

When Mr. Payne was appointed Postmaster General, the report was published that he would supplant Senator Hanna as political adviser of the administration. Apprehending that it would do mischief, Mr. Payne promptly denied the report, explaining that he and the Ohio Senator had been friends too long to become involved in political rivalry. As illustrating the feeling existing between Senator Hanna and Mr. Payne, it is told that shortly before the Philadelphia convention of 1900 the Senator informed the Wisconsin politician that he had decided not to manage the Presidential campaign.

"You are just the man for it, Harry," he suggested.

"No, I am not," replied Mr. Payne. "You must stay in the traces, or I shall not work."

Senator Hanna did not retire.

Mr. Payne is regarded as one of the most astute politicians in the United States. His knowledge is the fruit of experience. His education began in a Milwaukee ward, was continued in the political school of the city, then carried on in the political college of the State, and finished in the political university of the nation. He is today the dean of the executive committee of the national Republican Party, its vice chairman.

To fill the portfolio of Postmaster General has been his great ambition. His enemies claim that Wisconsin's electoral vote was lost to Harrison in 1892 because he had refused to appoint Payne to a cabinet position. His friends assert that he is a stalwart Republican, and that he never fought any candidate of his party, no matter what his personal feelings might be. Having at last achieved his ambition, his friends predict that he will make a splendid record as Postmaster General. Besides his political and business experience, Mr. Payne came to the office well equipped to perform its duties; for between 1876 and 1886 he served as postmaster of his native city.

The Secretary of the Treasury.

The successor of Secretary Gage in control of the United States Treasury is a man fifty four years of age, a native of Vermont. The Hon. Leslie M. Shaw is a statesman who has won his position by strength of character, by business ability, and by strict adherence to honest convictions.

Bred a lawyer, he had passed the age of forty before he turned his attention seriously to the great question of national policy. He is an example of that new generation of Americans who have seen the necessity for sacrificing their personal interests to the good of the State. He realized the danger which threatened the United States through intrusting its national affairs to a race of professional politicians, and he set to work to qualify himself for office by a profound study of questions which most affected the national honor and the national prestige.

He studied the question of finance as a banker would study it, and so became president first of the Bank of Dennison and later of the Bank of Manila, Iowa. A practical banker, he spoke with authority on the question of monetary reform, and threw his whole weight on the side of the gold standard. Soon his name went abroad as one of the most convincing of the advocates of that phase of national policy. It gained him the nomination for Governor of Iowa in



MISS HELEN HAY—DAUGHTER OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE.

From a photograph by Clinedinst, Washington, D. C.

1897. The Secretary of the Treasury has just completed his second term of office in that capacity.

Secretary Shaw has a reputation as a sound financial expert of conservative views, and his inclusion in the cabinet of President Roosevelt should come as an additional guarantee to those who dreaded the removal of President Mc-

Kinley's experienced hand from the direction of the affairs of state.

Cornelius Vanderbilt.

From the drafting board of a practical locomotive designer, Cornelius Vanderbilt has stepped to the desk of a civil service commissioner. In his

practical life lies the strongest refutation of the charge that American millionaires lose their virility within three generations.

the day he left Yale, he has worked steadily at his profession of engineering. During the last six years he has studied hard at the theoretical side of the sub-



MR. PAYNE WHITNEY—YOUNGER SON OF HON. WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.

Mr. Vanderbilt is a member of the fourth generation of one of the two most famous millionaire families of the United States. Throughout, his career has been one of startling originality. From

ject, has taken a postgraduate course at his old university.

Not content with an academic interest in engineering, he has worked hard as an ordinary machinist in the shops

of the New York Central Railroad. Shoulder by shoulder with the men on a daily wage, this man of millions has wrought his way upward through the various divisions of the motive power department.

Practical railroad men wondered how long the Fifth Avenue apprentice would stick to his overalls and jumper. They opened their eyes with sheer astonishment when he introduced to them an engine equipped with the Vanderbilt patent fire box—a practicable and valuable improvement upon the fire boxes in existence. By means of it, he has materially reduced the cost of railroad running, by maintaining a given horse power with a decrease in the consumption of fuel.

Since then Mr. Vanderbilt has patented or has patents pending over some thirty improvements in locomotive and car construction. Among those improvements are a new tank car, a locomotive tender, and a steel freight car truck. All of those are practicable and in actual working on our railroads.

A man of shy and retiring disposition, he some time ago gave up his desk in the drafting rooms of the New York Central Railroad. He has established himself in one of the largest of downtown New York office buildings. From his windows he looks out upon the river where his great grandfather, as a ferryman, laid the foundations of the Vanderbilt fortunes.

Few men deserve better of his city. It may not be long before the nation also will have to credit him with deeds done in the development of great affairs. Meanwhile, to Civil Service Commissioner Vanderbilt the country looks for good work—for work of the class that has earned his name an honored position among the inventors of the United States. Mr. Vanderbilt has accepted the responsibilities of his position.

Guglielmo Marconi.

More than half a century ago Faraday found that a beam of polarized light, passing across a strong magnetic field, had its plane of polarization rotated. Lord Kelvin and the late James Clerk

Maxwell deduced from this single experiment the greatest generalization of physical science of the ages. That was the electro magnetic theory of light. It is in the domain of physics what the Darwinian theory is in the domain of biology. From it Hertz demonstrated that there exists a multitude of invisible ether waves ranging from the Roentgen or "X" rays, with trillions of vibrations per second, to the slower Hertzian waves, with only two or three hundred millions of vibrations per second.

Mr. Marconi has taken those waves and brought the operation of wireless telegraphy out of the realm of experiment into a practical means of communication. He has succeeded in throwing across the Atlantic an intelligible message without any visible intervening apparatus. He has compelled the ether to act as man's unconscious messenger. In this he has outdistanced all of the many scientists who, in the past few years, have been experimenting along the same lines.

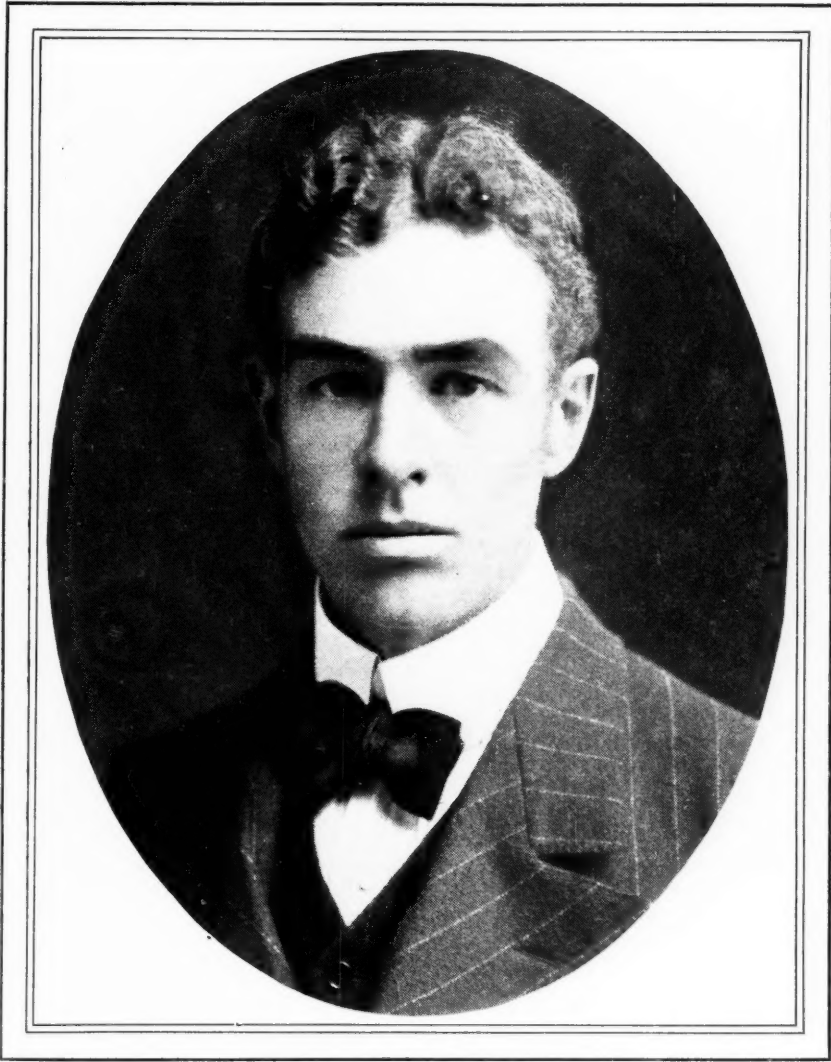
To perceive the Hertzian electrical waves, to which all bodies save metals are more or less transparent, an "electric eye" is necessary. This Mr. Marconi has found in an improved form of what is known as the Branly detector or coherer. He alone has been able to apply this coherer to the detection of messages sent from any considerable distance. As Professor Slaby has said, in his book, "Die Funktelegraphie":

Marconi has made a discovery. He worked with means whose full importance had not been recognized and which alone explain the secret of his success. The production of the Hertzian waves, their radiation through space, the sensitiveness of the electric eye—all these were known. Nevertheless, with these means only fifty meters were attained; no more.

Marconi has spanned the Atlantic.

A difficulty which has met every experimenter with wireless telegraphy was the awkward fact that though a message could be despatched, received, and interpreted, there seemed no possibility of preventing every person possessed of an "electric eye" from interpreting the same message within the radius of action of the transmitting apparatus.

Mr. Marconi has worked hard to perfect an instrument which will insure privacy to all messages transmitted to



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT—CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONER.

From a photograph by Bradley, New York.

it. That instrument is now an accomplished fact, in constant working on our great ocean liners and on battleships. It is a modification of the tuning arrangement which in its crude form was patented by Dr. Oliver Lodge.

With the latest form of apparatus, no message can be received except by the receiving instrument to which it is directed. Simultaneous messages can be sent off from the same or from different stations without in the slightest de-

gree interfering with one another. No one can by any possibility interrupt or render unintelligible the messages despatched unless he can produce ether waves in exact tune with the receiving and transmitting apparatus. Since the variations in the "tuning" are practically infinite, the chances that any one will be able to do this are virtually nil.

In a very short time wireless telegraphy must inevitably take its place as one of the most important of the world's

means of communication. The only remaining difficulties to be overcome are not questions of science or of invention. They are purely commercial, political, and diplomatic. These Mr. Marconi can overcome as he has overcome every difficulty that has yet met him.

A young man of large private fortune, Mr. Marconi has devoted himself to science since boyhood. His theories for long were objects of ridicule. Today they are accomplished facts.

In marrying Miss Josephine Bowen Holman, Mr. Marconi has demonstrated that there are waves other than the Hertzian that may be utilized for the joining of the old world with the new. Mr. Marconi met his bride on a transatlantic voyage some three years ago and ever since has been her devoted courtier.

Miss Holman is a daughter of the late Judge J. A. Holman, of the Indiana Supreme Court, and has been a resident of Indianapolis.

Rt. Hon. the Earl of Rosebery, K. G., K. T.

Just as Scotland has given to the United States eight of her Presidents, so she has lent to England the strongest of her administrators. The leader of the House of Commons today is Arthur James Balfour, a Scotsman. The leader of the Liberal Opposition is Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, a Scotsman. In the House of Lords the strongest man of the opposition, the most interesting personality of the peerage, is Lord Rosebery, a Scotsman. Only the Marquis of Salisbury is left, the descendant of a long line of statesmen who learned their statecraft in negotiations with the hard headed Scots; and Mr. Chamberlain, the representative of the newest diplomacy, of the most commercial statesmanship.

Of all men in Great Britain, Lord Rosebery affords the most interesting problem. Men look to him to revive in Great Britain the policy which made that nation great, the policy which was broken down by Mr. Gladstone. For twenty years Britain has been suffering for its adherence to the man without a policy, to the man who left it a legacy of disruption, to the man who once was

called the Grand Old Man of Hawarden. It is due to Mr. Gladstone that Mr. Chamberlain was made possible, that his policy became the gospel of Great Britain. The nation is recovering from the mesmerism of the silver toned orator who died four years ago. It is seeking a new leader, and that leader is Lord Rosebery.

King Edward VII, the keenest judge of men in Britain, realizes the philosophical apathy of Mr. Balfour, the shopkeeper's cunning of Mr. Chamberlain. Neither is the quality he desires in a prime minister. The one man who combines the qualities necessary to a leader in England is Lord Rosebery. To King Edward, then the Prince of Wales, was due his lordship's premiership of 1894-5. His elevation then was freely called the outcome of a royal conspiracy. Be that as it may, his lordship has fully justified the confidence Queen Victoria then placed in him.

England today is in a curious position. It lacks a leader. For long the old lines of demarcation between Liberal and Conservative have been lost to sight. In the twentieth century all England is Liberal, and the need of a Liberal Opposition has long since ceased to be paramount. New lines of division are needed. The man who will lead in Britain is the man who will determine these. If he be Lord Rosebery, the country will be divided into two great parties—the party of expansion and the party of no forward movement. Lord Rosebery, the Imperialist, will lead the one; John Morley, the Little Englander, will stand at the head of the other.

Lord Rosebery, aristocrat and land owner, student of affairs and man of letters, represents a conservatism more enduring, because more intelligent, than that of the Marquis of Salisbury. In his despair at the radicalism of the strong man of the Conservative party, Mr. Chamberlain, he has cried out to Andrew Carnegie and to Sir Thomas Lipton to lead the country back to common sense and business appreciation of the march of events. But it was only a cry uttered in desperation. No man knows better the responsibilities of his class, the essential truth of the law that has made them leaders in Britain.

And so Lord Rosebery has come out from the scholarly retirement of Barnbougle Castle to take once more the burden of leadership. In so doing he has cast off his nominal allegiance to the Liberal party, has said farewell to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, to Sir William Harcourt, and to John Morley. He will stand on the firm foundation of an empire wide platform. Upon his policy the sun will never set. It will be bounded by a horizon that compasses the uttermost parts of the British Empire. With him the village pump ceases to be an incident in the landscape of British politics.

It will take a future generation to analyze the complexity of Lord Rosebery's character. Sportsman, litterateur, politician, art connoisseur, agriculturist, philanthropist, student, and orator, Lord Rosebery has not an enthusiasm save that for belles lettres. The public have been tricked into believing him a leader of the people, the while his lip was curling with contempt of the rabble. Just as Napoleon owed

his greatness to the fact that he alone of all France was strong enough to order his troops to fire upon the mob, Lord Rosebery will go down in history as a man who stood against the tide of British demagoguery. Never will he yield, as Lord Salisbury yielded, to a collectivist program. He possesses all the strong individuality of the strong man. He believes in the right of every individual man to rise just so far as his individual ability will carry him, and no further.

The admirer of Pitt, the disciple of Napoleon, the hero of Prince Bismarck, the friend of Kaiser Wilhelm II, Lord Rosebery is a man believing in a man's strength, self reliant, self sufficient. When he leads Great Britain he will lead it upward, onward, in the faith of a preëminent Anglo Saxonism. In his drawingroom at Berkeley Square hangs Stuart's full length portrait of George Washington. It is as a George Washington he comes to England in the hour of her need, and it is the qualities which made our first President great that Lord Rosebery brings to the task of leadership.

THE CIRCLET OF FLAME.*

BY FRANCIS W. VAN PRAAG.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

BERTIE CULLIFORD, who tells the story, is the fourteen year old son of a tavern keeper in old New York. The elder Culliford has just arranged to secrete in his cellar a great quantity of valuable merchandise belonging to his brother Christopher, the captain of a pirate brig, until the stuff can be safely disposed of. Before this can be accomplished, however, they find that they have aroused the suspicions of Williams and Lemp, two revenue officers. While the pirate and his brother are discussing the matter in the tavern, Bertie wanders into the wood, where he is seized and detained by the revenue officers and their posse, who are preparing for an attack. The boy is terrified with the thought of the danger which thus threatens his mother, who is a woman of refinement and not at all in sympathy with her husband's nefarious schemes; and he cudgels his brain to find a way to escape and carry warning of the projected raid.

V.

It happened thus. Lemp was conferring with a lieutenant of one of the other bands, my guards were occupied in a significant recharging of pistols, and I, passive and miserable in the nest of leaves my captor had made for me, had abandoned hope, when the evening silence was torn by the piping of a boatswain's whistle. Out upon the slice of water visible from our position four boats, loaded to the gunwale with men, were rapidly near-

ing shore in a monstrous hurry. Lemp, Fletcher, and the other constables, from the most distant to the nearest, forgot me and craned their necks in an attempt to solve the riddle of this unexpected advent.

And that was my exit cue. As bold as you please, I jumped to my feet and scampered for the river. I heard a shout and a shot. The bullet splintered a branch a yard from my head; but the danger only nerved me to greater exertion. Doubling, zigzagging, taking ad-

*This story began in the January number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

vantage of every tree and shrub and shadow, I presently burst upon the beach, dashed along the water's edge, and came to our garden.

Here, had it not been for the fury of my pace, I should have halted. The yard was alive with men—two lines of them, one emerging from the cellar laden with the very merchandise that had been stowed the previous afternoon, the other starting empty handed from the boats and diving into the cellar. Directing them, imperturbable and icy, was Uncle Chris. Father was at the boats, the picture of anything but imperturbability. And the mate, Cant, stood on the upper of the cellar steps, holding a lantern and swearing horribly. Later I learned that, the examination of Stephens progressing unfavorably as to the certainty of his having thrown the officers on a false scent, Uncle Chris, with the energy which was one of his characteristics, had ordered the cargo reloaded on the brig. But coming upon the work unprepared as I did, it looked much like wizardry.

My countenance, as I joined father, must have borne some imprint of the nature of my news. Without giving me time to speak, he hustled me up to uncle.

"Now say it," he cried. He was panting like a man fresh from a long distance race.

I told of my adventure as briefly as I could. Just as I finished there was a flash and a bang from across the highway, and one of the sailors near the cellar steps—he had a bale of uncut velvet on his shoulders, I remember, of a brilliant green hue—gave a choking cry and pitched forward.

This interruption was to the mass of the pirates a first warning of danger. It was a sort of bolt from the blue. As the wounded man lay writhing and screaming, his fellows were halted as if an ossification had set upon their muscles, or as if they were posing for tableaux. Amazement was the most general expression on their fierce countenances. But when the one shot was succeeded by a score, which buzzed and spattered among us, the expression changed, you may be sure. Burdens were dropped, and with yells of "Treachery!" the frightened men rushed for the boats.

And this was where Uncle Chris showed his mettle. That he was absolutely fearless none can deny. Roaring a furious curse, he sprang after his panic stricken followers, reached the boats ahead of the first, and, with drawn sword and an utter disregard for the shots, made the men pick

up their discarded bundles and retreat to the house. None dared deny him. And when the last man was housed and the bar thrown on the door, there he was coldly calm again, bringing order out of the chaotic retreat.

First he directed the merchandise to be piled against the door to reinforce the bolts and bar. Then he sent a detail through the public and the kitchen to close the shutters; and then he personally assigned each man a window. It was all done so quietly on his part that, save for the rattling shots without and the curses of the men who had been hit in the retreat, one would have thought he was directing a practice defense.

With the foresight of a good general, he set the best shots in the windows commanding the beach, which, fortunately, was clear of shrubbery. In this way no one could harm the boats without running the gauntlet of shots. I heard him tell father that he would use them when darkness made the undertaking feasible.

During this tumult, I had shifted for myself, rather pleased than otherwise at the excitement. I went from the public to the kitchen, and from the kitchen to the guest chamber, and from the guest chamber to the attic, watching these hairy, tarry, mahogany men sprawling each at a window, with a brace of pistols, an unsheathed cutlass, and a pile of powder and shot beside him. Mother I came across in the closet under the hall stairs, unstrung and quaking with foreboding for the future and a woman's terror of firearms. If we escaped, she cried between her sobs, what was there for us but flight and outlawry? I attempted to quiet her, though the point she had raised seemed knotty; but when she wanted me to stay in the closet with her I rebelled and ran off.

I presently drifted back to the public. Father and his brother were discussing the situation, father, it seems, having been stricken by the same boding as mother. When he wanted to know what was to prevent the constables from capturing the brig and penning us like rats, Uncle Chris flared up, thumped the table, and asked if any one took him for a fool.

"D'ye think I'm a booby," cried he, fiercely, "to leave my ship deserted? There are enough lads on her to give a score of constables each a cracked crown. And you can lay on that!"

At that instant a voice hailed from the yard.

"Wot's up?" growled one of the guards at the window—the very man, by the way,

whom father had overcome and robbed. His name, I learned afterwards, was Wicket, and he held the rank of quartermaster on the Good Adventure. "Wot's up out there?"

"We want to speak with your captain," called the voice.

"Oh, ho, yer does! Capt'n, craft signals fer to speak," Wicket continued, turning to us.

Uncle Chris rose and went to the window. "What do you want?"

"Are you the captain of these men—Captain Culliford?"

"The same, sir, and sorry not to be able to address you as familiarly."

"Then I wish to say," returned the other voice, which I had by now recognized as belonging to Lemp, "that if you will surrender I will guarantee a fair trial to you all. Resist"—the speaker raised his voice so that the men in all the front windows must have heard it—"resist, and you shall all swing, every man and boy of you, from captain down!"

"And a very pleasant choice," returned Uncle Chris, and laughed. "A fair trial if we surrender, swinging if we resist. Aye, sir, 'tis a most gentlemanly choice. And I'll answer it in thiswise;" and quick as a flash he raised his pistol and fired.

I could see over his shoulder, and almost cried aloud when Lemp fell. But he either had cast himself down to escape further shots or had tripped, for he was up on the instant, running for the trees. Then Uncle Chris closed the shutter.

"Missed," said he, reloading. "We've had first whack, any way. Now, then, men, watch sharp. They'll be on us inside a hundred years."

The minutes passed, bringing an ever thickening darkness, but no assault. Presently the men grew restless under the stress of inaction and began to growl for rum. As they became more insistent, for fear the posts would be deserted I was despatched to the upper stories with a pail of the liquor to quiet them.

The journey proved fearsome enough, the darkness being intense and the men thirsty and hot and each determined to have the first drink. The distribution was in every room taken out of my hands, yet in every case it was I who received the curses—and, in many cases, the cuffs—of the unfortunates who had to wait their turn at the pail.

When the pail was empty I started down stairs. At the guest chamber Cant, who was in command of the northern portion of the house, called me. He was in the midst of an order I was to transmit to

the captain relative to the powder supply, when the men commenced firing. The noise of the weapons, intensified a thousand fold by the cramped space in which they were fired, stunned me; the smoke was suffocating and made me gasp; and the strange, wild forms of the defenders, indistinctly seen, sprawled on their bellies and firing over the window ledges, etched a picture on my brain which lives to this very minute.

While, fascinated, I was watching one peculiarly shaggy fellow load, sight, and fire his pistol in a mechanical regularity, with no appearance of hurry or passion, a buzz, as of an enormous wasp, sounded in my ear. Accompanying the sound was a current of air against my cheek and a shower of plaster flakes from the wall. You may be sure I ducked and made for cover double quick.

The first shelter I came to was the bed. I crouched behind its huge posts, marshaling my courage for a dash to the door, when who should appear but mother. There was that in her cry of relief at sight of me that made me guiltily conscious. In the turmoil of the attack and defense, I had not given her, a weak woman encompassed by peril, a single thought; and here was she braving the flying bullets and the company of these lawless men in her anxiety for my safety.

I tried to make amends for my neglect, and flew to her arms.

"I'd clean forgotten you, mother," said I, and drew her into the hall, away from Cant's profane eyes and the hissing bullets. "And don't you fear, mother. We'll hold the house." This last was a repetition of one of Uncle Chris' remarks, and I made it with as near his manner as I could.

But with feminine perversity mother refused to be comforted or to see the future clear.

"Oh, Bertie!" gasped she; and, as the firing suddenly increased, "You'll be disgraced! Dear heart! You'll never be able to hold up your head!" and began to cry.

I got her down to the public in some way, betwixt persuasion and physical support, and father had the grace to hand her a chair. A candle had been lit during my absence, and had been placed, carefully masked, in a corner by the dresser. By this dim light, I found a cup and filled it with the water mother began moaning for. She had only started to drink, however, when she clutched her side with a sort of sobbing breath and fell heavily against me.

"Father!" I called. "Father!" My cry was drowned in a prodigious pounding on the front door. All but the men guarding the boats rushed into the hall, father and uncle at their head.

A perfect hurricane of noise went on the heels of this exodus—shots, yells, curses, and a stamping of feet from both within and without the house. Then the hubbub stilled as suddenly as it had risen, and beyond a few scattering shots from the upper windows, a silence, made almost deathlike by contrast with the previous uproar, reigned.

This attack had occurred in so short a time that, before I had had a chance to do more than find the vinegar and rub mother's temples with it, father, Uncle Chris, and the entire garrison of the room were returning.

"What's this?" growled father. "The lass keeled over!" He bent down beside me and picked mother up. In doing so, he set his hand in a dark stain I perceived for the first time on her breast.

"Good God!" he gasped. "Good God! Chris, she's dead!"

"Then shove her out of the way!" My uncle was examining the blade of his sword, and flung the callous direction at father as if he were ordering the disposal of a cat.

Though father's words had stunned me, the brutal reply to them galvanized me to life. With a scream of rage and agony, I sprang to my feet, dashed at the monster, and beat him with my fists.

"You devil! You devil!" I screamed, perfectly beside myself. "You——"

My uncle pushed me away contemptuously. "Tush! Lock the little fool up, Jack," said he, "and teach him manners."

What I would have done to this I know not—probably something impotently childish. Every eye in the room was on me, some half curiously, more stolidly ready to see amusement in my puny rage. While I was striving to find my voice through the sobs which choked me, a wail came from the hall, and into the room burst little Mr. Stephens. Where the man had been during the scrimmage remains a mystery; certainly he was not at any of the windows, or I would have seen him on my journey with the rum. He dashed into the room now, stumbled over tables and chairs in a blind frenzy of terror, and was finally brought up at a round turn by Uncle Chris.

"What the devil is this?" said he. "The gentleman who puts revenue officers on fine scents! Truss me! I'll put

them on a scent myself. Here, Wicket, out of the window with this gentleman; and the man who wings him first gets a doubloon."

As the quartermaster advanced to execute his captain's command, Stephens set up an unearthly shriek, and before a finger could be lifted he had planted his bony fingers in my uncle's neck.

"Curse you!" he yelled. "Curse you! I'm trapped; I'm ruined; I'm done to death with the likes of you, scabs of humanity! I——"

Uncle Chris shook the man off as a leopard would shake a monkey. He had a pistol in either hand. As Stephens ran towards him again, still shrieking his curses, he raised one of the weapons, took deliberate aim, and fired. Then he emptied the second barrel in the twitching body which rolled at his feet.

"I get the doubloon myself," said he, and turned on his heel. He saw my father kneeling beside mother. As if his crime had not been enough wickedness, he exclaimed impatiently: "Has not a woman died before, think you? What's the sense of groaning? The thing's come in pat, I tell you. I'm going to make a run for the boats; so, for the last time, will you come with us and take your chance, or will you stay here—and hang?"

Father looked at mother—and she had the expression of a tired infant, sleeping; then at me—and I was blubbering, partly from the relaxation of my nerves, more from grief; and lastly at the face looking down at him. I knew what his answer would be. Indeed, there could be no other under the circumstances.

"Needs must when the devil drives!" he muttered.

"Well said," remarked uncle. "You've still some sense, for which Satan be praised." He went to the hall and blew a blast with his whistle. Then he returned, kicking Stephens' huddled corpse in passing, and stood humming on the hearth.

VI.

It was not long before, the men came into the public, some jauntily, some haltingly, some barking a curse at every step. When they were all present a hurried roll was called. Later, I learned that four had been killed, and ten wounded more or less severely. At the time, however, I was oblivious to all but the dear waxen face on my knee, and the numb horror in my heart for the love I had lost. In spite of the hubbub about me, I saw mother, gen-

tle and patient, dressing me for church of a Sunday, and slipping out the back door that father might not see us start. I saw her knitting behind the counter—asking me the daily question of my honesty, fearing that I had imbibed the principles of my ungodly surroundings, yet sternly anxious to know the worst. She was gone now; she was gone, and I should not even know her grave.

"Come here, Bert," father called, and though I obeyed, I scarcely could walk for my tears. He was girded with a cutlass and a brace of pistols like the crew; and, with his blotched, whiskered face and brawny frame, he looked one of the sailors to perfection.

"We'll take you with us for a cruise," father said. "And if you're a good boy, you shall wear a pistol and—"

He got no further, for Uncle Chris called for us to take our places in the ranks forming in the entry. I had not chance even for another look at mother. Before I could realize it, we were surrounded by the seamen, the door was opened suddenly, and we were in the yard.

The flash and bang of a score of pistols greeted us. The man at my side clapped his hand to his right arm and cursed. There was a great commotion at the head of the column; but our pace and desperation carried us in the face of the fire. Before a man could have counted twenty, the water was at our feet and men were tumbling helter skelter into the boats.

There was not the faintest attempt at order in the embarkation. Each man cared for himself and left the hindmost to the devil. I scrambled into the nearest boat, receiving a blow from a hobnailed heel during the action, which landed me flat on a thwart. Men were tumbling over me; so, to save what little wind I had, I rolled beneath a seat. Then, to the accompaniment of a parting rattle of shots and an answering volley of curses, I heard the water rippling in my ear, and saw the trees slide across the sky line.

If there had been little discipline in our embarkation, there was less in our boarding the brig. Only one craft could occupy the ladder at a time, so as fast as the side was reached the occupants of the boats scrambled, cat-like, over the bulwarks. Fortunately, climbing is a boy's game, and I was able, despite the pain of the kick I had received, to reach the deck.

The Good Adventure was a narrow craft, with enormously high bulwarks, and spars which, even to my landsman's eyes, seemed tremendously powerful for her size. Ranged around the base of the

masts were stands of muskets and cutlasses; and the breeches of a dozen cannon, drawn in and hidden from shore by closed ports, told of a powerful battery.

This was as far as my observations progressed, for uncle's voice, rising above the tumult of swearing men, drove all desire for further inspection from my heart. He had ascended to the strip of after deck which, rising above the waist, is called the poop, and was leaning far over the taffrail, issuing orders that sent batches of men to different duties. While some went aloft to shake out the topsails, others went to the falls to haul up the boats, and still others tugged at the halyards of the mainsail and jib.

Lost in the bustle and confusion, knocked first by one party of hurrying men and then sworn at by another, I set out to find my father. Uncle seemed the proper person to whom to apply for information, and I started aft towards him. As I climbed the steps leading to the poop, a puff of wind caught the jib and swung us down stream; then the tide caught us, and before I had reached the top rung we were sliding rapidly out of the bay and into the East River. We were safe—God save the mark!

It was some moments before I could make my presence known to Uncle Chris. What with orders shouted through a speaking trumpet to men in the yards, short words thrown over his shoulder to the man at the wheel, and an anxious scrutinizing of the water ahead and astern, he was a very busy man. But during a temporary lull in the navigation I plucked up courage to twitch his coat.

"Please, Uncle Chris, is father here?" I asked tremulously. The adventures of the day, and poor mother's death, were beginning to break me down.

But the thought of nerves or sensibilities never seemed to enter my uncle's head. With an impatient "Devil knows, boy; I don't!" he shook me off and commenced to pace the breadth of the deck, glancing occasionally over the side—to gage our speed, I surmised.

At that instant I saw a familiar figure loom from the deck companion. It was father, and I ran to him. He, too, thrust me roughly aside.

"Father!" I called.

He took no notice. "Why are we going down stream?" he shouted to Uncle Chris, in the voice he had used when relating his sight of Lemp and Williams in Stephens' study. "Do you mean to sail past the town and plump us into the guard boat?"

"Your logic is as thick as your tongue," replied uncle. "Why do we sail down stream? Because to sail up means a fine likelihood of fetching a rock in Hell Gate, and to sail as we are means a plain channel and plenty of sea room in case we need it. And what's the sense of plumping into the guard boat? Are we a church excursion, think you, or a boys' school on an outing? Have we no means of defending ourselves against this same guard boat?"

"But—but there may be war ships in the bay."

"And again, there mayn't be one nearer than Providence. This for your guard boats and constables!" and uncle snapped his fingers.

Father, though silenced, was not, as I could see, convinced. Before he could continue the argument, a cry of "Boat ahead; off port bow!" robbed him of all power to so do. We had come down stream at a good clip, being favored by both wind and tide. The wooded finger of Corlear's Hook and the entrance of Gowanus Creek were on the starboard and port quarter respectively, while over the gently undulating water across the bow glided the myriad roofs of New York.

"Boat ahead!"

At the repetition of the cry Uncle Chris sprang to the rail. Already fifty heads lined the bulwarks of the waist and forecastle. We, of course, showed no lights; but the stars were bright, and our canvas was so new as to cast a luminous haze over water and hull. The boat in question was merely a blot on the gray river; and though I caught the glint of a brass carronade at her bow, and of muskets in her body, the thought of the frail eggshell attacking us seemed absurd.

My idea of the danger was not, however, shared by the captain. He called directions anent the distribution of powder and shot, and set Cant to casting loose and running out a couple of the guns.

The confusion attending the various orders presently subsided. Except for the creak of the yards and the piping of badly oiled blocks, the brig became deathly silent. With bared weapons, the crew awaited the approach of their interceptor. As for me, interest in a novel situation overmastered sorrow, apprehension, and fear. I could still scarcely believe that we should be attacked, and so my interest was impersonal.

And then I perceived how great an injustice I had done these preservers of the peace. When we had slid within gun-

shot of their carronade, a spike of red lit the water, and a great blot appeared suddenly in the whiteness of our mainsail. Simultaneously the rowers gave way with a will, and the boat shot towards us. I leaned over the taffrail to follow the craft, blind to the fact that I was making a fine target of myself, and that mine was the only head visible, the sailors having ducked beneath the bulwarks at the first spark from the carronade. But the stroke had a boat hook fastened to our peak, and an officer in the stern sheets was crouching, pistol in hand, ready to spring for the rail the instant his end touched; and I could not tear my eyes from the spectacle.

Then, even as I looked, the tableau changed. Cant's voice crying hoarsely, "At 'em, boys!" raised a row of heads atop the bulwarks, and a line of red spurts pointing downward. Accompanying the crash, the stroke toppled into the water, the boat bumped against our side, and half the rowers were spilled over. In a word, the volley changed the orderly craft into a medley of waving arms and legs and muskets, bawling madmen, and one raving officer. And then we were past, and the river was widening into the bay.

"Give them the guns!" Uncle Chris ordered.

We went about, to bring the broadside to bear. With a harsh hurrah, the two charged pieces were run out and fired. One of the balls lashed the water a length beyond the target; the other found its mark. And before we had laid our course for the Narrows, which lay directly over the bow, a thread of silver drawn between dark mounds, the guard boat had vanished, while numerous specks were bobbing in the water in the vicinity of its last appearance. The helmsman's grim remark, "That there's what comes o' them as crosses Capt'n Culliford!" did not cheer me.

VII.

WE were in the Lower Bay, with Sandy Hook a shadow across our starboard quarter, before the memory of those bobbing heads grew sufficiently blurred for me to heed certain qualms which were unsettling my inwards.

These same qualms were peculiar sinking sensations which exaggerated the motion of the brig and set my head whirling. In the state of mind they produced, neither thought for the future nor care for the past troubled me.

I was a retching, limp rag before we

passed the Hook, and an inanimate bundle of miserable boyhood before it was at our stern. In a misty way, I remember Cant stumbling over me and swearing, and father lifting me in his arms and walking with me across the deck. I think I asked him to throw me overboard; though I am not positive on the point. The next I knew was a narrow bed—bunk, to speak nautically—and a glimpse of blue water sparkling in a million jets through a small round port.

I was in a cabin, a tiny box of a place, just large enough for the bunk, a sea chest, and a wash stand. The latter article, by promising a draft of cooling water to my aching head, tempted me to rise. Upon reaching my feet, however, I made the alarming discovery that my pedal extremities were in a most treacherous state of instability, and that my head felt as if it would fly off my neck if I stirred a step. To discourage me further, the pitcher proved empty but for a brown mud which smelled strongly of rum dregs.

Robbed of the little ambition I had had, I was about to crawl back to bed, when the door opened and Cant came in.

"Up, are ye?" he exclaimed.

I replied very weakly that I was.

"Then off ye go, matey!"

"Where to?" I asked.

"Where to? To the devil, if you like the flavor of brimstone. Clear out of this, any way. I've bunked on the floor long enough;" and he gave me a push that sent me stumbling out the door.

Fortunately, I had been bundled into the bunk in my clothes, so the eviction put me to no further inconvenience than the changing of my immediate surroundings.

These proved incomparably superior to those in which I had wakened, being, indeed, the brig's cabin, a roomy square, bright with sunshine flooding through a skylight and two square stern windows. This cheerfulness, however, was more than counterbalanced by the furnishings of the place, every article being eloquent of some fine vessel and brave souls gone to doom. The lamp which hung from the center rafter was of silver, richly chased; the table beneath the lamp was of carved mahogany; no two chairs matched, though all were beautiful specimens of the cabinet maker's and upholsterer's art. A carpet, thick as moss, but villainously dirty around the table, covered the floor; and the locker cushions were of every hue and material, each more showy, and more tarnished, than its mate. To put the crowning point of incongruity upon the whole, the odor of rum, tobacco, and bilge

water pervaded the entire apartment in almost nauseating intensity.

A glance sufficed for my impression of all this; and a glance being sufficient, I stumbled to the companionway and up a steep flight of steps. I found myself upon the high poop or quarter deck. The sight of the blue sky, and, more especially, a whiff of the cool, salt air, braced me wonderfully.

On every side, strain my eyes as I would, was the sea, heaving and twisting into a multitude of strange forms. The brig, with all canvas set and a seaman lounging against the tiller, was lurching lazily forward through the waves. In the waist the watch were lying in the shade of the bulwarks, some dozing, others mending battered finery. The ports were all open, and a shapeless bulk between the foremast and mainmast, which, in the haste of our embarkation and under its tarpaulin covering, I had mistaken for a deck house, proved to be a long eighteen pounder on a swivel. This, with the six eight pounder broadsides and two stern and bow chasers, set us on a plane with anything afloat less than a ship of the line. As for a merchantman—

A clap on the shoulder broke my train of thought. Looking up, I beheld father. But it was not the father I had known, a slouchy, dirty, spotted father; it was a man clad in a scarlet coat a size too narrow at the shoulders and too long in the tails, buff breeches, and with a brace of pistols stuck in a sky blue silk sash. The fierce get up did not soften the lurid hue of his countenance. Ill and miserable as I was, the desire to laugh nearly mastered me; and the effort to repress my mirth must have screwed my face horribly.

"Aye, lad, we're gentlemen of fortune now," said father, noting my glance and misconstruing it complacently. "We're gentlemen of fortune now, and no mistake, bound to live high and make our pile. You'll be stroking your silk coats yet, my hearty, ruffling it with the best of the sparks."

"What am I to do?" I made bold to ask.

"Do? Just what you're told. The last boy, your uncle tells me, went to Davy Jones two days out from Tortugas; so you've fallen into his birth easy like."

"Then I wish I could fall out again," I said.

But father continued, not noticing the irrelevant interruption: "And I'm second mate;" and it being his watch, and also, I think, to exploit his new authority, he sent the watch to the foretopsail,

and frowned while the sail was being slacked.

There was something childish in father's passions and pleasures. Strutting on the quarter deck there, with his gaudy coat and absurdly transparent vanity, he was less a gentleman of fortune, as Uncle Chris patterned the class, than a dressed up chapman. Which observation, while perhaps unfilial, is truthful. And, incidentally, the gay attire seemed in most bad taste, considering that mother was dead but a day, and we knew not whether she was decently buried or still stretched on the trampled sand of the public.

While I was thinking these things, and wiping my eyes surreptitiously, Uncle Chris came on deck. His sober brown had given place to sky blue of as vivid a hue as father's scarlet. A heavy cutlass swung in place of the sword, and the inevitable brace of pistols—in this instance heavily mounted in silver and handsome enough for a lord—glinted in his yellow sash. Atop this gorgeousness appeared the hump and the smooth, colorless, mask-like face. I remembered the man's treacherous firing on Lemp, who, in his character of envoy, should have been inviolable; I remembered his murder of Stephens; I remembered his callousness at mother's death, and the fierce loathing I felt for him must have found expression in my face. Yet he nodded to me as if I were smiling good day to him, and came swinging towards us.

"So! A family confab!" said he. "I do hope, Jack, your persuasions have cleared any lingering prejudice Gilbert may have had for me?"

Father said he had been talking to me on an entirely different subject.

"Have you, indeed? A pleasant subject, I'll hope," returned uncle, stroking his Mechlin ruffles. "Well, we'll make Gilbert as jolly a buccaneer as ever sailed the sea. Sink me! We're quite a family when you come to look at it—uncle, father, son. Now, say fairly," he continued to father: "aren't you glad to be back in the life again? Plenty of hard knocks, I know; but then, you get knocks on land, and don't get the rum and gold afterwards. Which reminds me. Call the hands aft, Jack. We've some fluffy recruits who don't know the ropes."

To the shrill piping of the boatswain's whistle, the watch came tumbling up from below. Joining the men on duty, they streamed aft, filling the space between the poop and mizzenmast, some three score souls in all. And may I never again be-

hold such a congregation of rascality! "Gallows" was writ large on every countenance. Not one in the lot but would have been in the pillory had Master Ford, the sheriff, had the ordering of the ship. If there was one who would have hesitated to cut a throat to gain a shilling, that one masked his character in a truly marvelous manner. Tallow skinned, unkempt, scarred tatterdemalions they were. Looking down upon them, it seemed as if I were gazing into the pit portrayed in Mr. Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and these were the lost souls upon which *Christian* came in his journey.

When the confusion anent the assembling had subsided, Uncle Chris stepped to the taffrail. Cant stood on one side of him, and father on the other; need I say more for the trio?

"Hark ye, lads," said uncle, "we've had a bad turn I don't deny; but we're here with the old Adventure, so let the land sharks rot, say I! There'll be no fouling this cruise, I promise you. If you all don't have your fling at Madagascar or Panama or Havana, lay the failure to me. For those who are new among us I've this to say—every man who does his duty has a vote in the affairs of the ship, and an equal share of all provision and liquors seized. On the other hand, any man who holds out plate, money, or jewels walks the plank—and be hanged to him; and any man who leaves quarters during action plumps down to Davy Jones, too. No man shall quarrel on shipboard—such affairs being settled as befits jolly companions, at the first available landing place. He who sights the first sail gets the best brace of pistols aboard the prize—"

"Perwidin' as how we gets the same," interrupted one of the men—a disappointed applicant for father's position, I learned later.

"Aye, providing we get the same, Kirkdale," assented uncle. "But if we're beaten, what then? Hanging's no great fun, I'll allow, but it's not an extraordinary hardship. If it weren't for hanging, every swab on the five continents would turn buccaneer, and better men would starve. No, now I think of it, Kirkdale, I wouldn't have the punishment less than death; it's only fear of the yardarm that keeps many a trimmer honest. Do you differ with me, Kirkdale?"

But Kirkdale was sensible enough to let the gage lie. And Cant calling for three cheers for the cruise, the hands dispersed.

With a heavy heart, I followed father to learn my new duties.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY CHAT

A BALLADE OF INACTION.

What wonderous tales I have in mind!
 There's one to thrill you to the core;
 Another of the tearful kind;
 And then, your calmness to restore,
 There's one will bring you smiles galore;
 And so, in solemn mood or light,
 From day to day I linger o'er
 The volumes that I do not write.

And oft, my spirit unconfined,
 I bow me low at nature's door;
 How me in chains the Muses bind!
 What thoughts poetic I outpour!
 To realms supernal, rapt, I soar,
 And on my Heliconian height
 I keep on singing, but deplore
 The volumes that I do not write.

A hundred times I've dreamed I signed
 My name to essays by the score;
 My plays, I've dreamed, were ne'er declined;
 With meekness I my honors bore.
 Ah me, the joyful mien I wore,
 The future with my fame so bright!
 And so I miss, aye, more and more
 The volumes that I do not write.

L'ENVOI.

Prince, yesterday my hair I tore;
 Pray give me pity in my plight!
 May not the public thank me for
 The volumes that I do not write!

A CURIOUS TITLE—A young Chicago novelist seems to be shaky in her French.

That is a curious title, "The House of De Maily." Can it be that the clever Chicago girl who wrote the book, Miss Margaret Horton Potter—or Mrs. John D. Black, as we believe she is now—is entirely ignorant of French?

At the time of the first influenza epidemic, a few years ago, detractors of Chicago set on foot the report that the cultured circles of the Lake City called the disease "the *la grippe*." This was probably a malicious invention, but "the *hoi polloi*" is an equally tautological phrase that has often been heard in Chicago, New York, and elsewhere. "Of De

Maily" seems to belong to the same class.

THE WHITECHAPEL CLUB—An association of Chicago journalists which founded a school of contemporary American literature.

Twelve years ago there was formed in Chicago an organization of newspaper men and artists, with the name of the Whitechapel Club. When the little coterie attained renown, its doors were opened to a few not identified with the press of Chicago. Under a special dispensation, such notables as Herrmann, the magician, and Joseph Leiter, the Wheat King, were admitted to the inner circle, with all the privileges of membership.

The Whitechapel Club ruled the world of Bohemia for five years, and then passed quietly away. Its symposiums around the famous coffin table, and its exploits that kept even Chicago in suspense and apprehension, form a record envied by Bohemian clubs in all parts of the world. Its membership never exceeded forty, of which number about one half were followers of the newspaper profession. Death has decimated the ranks of this journalistic score, but among its survivors are several who have won a measure of fame. The club was a magnet that attracted wit and learning. During the years of its existence, its detractors could point to nothing worse than an occasional excess of good fellowship. It is possible that the future will misrepresent this feature of Whitechapel life, and that the name will be perpetuated, not as the title of a social or a Bohemian club, but as that of a literary school.

Among those who once belonged to the club, and whose names are now familiar to the reading public, that of F. P. Dunne ("Mr. Dooley") is unquestionably entitled to first place. Mr. Dunne was one of the charter members of Whitechapel, and many of the Dooley letters were written within its walls. George Ade, author of "Fables in Slang," also found much of his inspiration there. Opie Read was one of the earliest members, and Alfred

Henry Lewis, author of "Wolfville" and other Western stories, joined the club in its second year. Frederick Upham Adams, author of "President John Smith" and "The Kidnapped Millionaires," was one of the founders of White-chapel; and other less known names on the roll were those of Brand Whitlock, Frank Putnam, Thomas Edward Powers, and Horace Taylor.

This is a remarkable showing for a social club with an original journalistic membership of twenty, many of whom have passed away. It is doubtful if any similar organization can make as good a claim to rank as the founder of a school of literature. In the production of the men whose names have been mentioned there is a wide range of thought and action, but in style and in treatment there is a certain sympathy which comes only from an interchange of ideas in those formative years when minds are molded by contact and association. This common impress is especially marked in the work of Dunne, Ade, Adams, and Lewis.

THE PEKING SIEGE — A young Scotsman tells how he fought Boxers and laid out a golf course in the beleaguered legations.

There have been widely different accounts of the strange experience that befell the foreigners in Peking during June, July, and August of last year. Some have painted the horrors they endured as scarcely less than those of Cawnpore or Lucknow; others have represented them as having had a sort of picnic, the pleasure of which was heightened by a mild spice of excitement. Nigel Oliphant's "Diary of the Siege of the Legations" is interesting as the unvarnished testimony of a young soldier who played a prominent part in the defense of the beleaguered garrison.

Mr. Oliphant and his brother David were two young Scotsmen stationed at Peking, the one—he had recently retired from the army—in the Chinese postal service, the other as a student interpreter at the British legation. As Andrew Lang says in an introduction to the book, "they took war with a frolic welcome. The siege had hardly begun when they laid out a putting course on the lawn of the legation." It is true that the enemy was not very formidable; he would have been irresistible had he once pushed home an attack; but he lacked courage to do

so. Yet the Oliphants had no playtime experience of fighting, for before the tardy relief came from the coast David was killed and Nigel wounded.

Besides its interest as a record of a curious passage of history, the "Diary" is pleasant reading because it reveals the spirit of a brave and cheerful fellow.

"ON THE GREAT HIGHWAY"—The wide interest of Mr. Creelman's reminiscences as a special correspondent.

The "special correspondent" has a place in the worlds of adventure and of literature that is unique. It is his privilege to traverse paths closed to most men, except as his chronicles of his travels open them to all the world. At one time or another most of the famous people of his day fall beneath his scrutiny, and very many of the infamous people. His reminiscences have a fascination which can, in the nature of the case, belong to the recollections of very few.

Among the special correspondents of this country, James Creelman has ranked high, both as an intrepid and untiring collector of news and as an imaginative and vivid presenter of it. His book, dealing with his adventures in the pursuit of the most important information of the past decade, "On the Great Highway," has the combined charm of his two qualities. The man who has interviewed the Pope, Count Tolstoy, King George of Greece, Kossuth, and General Weyler; who was at the storming of Ping Yang in Korea, and in the battle of El Caney—such a man has something to tell when he sits down to recall days and travels past.

There is one little story in Mr. Creelman's book which makes another appeal than that of well told, well remembered adventure—the appeal of simple human sweetness. It is a story in which women, at any rate, will delight. After the battle of Ping Yang, at a little Korean port, Mr. Creelman received a cable message that bore the marks of much journeying among the Japanese forces before it reached him. It was from Ohio, and it contained two words: "Boy—Well."

That night the young man whose first child's birth had been thus announced to him routed Admiral Ito from slumber to get an account of the maneuvers which had resulted in the destruction of the Chinese fleet upon the Yellow Sea. The Japanese naval officer, when explanations were over, congratulated Mr.

Creelman on the important news he had obtained for his paper.

"Yes," the correspondent answered, "but I have received a still greater piece of news."

And he showed the victorious Japanese commander the message from Ohio. And then the health of the little son thousands of miles away was drunk by the officers of the Japanese fleet.

DISCOVERERS OF GENIUS—Is Miss Wilkins aware of her alleged debt to a certain editor?

We are frequently invited to admire the marvelous acumen displayed by this or that editor in "discovering" some modest contributor who afterwards became a successful writer. As a matter of fact, if the contributor had real ability, it is exceedingly likely that he could have made his way to the front without the assistance of his supposed benefactor. Too many people are watching for genuine merit, nowadays, for it to remain hidden very long.

An amusing instance of these second hand claims to fame is one put forward on behalf of a lady who edited the periodical to which Miss Mary Wilkins contributed some of her earliest work. She "recognized the young author's originality," we are told, "and was exceedingly careful not to make suggestions which, however well intentioned, might have a tendency to destroy any of the freshness of Miss Wilkins' work."

To abstain from offering advice to a young writer may be a wise course of action, but it seems rather too negative an achievement to arouse much enthusiasm.

SONNETS IN SLANG—The curious production of an irreverent bard from San Francisco.

We had supposed George Ade was the climax—not to say the limit—in the history of slang, but a San Francisco poet seems to have gone him one better with "The Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum." In a "cycle" of twenty two sonnets, with prologue and epilogue, Wallace Irwin has told his love for "nifty *Mame*," the intervention of the "brick topped *Murphy*, fourteen dollar jay," and the losing struggle against his rival, to the tragic day when

The pastor murmured, "Two and two make one,"
And slipped a sixteen K on *Mamie's* grab.

It is a faithful picture of a luckless wooing.

Showing how Vanity is still on deck,
And Humble Virtue gets it in the neck.

It is amazing to find the sedate English language capable of such gymnastics—antics, rather, and not of the most refined order. Indeed, they are too frankly vulgar to be criticised on that score, and by their unexpectedness, their mixture of dignity and outrageousness, they startle the reader into laughter which they do not legitimately deserve, perhaps, but which nevertheless is theirs if they can win it.

The poems are not without a basis of human truth. When the lover punched his rival, *Mame*, instead of being dazzled by the victor, like a true woman,

Massaged his lamps with fragrant drug store dope.
And coughed up loops of kindergarten chin;
She sprang a come back, piped for the patrol.
Then threw a glance that tommyhawked my soul.

We cannot say that the thing is a pardonable impertinence; but we should be inclined to let the author off with a light sentence if he would promise not to do it again.

FEAR AND RELIGION — Professor Palmer, in "The Field of Ethics," attempts to settle an old dispute.

There is one subject that never fails in controversial interest where two or three of the conservative wing in the religious world are gathered together with two or three of those who proudly proclaim themselves freed from the shackles of conventional creeds. That theme is the part which fear has played in the establishment of religion.

It has been the custom for those who represent the orthodox party in the discussion to reject angrily the theory that fear has any important part in their religion, while the skeptics as angrily reject religion because of the admixture of fear which they see in it. In "The Field of Ethics," Professor George Herbert Palmer, of Harvard, undertakes to reconcile these divergent views as far as possible.

In Professor Palmer's opinion, fear is an element in every religion; but in what he calls the pagan beliefs he finds the fear to be of the abject and cowardly sort, while in the "universal or ethical" creeds he thinks it is man's sense of his weakness in contrast with a power which is beyond himself, yet akin to him. In the pagan's

code, Professor Palmer says, "between God and himself there is no friendly trust. What he would like best would be to get away from God, to hide himself, and be allowed to go his own way. This being impossible, his religion is largely an affair of self abasement. The noble religions, on the other hand, recognize the inherent likeness of God and man. Between God and man there is no other separation than that of degree, and to become more completely a man is forever to approximate godhood. Such an attitude of mind does not exclude fear, but the fear is of the noble sort, which adoringly contemplates the revealer of its smallness, finding in him a refuge and the means of its enlargement. Fear is thus transmuted into love, which in all its higher forms retains fear of the nobler sort."

SWORD AND PEN—A redoubtable warrior who seems to have done his fighting with the latter.

If there were a military department in this magazine, it is doubtful whether Mr. Arthur Lynch would be qualified for a place in it. His services in the Boer War seem to have been of a literary, rather than a warlike, character. Mr. Lynch was recently elected to Parliament by a discerning constituency in Galway, and as we go to press he writes from his battle field in Paris that he will certainly take his seat at Westminster, despite the objection that has been raised in England on the ground that he took up arms in South Africa against Queen Victoria.

Mr. Lynch is the gentleman who went out to the war in company with a much advertised "Irish Legion," which offered its services to President Kruger. What services Mr. Lynch actually rendered to the Dutch cause it would be difficult to state, but it is a well known fact that about the time when the fighting was hottest he was traveling about this country, gallantly lecturing on the horrors of the British invasion, and peddling manuscripts on the strength of the reputation thus acquired. That he succeeded in fooling any of his countrymen—and it is said that he did—is amazing when we consider the well deserved reputation of the Irish as a genuine fighting race. If Mr. Lynch were an Irish soldier in the true sense of the word, he would still be in Africa, fighting on one side or another; and the probabilities are that he would keep on fighting long after the British and the Afrikanders had laid aside their arms.

Mr. Lynch's efforts in a literary line fairly sustained his record as a warrior. He is one of a great brood of noisy, self advertising war correspondents who have been endeavoring to keep themselves in the public eye every since the first breaking out of hostilities between this country and Spain, and who have done much to bring discredit on a calling that MacGahan, Forbes, Millet, and Steevens compelled the whole world to respect. If the English government knows its business, it will permit Mr. Lynch to take his seat, on the ground that he never did any fighting worth the name. It is safe to predict that thereafter no constituency in Ireland would return to the House of Commons a man whose record as a fighter had been so discredited.

Thackeray, who has been accused of ridiculing and vilifying the patriots of the Emerald Isle, has nevertheless given us, in "Vanity Fair," one of the truest and finest portraits of a gallant Irish soldier that is to be found in English literature. It is far pleasanter to think of the brave, modest *Major O'Dowd*, who won every step of his promotion by some act of personal gallantry, and who was found on the field of Waterloo seated on the carcass of his horse and refreshing himself from a pint flask, than to read about Mr. Lynch and his war articles.

THE HEROINE'S TEARS—They are not so copious nowadays as they once were.

Did the women of a few generations ago cry more than those of today, or are old romances misleading? Compare modern novels with those of the past, and the proportion of tears will be as a tumbler to an ocean. *Ellen Montgomery* had a burst of weeping for every three pages, and older heroines did not show any greater self control. It may be argued that, realism not being then established, the romancer ran in as many pearly drops as he thought effective, without troubling about truth to life. But old time journals and autobiographies, which had no picturesque end to serve, seem to give weight to the theory that women really were a more tearful race than the twentieth century shows them.

Mme. D'Arblay, in her wonderful diary, weeps for hours and even for whole days, and so do her women friends. Indeed, under the affliction of seeing her name mentioned in print, she cries on and off for a week; and she is far from being a

lackadaisical person. And there was the famous Sophy Streatfield, who cried so beautifully, slow crystal tears from unreddened eyelids, that her friends were always begging her to perform, and working on her feelings so as to show her off for callers. Sophy now would have small chance for popularity.

Not that feminine tears have utterly gone out; but they have fallen into disfavor in an age that encourages health and nerve. They belong only to the crises of the modern novel. Yet even now, to know just when his heroine really would cry is beyond the vision of the average masculine writer, who occasionally plunges her into tears at moments where every woman knows she would never shed a drop, while perhaps he misses the point where a good cry would be inevitable. These distinctions cannot be explained; they belong to the Sphinx' realm of feminine secrets.

A PRESIDENTIAL PREFACE—Mr. Roosevelt's introduction to a book on wild game hunting with the camera.

To get an experienced sportsman to write a preface for one's volume on big game, and then, by unforeseen changes, to have that sportsman become President of the United States just before the publication of the work, is a send off that probably no book has ever won before. As a general rule, the productions of potentates are interesting chiefly because potentates wrote them; but here we have words of value on their own account, as uttered by one who knows his subject, and who can handle a pen as effectively as he can a gun. Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Wallihan builded better than they knew when they prepared their "Camera Shots at Big Game" for the public.

The work tends to game preservation rather than to sport—which, as a synonym for killing, will probably become obsolete if the picturesque literary attention that the wild beasts have been receiving continues much longer. To hunt a wild animal down and then merely gaze at it seems to be the growing ideal, thanks to such moving writers as Ernest Seton Thompson—or Thompson Seton, or whatever his name may happen to be this month. In his preface, President Roosevelt speaks of photographing animals in their wild state:

It is itself a branch of sport, and hunting with the camera has many points of superiority when compared to hunting with the rifle. . . . More

and more, as it becomes necessary to preserve the game, let us hope that the camera will supplant the rifle.

It is an excellent thing to have a nation proficient in marksmanship, and it is highly undesirable that the rifle should be wholly laid by. But the shot is, after all, only a small part of the free life of the wilderness. The chief attractions lie in the physical hardihood for which the life calls, the sense of limitless freedom which it brings, and the remoteness and wild charm of primitive nature. All of this we get exactly as much in hunting with the camera as in hunting with the rifle, and of the two the former is the kind of sport which calls for the higher degree of skill, patience, resolution, and knowledge of the life history of the animal sought.

AN OLD ROMANCE—The story of two thirteenth century lovers who truly loved.

A new edition of "*Aucassin and Nicolette*" gives new publicity to a lovely little old French romance of unknown authorship, brought down by a single manuscript from the thirteenth century, and translated by Bourdillon, Lang, and many others. Truly, they knew how to love in the thirteenth century!

Nicolette is not judged a suitable match for the son of *Count Garin of Beaucaire*; so *Aucassin* is commanded to forget her, and go forth to fight his father's enemies. But he will not go, "unless you give me *Nicolette*, my sweet friend, whom I love so much!" Then follow separations and imprisonments, flight and adventure, romance and absurdity, all told with perfect simplicity and good faith, now in verse and now in prose. When *Nicolette* escapes in the night, "her beautiful feet and her beautiful hands, which had never learned that they might be hurt, were bruised and torn, and the blood flowed from them in full twelve places," but she makes her way to the woods, and there, after the prettiest of episodes, *Aucassin* finds her:

They kissed and caressed each other, and their joy was beautiful.

"Ah, sweet friend!" said *Aucassin*, "I was but now sore hurt in my shoulder; and now I feel neither hurt nor pain, since I have you!"

She felt him about, and found that he had his shoulder out of place. She pried it so deftly with her white hands, and pulled it (as God willed, who loveth lovers), so that it came again into place. And then she took flowers and fresh grass and garden leaves, and bound them on with the lapet of her smock, and he was quite healed.

Then they fly together, and after many adventures are again separated, till finally his "sweet friend," by her wit and courage, pulls down the barriers forever. "And *Aucassin* was glad."

The Iliad of the Snows.

A TALE OF THE RAGGED LANDS AND OF A STRONG MAN'S LOVE FOR A WOMAN.

BY HERMAN WHITAKER.

"YES, he was a hard man, an' stout—this commissioner," continued Red Brischaux, with some irritation. "But what should a fat Easterling know of stout men?" He viciously poked our camp fire, and sent the red sparks flying up to the black sky. He had just finished a yarn of old Commissioner McGarry, and took this method of signifying his displeasure with my lack of reverence for the power that rules the north.

"He seems," I answered soothingly, "to have been a great man, Brischaux." I should not have thus lightly passed over the reflection on my birth and girth had it not lacked four hours of midnight, and a hundred thousand wolves been howling round our camp. A dozen, says Red Brischaux; but this one might expect from a man so utterly devoid of imagination. They made noise enough for a million. You see, we had just stricken a great kill. From the crotch of a black poplar swung the carcass of a moose, and the blood hung heavy on the air.

"Yes," I agreed, by way of provoking him to another story, "he was, as you say, a great man, and always carried his point."

"One man there was——" he began hesitatingly.

"That defied him? No!" said I warmly.

"Though in the end the commissioner had his way," he went on. "Thus it was."

Snuggling in my blankets, I watched the sparks fly upward and smoked a pipe while Red Brischaux sang his Iliad of the Snows. Just as he gave it by the flickering camp fire, it is here set down; but as Red Brischaux is warm of blood—as evidenced by his remarks anent my girth—and loves strong language, I have thought better to translate in politer speech.

If Roche Brule, factor of À La Corne, had wished to select the most exasperating season to hurl defiance at the commissioner, he could not have chosen better. A February thaw had smashed the winter trails, Assiniboine had burst her icy bonds, and five hundred packs of fur that ought

to have gone down stream with the flood waters were dumped on a hundred trails. The commissioner, a dour man at the best of times, was become as touchy as a wounded grizzly; and packers, clerks, and full fledged factors of the Company stepped lightly round the great log store wherein he sat.

A month before, Donald Fraser had trailed to À La Corne to freight down the season's catch. With him, he carried news of the approaching marriage of Jeanne Dumont, a ward of the commissioner. Now, as the luck would have it, for many a long year Brule had kept this girl in mind. He had seen her blossom, from a long slip of a girl, into a strong and healthy woman. As the gardener watches the bloom gathering on his choicest peach, so he had pleased in her ripening; and now the fruit was ready, and an alien hand reached to pluck it. She was to marry Paul McGarry, a beefy Scotchman, nephew to the commissioner—a man he sore disliked.

Brule listened quietly to the Scotchman's tattle, answering nothing to his jocular comment; then, when he had all the news, he took his gun and got from the fort, to think it out alone. All that day they heard his rifle talking. Fox, rabbit, prairie chicken, coyote—anything that ran on legs or flew with wings he shot, and left lying in the snow. He was in the mood that hurls the she bear at the slayer of her young, but by sundown his passion calmed. He returned to the fort quiet and apparently resigned. But the following day he hurried south with a couple of his men; and a week after, in the thick of night, he snatched the girl from the Big Grass Post.

Now, Paul McGarry was not lacking in physical courage, but Brule had got a good night's start, and he was an ill man to beard in his own den. Paul flew to the commissioner with the tale of his wrongs. But when, ten days therefrom, a special courier rode into À La Corne and demanded the girl of his hands, Brule laughed in his face.

"My compliments to m'siet' the commissioner," he said, stretching his great

body to his full height, "an' tell him if he wants Jeanne Dumont, to come and get her." Then he strode off across the yard, a towering figure, to make his visit to the prisoner.

She rose on his entrance. She had been crying, but at sight of him her eyes snapped. A bewilderingly small foot, daintily moccasined, impatiently tapped the ground, and the hot blood flushed her cheeks.

"Still inconsolable?" he queried, with a lift of the brows. "An' tears? This is foolish. But see, the suspense will soon be over. I have sent for a priest."

"Brute!" She flared up in sudden wrath, then, conscious of the smile in his eyes, dropped her own. It was very annoying. He was positively admiring her passion. "Oh," she groaned in impatient anger, "wait till the commissioner lays hands on you! He will hang you in the gates of A La Corne."

"Ye-es?" he queried cheerfully. "But this will be long years after we marry, *petite*. None too big a price for so much bliss."

"I will never marry—you!"

"No?" The smile still hung about the corners of his mouth, but it seemed rather to add to the sudden sternness of his face. He stepped forward and bent to the level of her eyes. "Well," he said slowly, "in this you—please yourself. But most women prefer—the—sacrament."

A quick challenge passed from eye to eye. A hasty answer trembled on her lips, but there it froze, for in his glance she read iron fixity of purpose. For a dozen breaths she endured his gaze, defiantly answering back; then, suddenly realizing her weakness, broke. In her throat rose choking sobs, her bosom heaved, she sank by the table and burst into a rain of tears. Brule looked down on her, and his glance softened. His hand lightly swept her hair, but without another word he stepped outside and quietly closed the door.

Long after he was gone Jeanne sobbed like a grieved child, yet in the flood tide of her grief she was dimly conscious of the peculiar nature of her feelings. Light as had been the touch of his hand, she sensed it. She felt like a child that has first been scolded, then caressed; and she was angry because she felt so.

"I hate him!" she exclaimed, springing up and walking to and fro. "Yes, I hate him!"

She stamped her foot, then blushed to find herself emphasizing such an obvious fact. She hated Brule—she was sure

of that. But deep down where the springs of consciousness have their being a secret doubt was shaking her faith in her love for Paul. Bit by bit the history of her passion pieced itself together, and the more she thought, the more obtrusive became the unwelcome feeling.

* * * * *

When the courier landed in Portage la Prairie with Brule's answer, the commissioner was like to have a fit. By gathering together Red River carts, wagons, buckboards, and everything that ran on wheels, the furs had been gotten to the water; but his success seemed rather to have increased than diminished the commissioner's ire. His nephew Paul, a tall fellow, strong, bony, and of a somewhat sulky countenance, was closeted with him when the courier arrived.

"What?" roared the commissioner. "He refuses to give her up?"

"If m'sieu' pleases," replied the breed politely.

"You're a fool!" bellowed the commissioner.

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Is one responsible for the errors of one's parents?" he retorted.

"Why didn't you take her from him?" snapped Paul.

"Ah, yes, why?" The courier slightly raised his brows. "Does m'sieu' the nephew of the commissioner ask *this*?"

There was no mistaking the implication. Paul flushed with anger and strode forward with raised fist. "None of your insolence!" he shouted.

A black shade crept over the breed's dark face. His hand slipped to his knife, and he crouched with the quick, nervous movement of a cat. Paul stopped. "If m'sieu' will have the reason," the man purred, "perhaps it was because one would rather see M'm'selle Jeanne wedded to a—man!"

"Shut up, Paul!" testily interrupted the commissioner. "What do you mean, Dupré? Drop that knife!"

Unwillingly the man's hand fell. "There are some things," he muttered, "that one would not take from the commissioner, much less this—" His voice died to a whisper, but Paul caught the word and turned uncomfortably to the window.

The commissioner bowed his shaggy head and thrummed on the desk. "Come and get her myself?" he mused. "Daughter of my old friend, too. By thunder," he roared, suddenly banging the desk. "I'll smoke this wolf from his hole and hang him high as Haman!"

"An' this will be a pretty hanging," mildly suggested the courier. "But one would advise hurry, lest the girl be left a widow."

* * * * *

Forty miles to the west of A La Corne, in the heart of the Ragged Lands, stands a ruined cabin. It is no longer habitable, for none but desperate men would care to dwell there; but in the days when the commissioner was trailing northward it sheltered Jeanne Dumont. At its best, it was but a rude hut of unhewn spruce logs, plastered with mud, and roofed with poplar poles, sod, and clay, but when Jeanne kept it, Brule lined the walls with warm blankets, hides, and the choicest of his furs.

In the last days of March, when the commissioner was still a day to the south of A La Corne, he brought her to this cabin. Next day, and still the next, a blizzard swept over the land; but on the morning of the third day the sun shone suddenly out, the wind veered to the south, and the new fallen snow vanished quicker than it came.

Brule threw wide the door. "The morning is fine, m'm'selle," he said, "and here you may have more liberty. You are free to come and go, but I would advise care. Remember these are the Ragged Lands!"

He was perfectly safe in allowing her this freedom. All about stretched a wilderness of crag and lake and slough. Quaking muskegs and treacherous morasses clutched at ignorant feet, bleak sand hills upreared among gaping earth cracks that offered a speedy passage to the bowels of Eld, and wild beasts wandered among sudden pits which peppered the scant prairie. Then, too, evil spirits—the souls of hapless wanderers—were said to flit through the wastes; and somewhere in the desolate environs gaped a great hole which sucked all that came within its radius down, down, to lakes of everlasting fire. A timid girl was not likely to wander far.

After that first clash of wills, Brule treated her with kindness and respect. His passion was strong, to be sure, but a man's strength held it in. He wanted no light love—such were plenty in the forest—but a wife, a proper mother for his children. He never intruded on her privacy. When darkness fell he pitched a fly of bull's hide against the wall and lay athwart the door. Often, waking in the pitch of night, she heard his heavy breathing; and once she stole across the

floor and looked curiously on the great figure lying so still in the red fire's glow.

But with all this deference, he was deaf to all appeals to take her home. Sighs, prayers, coaxings, failed to touch him; and when from a burst of passion she passed to a flood of tears, he looked on quiet and unmoved. This she quickly realized, and his iron firmness wore down her spirit. She became quieter and ceased to complain. Sometimes of nights, when the fire blazed before the door, he sang, and she discovered that his voice was full and sweet. Soon insupportable loneliness drove her to seek his companionship, and he would relax of his sternness and tell her many a tale of flood and fire, of wild beasts and wilder men. Once he narrated a weird tale of the Ragged Lands, but this frightened her and he told her no more.

One evening she sat, cheek on hand, lost in thought. The April days were come and the snow gone, but a touch of frost crisped the air, so he had wrapped her about with his moose skin coat. Out in the sloughs the frogs chattered freely, a fox barked on the prairie, an owl hooted in the timber. He noticed that she was pale, and that the hand which held her head had lost its plumpness.

"You are thinking," he queried, "of—"

"My mother," she quietly replied. Two weeks before she would have answered, "Paul," but now only on occasion would the old perversity flash forth. She had come fully to understand her feeling for the commissioner's nephew. She was, when he succeeded her dead father as factor of Big Grass Post, of a marriageable age and fancy free. His admiration touched her vanity and ambition, of which she had a pretty woman's share. Some day he might step in his uncle's shoes. Then what could be more natural than her mother's wish to see her safely settled? So vanity, ambition, and interest had all helped to produce the feeling Jeanne mistook for love. But the rude shock which stirred her nature in its elemental depths had shown her the true nature of her liking.

When she answered thus, a strange look crept into Brule's face. He stealthily regarded her. He opened his mouth as though to speak, then, quickly changing his mind, held his peace. More than once that evening he seemed on the point of communicating some grave matter, but when she retired that which held his mind was still unsaid.

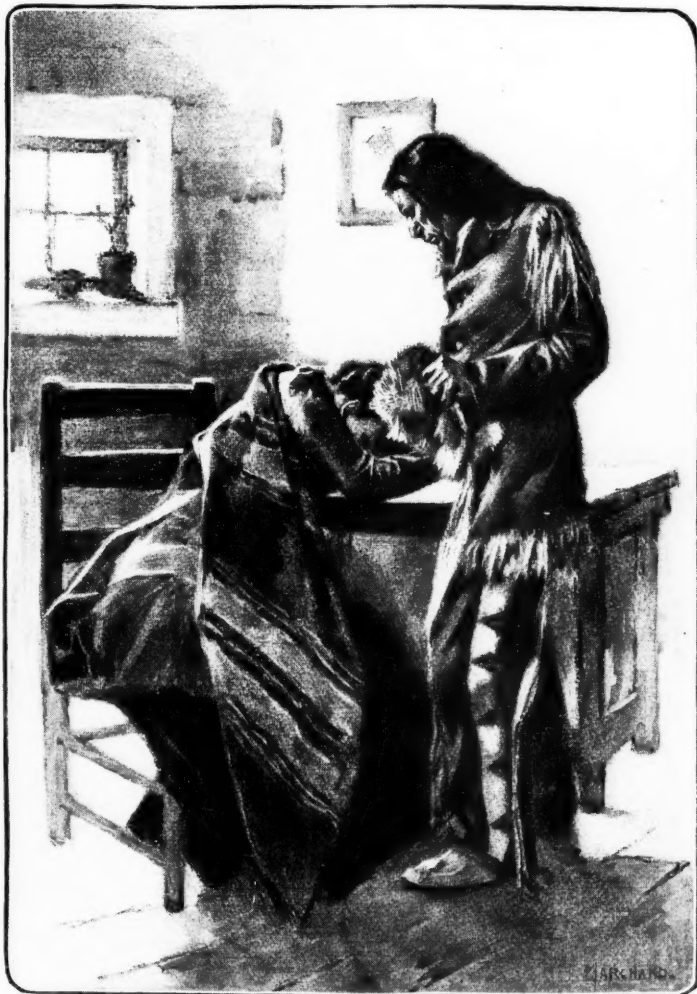
Late that night she roused suddenly from sleep. The door shook beneath his heavy knock, and his voice called on the outside. "Yes," she answered, sitting up. "Rise!" he called. "Quickly!"

While she was dressing she heard the

"What is it?" she asked.

"The commissioner," he replied coldly "left A La Corne at sunset. He had with him a new rope and a score of men. Come!"

Then began a long series of marches



"FOR A DOZEN BREATHS SHE ENDURED HIS GAZE, DEFIANTLY ANSWERING BACK; THEN, SUDDENLY REALIZING HER WEAKNESS, BROKE."

murmur of voices; but when she stepped out the midnight visitor was gone, and the thud of hoofs sounded faintly in the distance. Brule stood by the fire; his pony was hitched to a Red River cart. All was dark, no moon, and a haze hid the stars, but the glowing embers cast a red light on his face.

S M

and countermarches, twistings, doublings, turnings. Like a black will o' the wisp, Brule flitted through the Ragged Lands. To find a man in that earth chaos is equivalent to catching an eel in a lake of mud, and this the commissioner soon found. Once he got stalled among the pits; then again, but for Brule's warning

shout, the commissioner's trail would have come to an end in the depths of a black morass. It was very irritating. There on the other side of the swamp stood the man they sought, giving them easy counsel; but it took a day and a half to gain the place.

"Blood of the devil!" swore the commissioner. "I'll follow him now to the bottom hole of hell!" Yet, despite his oath, he began to tire of the chase. Besides the trials of the trail, things were not running smoothly in his camp. Paul's bullying temper kept his own men raw edged and savage; their woodland superstitions added to the trouble; but, what was more aggravating, the men of À La Corne secretly supplied Brule with information and provision. So the endless chase went on, while the April days drew close to May.

When the commissioner began to scrape acquaintance with the Ragged Lands, Brule cut over to the Pasquia Hills, and there was nearly caught. Thinking himself at least a day's trail ahead, he had camped on the edge of a forest slough; but the commissioner had news of him from a wandering Cree, and pressed on by the light of the moon.

At midnight Brule awoke to find them close upon him—just a strip of bush lay between. A neigh from his pony, a cry from Jeanne, and he was done. A slash of his knife silenced the beast forever; then he raised the fly that covered Jeanne. A shaft of moonlight fell athwart her face, heightening its pallor. He thought she stirred when the pony fell, but her eyes were closed, and her bosom heaved with the slow sleep rhythm. He stood over her, knife in hand. A blood drop slipped from the point and splashed her face. She started, the eyelids contracted, but she slept on.

"Hurry, men! Hurry!" The commissioner was speaking, and the grumbling tones of his nephew answered back. Brule's face grew black; he held his breath; his hand gripped the knife till the knuckles shone. He glanced down. She still slept. Until the creak of saddles and the thud of hoofs died, he let her lie; then they started on the back trail—back to the Ragged Lands.

That long and weary march sapped the life of Jeanne. Day by day her pallor increased; she was getting thin, frail, and Brule began to be afraid. One night he watched her closely as, according to her wont, she read the glowing embers. It seemed he could read along with her.

"This has been a long trail," he said.

She returned a listless "Yes."

"You wish to see him—this Scotchman?"

She wearily answered that she was tired and would like to see her mother. He watched her closely. The thought of home had brought tears to her eyes, and the big drops rolled slowly down her cheek. He turned away, rose, and paced uneasily to and fro. At last he returned to the fire and placed his hand gently on her head.

"Enough," he said gently. "Tomorrow we go to the commissioner."

"But you," she exclaimed in sudden fear, "he will surely hang, according to his word."

"Yes," he assented; "but was not this to be? A short shrift and a long rope? Well! Better that than to see you wedded to——"

"Alive or dead, never!" she interrupted quickly.

"Then," he returned, "this trail has brought forth good fruit. Sleep now, for tomorrow we have a long journey."

* * * * *

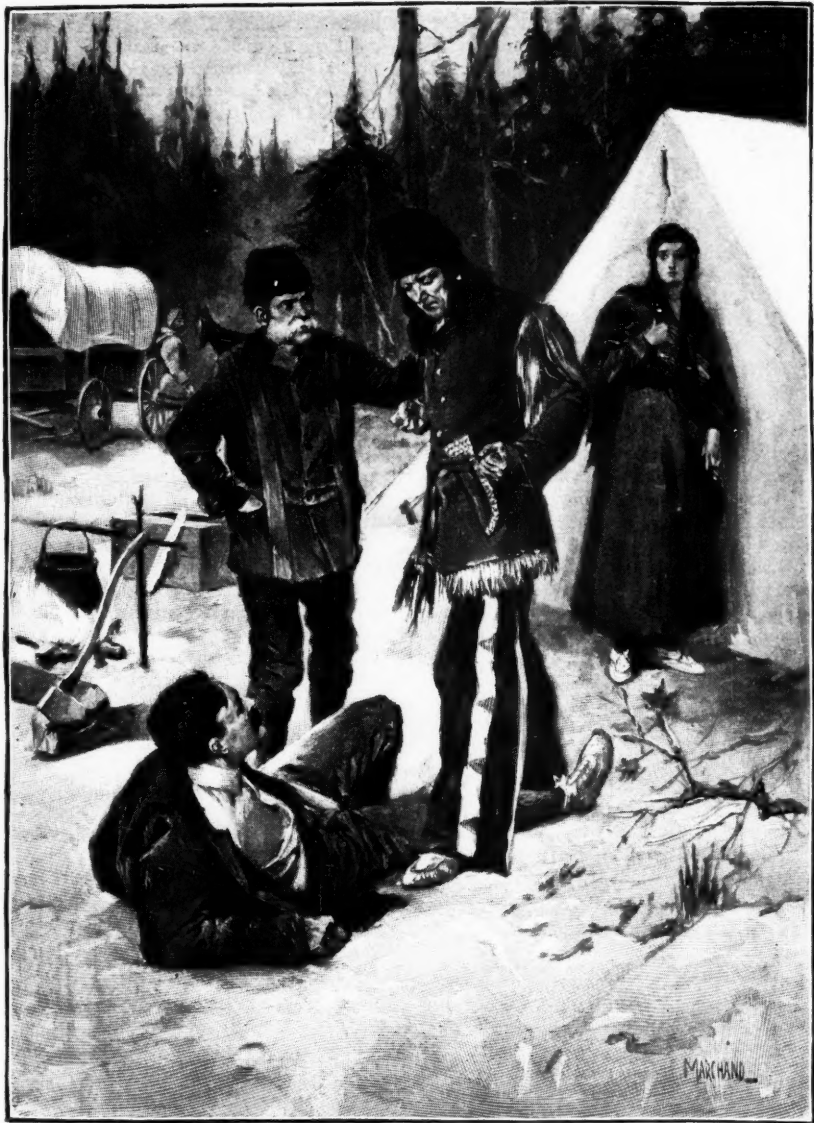
May day had come, with its wealth of greenery, and for a week the commissioner had heard nothing of Brule. He was wearied of the chase. To be sure, the man might be close at hand; but then, also, he might be trailing north towards the arctic circle. This was not all. Urgent advices called him south. For six weeks the business of the Company had been neglected, and no longer could it get along without its head. So, swearing a great oath to keep his rope in pickle for a better season, the commissioner gave orders to break camp.

The morning after this decision he awoke cross as a balked tiger. He was not used to being successfully defied. He loved the daughter of his old comrade, and would like well to have had her of his family; and, to cap all, Paul was pestering him to try another dash. As he paced irritably to and fro before his tent, a shadow fell across his path.

"It's no use, Paul!" he exclaimed, without looking up. "Might as well hunt a coyote in a howling blizzard. Better give it up."

"Sometimes the wolf walks into the trap."

The commissioner glanced up in quick surprise. Brule stood before him. He was travel stained, his face was haggard, his eyes somber. It had cost him something to surrender his triumph, and had he known this was the moment of victory, he had never done it.



"BEAST," HE GROWLED, SPURNING HIM HEAVILY, "EAT YOUR WORDS!"

"Are—you—mad?" gasped the commissioner.

Brule shrugged his shoulders and replied drily: "You do well to ask, m'sieu'. A month ago I should have answered you yes."

"Where is Jeanne Dumont?"

"Here!" At the wave of his hand, the girl came running from the bush.

"By the mother that bore me," roared the commissioner, folding her in his arms,

"as you have dealt with this little one, so will I deal with you!"

"Then," she whispered, returning his hearty kiss, "you must treat this gentleman well. As such he treated me."

"Paul!" bellowed the old man. "Paul!"

Paul strode from his tent; then, seeing the girl, broke into a run. "Jeanne!" he cried; then he spied Brule. Full of jealous rage, he faced the breed. But only

for a moment. Tall as Paul was, Brule looked down on him with cold, sardonic face and savage eyes. For a moment he stood fiddling with the butt of his knife, then, muttering, turned away.

"Here, Paul!" The commissioner made to hand the girl to her lover.

"No, no!" she whispered, clinging to him. "Not yet! Not before this man!"

"Tush!" laughed the commissioner. "What modesty! Take her, Paul."

"I tell you no!" she cried, stamping her foot with the old fire. "I never loved him, and now I know my mind. Go!" she cried in sudden wrath, for he was sulkily waiting with outstretched hands.

Paul cast an evil glance upon Brule. His brow wrinkled, and a sneer trembled in the fat about his nose. "So that's the way the buck jumps, is it?" he growled. "Very well, my lady. There are flowers as fair for the picking, and, some—fresher."

As the last word left his lips, Brule struck him to the ground. "Beast," he growled, spurning him heavily, "eat your words!"

"Leave him to me." The commissioner laid a trembling hand on Brule's shoulder. He was pale with passion, his grey mane bristled, his eyes were hot. "Get up!" he thundered. "Now go to your tent and pack. Tomorrow you break trail for Confidence. There, among the Eskimos, you may find your equals."

Paul well knew the meaning of that sentence—banishment to dreary arctic wastes, to herd with men that were lower than the beasts. He glanced appealingly up, but the old man's face was stern and hard. He turned and with hanging head slunk off.

"And now," said Brule, "what is it to be? Make an end."

The commissioner withdrew his eyes from the receding figure of his sister's son. "I had sworn to hang you," he muttered, "and one hates to break one's word."

"But you also swore," pleaded Jeanne.

"that you would deal by him as he dealt by me."

"So I did, so I did. Well," he mused, "I suppose the Company deserves a little consideration, too. It cannot well afford to lose the best man in its service. You'd better go back to A La Corne. Now off with you!"

Bowing, Brule strode to where his horse was tied in the forest. Just as he reached it, there came a quick patter of running feet and Jeanne burst through the scrub.

"You forgot," she said, holding out her hand. "Good by!"

"Good by," he answered. If he saw the hand, he did not heed it. She blushed, but left it extended.

"I—I—wanted to tell you something," she continued.

"Yes?"

He was making it hard, but she was not to be robbed of this last chance. Three times the night before she had almost waked him to tell that which was on her mind.

"The night they passed in the forest," she began, blushing still deeper, "I—I—I was awake."

"You were?"

"Yes. You will come and see me—some day?"

"To be sure," he replied gently, "if you wish it."

How stupid he was! She almost despaired of him, but tried again: "And if you are of the same mind"—now he started—"bring with you a—" She got no further. How can a girl talk without breath?

"Jeanne!" shouted the commissioner. He hardly saw the necessity of leave taking, and she was very long about it.

"Coming!" she called. "Yes—there! That's two! Now let me go!"

"Com—ing! Oh, please!"

She tore loose and ran off, panting and disheveled. "And if you are still of the same mind," she repeated from a safe distance, "bring with you a—priest!"

Then she ran hard.

HERB OF GRACE.

You love not me—and all the world is gray!
But my still soul approves the destined way;
For had you laid Life's roses in my lap—
I never would have known the world was gray.

Elsa Barker.

The Bridge Builders' Triumph.

BY FRANK W. SKINNER, C. E.

FOR NINETEEN YEARS THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE HAS BEEN ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD. NOW NEW YORK HAS ADDED TO HERSELF A NEW WONDER, MORE IMPRESSIVE THAN THE OLD ONE—THE NEW EAST RIVER BRIDGE.

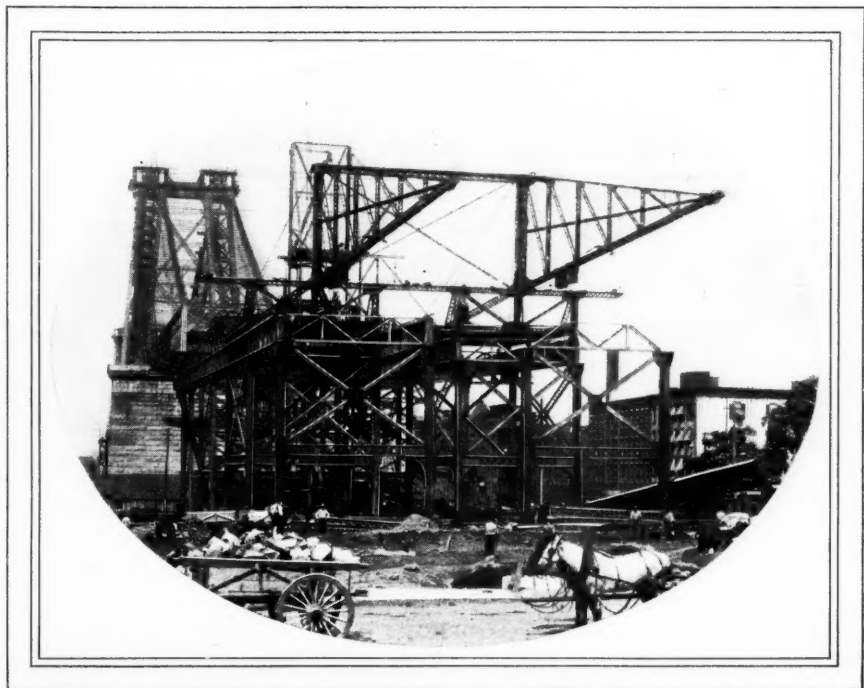
THE completion of the new East River Bridge will give to New York City the second longest span in the world.

On opposite sides of the river, one thousand six hundred feet apart, two steel towers rise three hundred and thirty five feet above the water. From their tops four steel cables as large as good sized tree trunks carry a two story platform twice as wide as many city streets, with six railroad tracks, two carriageways, two promenades, and two bicycle paths.

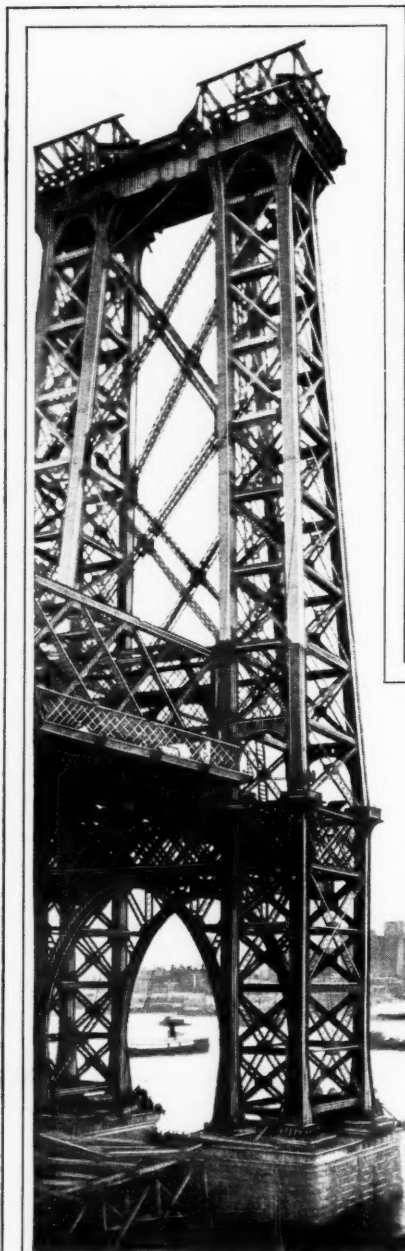
The bridge will be so high above the river that the masts of the largest ships may pass under it. The huge steel beams

and girders, calculated for the most enormous traffic of any long span bridge yet built, will look from below like a tracery of delicate lines in the slender perspective of the lofty towers and graceful curves. In order to attain the height over the river required by the United States War Department, the tracks are carried over more than half a mile of streets and houses at each end of the bridge.

The weight of the 1,600 foot span between the towers will be 16,000,000 pounds; it will carry a maximum moving load of 9,000,000 pounds, and will produce



THE BROOKLYN APPROACH VIADUCT, WITH OVERHEAD STEEL DERRICKS.



The steel in each tower weighs 6,000,000 pounds, and is supported on two masonry piers. Each of these piers, with its load, will produce a foundation pressure of 55,000,000 pounds, nearly twice as much as should be allowed for foundations on the best soils. Each end of each cable is attached to massive chains made of huge steel bars with a combined strength of 60,000,000 pounds, pulling upwards against the bottom of the masonry anchorage pier, weighing 254,000,000 pounds.

The total cost of the bridge and its approaches is now estimated at \$9,000,000, besides that of the land, which will be at least \$10,000,000 more. Of this sum the cables alone will cost \$1,398,000; the 1,600 foot suspended span, \$1,120,000; the Brooklyn tower, with its piers and foundation, \$780,000, and the Brooklyn anchorage, \$725,000.

The eloquence of these figures is apparent without comment.

THE TOWER FOUNDATIONS.

Each steel tower rests on two separate masonry piers, which weigh thousands of

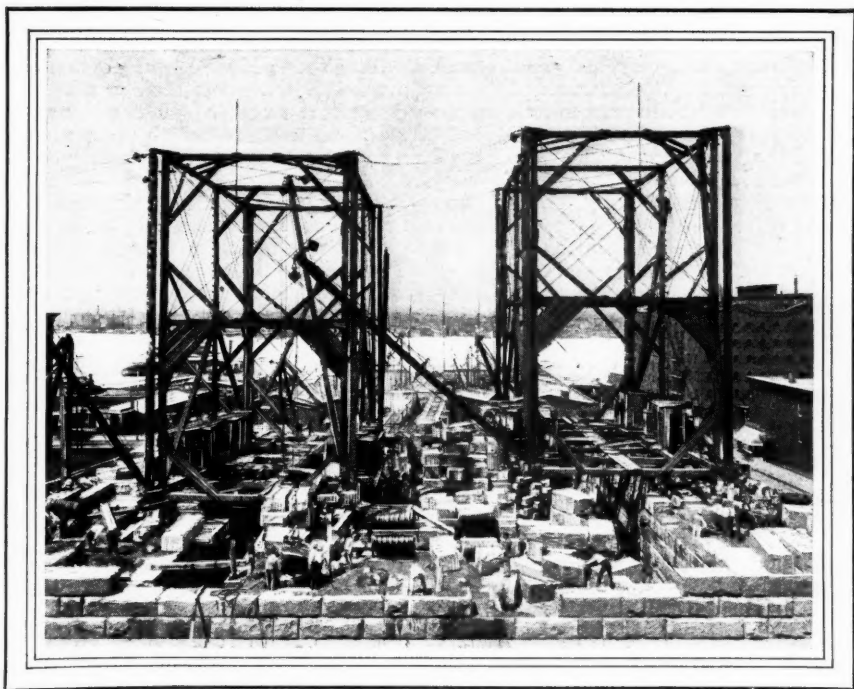


THE GREAT TOWERS COMPLETED.

From a photograph by Underhill, New York.

a total strain of 10,000,000 pounds. The bearing strain in each of the cables will be 50,000,000 pounds.

tons. These were built where there was deep, swift water and a river bed composed of soft mud, slime, sand, clay, and



THE TOWER DERRICKS BUILDING THE ANCHORAGE PIER.

gravel—a foundation soil totally unfitted for the purpose of the bridge builder. To insure against any settlement or undermining of the towers, it was evident that their pier foundations must, at any cost, be carried down to the solid rock.

It would have been exceedingly slow, expensive and hazardous, if not impossible, to inclose the piers and to attempt to pump out the water and build the foundations, under water, so the piers were built on pneumatic caissons. That is, enormous rectangular wooden diving bells were floated into position and sunk in pits dredged deep in the river mud.

Each caisson was built to a height of twenty two feet on shore, on four sets of double, inclined launching ways which projected out over the water. When finished to that extent, it was pushed down the well greased slides by battering rams and powerful hydraulic jacks. In a few seconds the huge mass, weighing nine hundred tons, was afloat, and in readiness for the completion of its upper part. The caisson in its final form weighed nearly four million pounds, requiring about three thousand wagon loads of concrete to sink it.

At high tide the water had a depth of

sixty feet, and a current of six miles an hour, and it was a serious matter to handle the five thousand ton submerged mass safely and accurately in it. The sides must be exactly in line and not a hand's breadth out of position, and must be held so until the caisson had sunk deep enough into the bottom to be secure.

Heavy docks were built around three sides of the floating caisson and protected by double rows of piles and great masses of broken stone banked up around them. Batteries of steam boilers, large derricks, and concrete mixers were established on the dock; sand, cement, and stone barges were brought up to the open side, and the caisson was filled with concrete until it sank to bottom.

WORK IN THE RIVER BED.

Powerful steam compressors were installed in the powerhouse, and pumped air into the working chamber until all the water was expelled beneath the open lower edges. Men then entered and commenced the excavation. Those men loaded part of the material into steel buckets, which were hoisted by derricks through the shafts and air locks. Flexible tubes, of the caliber of a man's leg, were carried

down through the caisson and into the working chamber. When the lower end was opened and put under the surface of the water, mud, clay, and small stones were forced up by the pressure of the air in the caisson and discharged in a stream over its top into the river. This was called the "wet blow off," and gangs of men were kept busy stirring up the mud and feeding and handling the voracious pipe.

The bottom was dug up by picks and shovels, loosened and washed to the blow off by a high pressure hydraulic jet. Boulders and rock were blasted with dynamite, and the caisson descended through mud, sand, clay, and rotten rock at a rate of about four inches a day. The excavation was first carried down eight feet in the center. Then the edges of the caisson were gradually undermined so that it might sink slowly under control. Occasionally the sides tipped out of plumb as much as two feet.

Inside those submerged caissons men worked at the river bottom. Visitors descended in a passenger elevator cage into the air tight steel plate chamber. Thence, by a little trap door, they climbed down a steep ladder through a small hole in the roof to the working chamber.

Shadowy figures of brawny men, stripped to the waist, with great rubber hip boots, were digging, drilling, and

sledging at the uneven bottom. In the caisson there was little noise, yet no quiet. Voices sounded strange and thin. There was the sound of the rushing of waters in one's ears. Otherwise there was but little discomfort from the pressure of an atmosphere that crushed in upon one with a weight equal to that of a heavily loaded freight car.

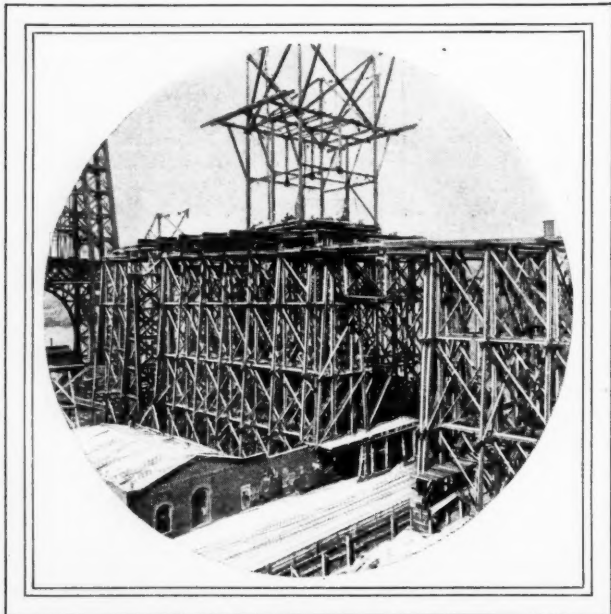
The deeper the caisson descended, the fewer hours the men worked and the greater was their pay. At last they received eight times as much per hour as when the descent was first commenced.

THE ANCHORAGE PIERS.

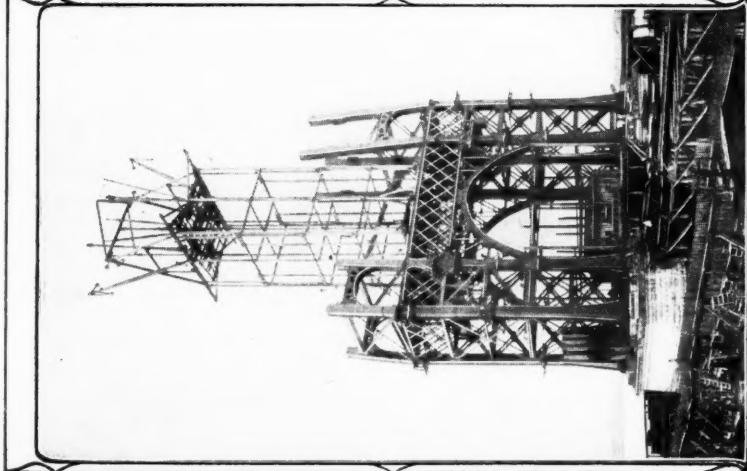
The anchorage piers were built in pits, excavated in sand and clay on shore, to a depth below where the ground is saturated with water. The earth was dug out by hand, shoveled into square, three sided wooden boxes, lifted by steam derricks, and filled into dump cars, which were run over scows and emptied into them. As fast as the pits were dug, their sides were lined with solid walls made of heavy, square timbers from twenty five to fifty feet long. These were driven vertically by a steam hammer, assisted by a powerful hydraulic jet scouring out the sand under the end of the pile. In one part of the anchorage hundreds of foundation piles were driven and their heads embedded in concrete. A four foot layer of solid

crossed timbers was built all over the bottom of the pit, and on it was spread several feet of concrete. On this in turn was built the stone masonry, more than one hundred feet high.

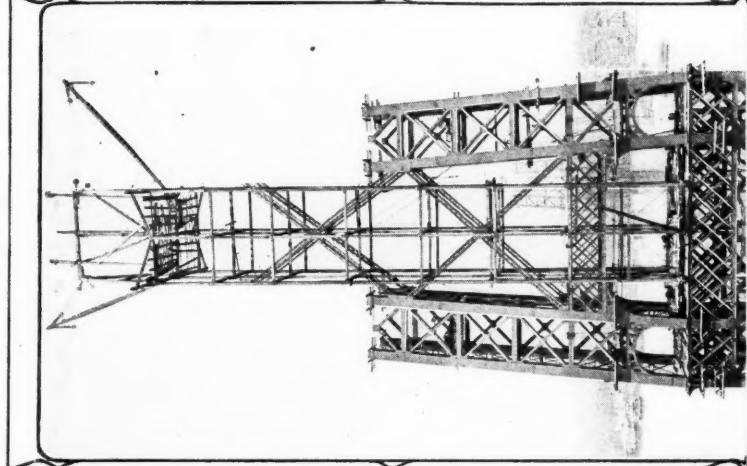
It would have required many months to mix by hand the fifteen thousand cubic yards of concrete used in the foundations, but this was very quickly and economically done by storing the sand and broken stone in great elevated hoppers. From the bottoms of these the material was drawn into cars, holding the required proportions of each, was dumped into the cement box and delivered to the steam mixer. In a few seconds the concrete was ready



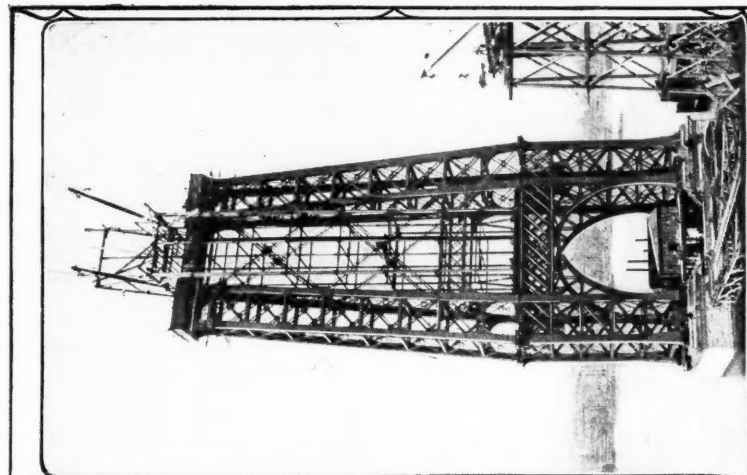
THE BROOKLYN APPROACH SPANS.



Tower just above roadway.



Tower half way up.
THE BROOKLYN TOWER.



Tower ready for cables.

to be conveyed to any part of the work as fast as the cars containing it could be handled.

THE STEEL TOWERS.

At the Brooklyn end of the bridge seven great steel and timber trusses were put across the space between the tops of the two piers. On these was erected a fifty by sixty foot platform. A temporary wooden tower, as large as could stand inside the posts of the steel tower and about

steel girders weighing forty thousand pounds each were lifted up to this level in three minutes, and on them a platform was built. The wooden tower was then taken down and reerected on this higher platform. By means of its derricks, the steel tower was erected about one hundred feet higher,

A house was built on the temporary lower platform between the masonry piers, and in it were installed four fifty-horse power boilers, three hoisting engines,



TRAVELING DERRICKS BUILDING THE NEW YORK ANCHORAGE PIER.

one hundred and twenty five feet tall, was built on this, and powerful derricks were set on top.

With these derricks, huge steel castings weighing nearly fifty thousand pounds apiece were picked up from the deck of a lighter and swung into place on the masonry pedestals. These were to receive the feet of the tower posts, which they did as easily and as quickly as though they had been pine blocks.

The other columns, struts, and braces were assembled by the derricks, until in forty days 2,500,000 pounds of steel had been lifted up and bolted in position. The tower was thus erected up to the roadway level, about one hundred and twenty five feet above the masonry. Solid

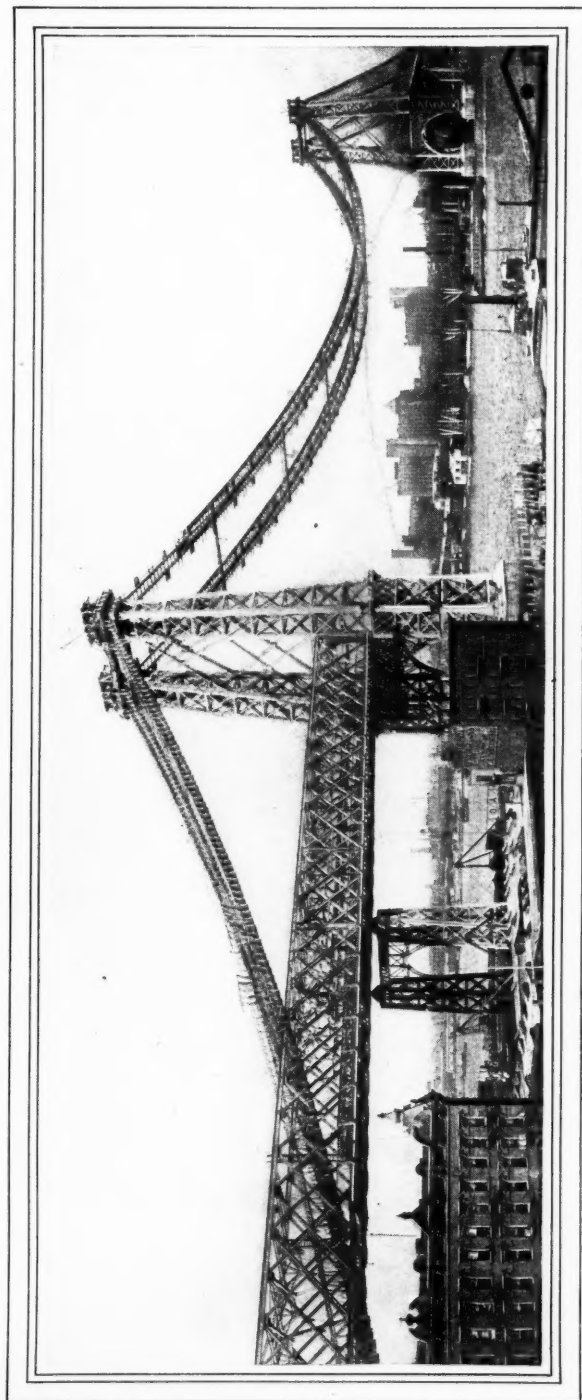
and an air compressor. On the hoisting engines were wound the steel cables from the tower derricks. Each hoisting rope was over half a mile in length and reached from top to bottom of the tower in seven parallel lines. By this means, the power of the engine was multiplied six fold.

While this work was in progress, diamond drills slowly bored large holes seven feet deep in the hard granite masonry. Into these holes were screwed the thirty two steel bolts by which the tower is anchored to the piers. After the steel tower was practically completed, the wooden tower was removed, and a short, heavy framework was set on top of the permanent tower to accomplish the most difficult feat of all—the hoisting of the two

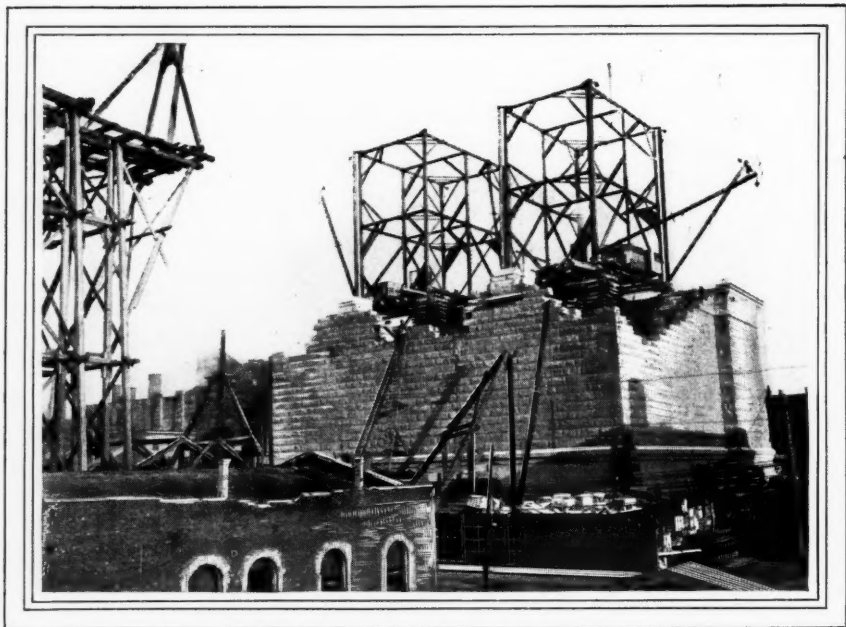
seventy six thousand pound saddle castings whose duty it is to receive the main cables. Two special tackles were attached to each casting so as to multiply the strength of the hoisting engine eighteen times, and correspondingly to decrease its speed. With them the huge masses were quietly and steadily lifted over three hundred feet in fifteen minutes, lowered on to greased rails, and skidded over to place. The great towers were at length substantially ready for the cables.

THE GREAT CABLES.

Twelve twisted steel ropes, each three thousand feet long, as thick as a man's wrist, and having a strength of over four hundred thousand pounds, have been carried on barges across the river from pier to pier. Unwinding from their reels, they sank to the bottom. Powerful tackles were then attached to them. The river being cleared of traffic by patrol boats and revenue cutters, the ends of the ropes were hoisted down on the opposite sides. Thus, in about three minutes each, there rose from the muddy depths to a height of one hundred and fifty feet above the water, those stout steel ropes. These were secured to steel beams embedded in the solid masonry. Combined in sets of three, these ropes supported four nar-



THE APPROACH FROM THE BROOKLYN END. IN THE CENTER SWING THE TEMPORARY SUSPENDED PLATFORMS FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE MAIN CABLES.
From a photograph—Copyrighted, 1906, by Underhill, New York.



THE BROOKLYN ANCHORAGE PIER NEARING COMPLETION.

row foot walks, which served as temporary platforms.

Smaller cables are stretched a few feet above the platforms. Suspended pulleys traveling on these pull back and forth the loops of straight wire which form the main cables. The wires are wound on reels. As fast as the end of one coil is reached, another is spliced to it, so as to make an endless thread of steel running back and forth, exactly like a skein of yarn. With delicate instruments and exact measurements, each separate wire is adjusted to hang in the precise curve required. It follows that the wire must then be strained to an exactly uniform tension with the rest. After that is done, all are tightly clamped together in a solid, cylindrical bundle, waterproofed and covered with a plate steel shell.

THE APPROACH VIADUCTS.

While the great cables are being slowly woven across the river, above the masts of great ships, by men working on the slender platforms, other contractors are building the steel approach viaducts. These rise in long inclines from the street level to the tops of the anchorage piers, higher than the tallest houses there. Clumsy looking trave derricks, with long revolving arms, roll along on top of the three story viaduct. Reaching outward

seventy feet in advance, they raise the tall steel columns and massive girders, swing them into place, and so build constantly a track in front of them. On that track they then roll forward to build another section in advance.

THE APPROACH SPANS.

The four great three hundred foot spans reaching from the towers over land and water to the anchorages are made with riveted steel trusses. They have been put together on trestles of heavy timber over one hundred feet high. Their massive posts have been braced in every direction, and solidly bolted and spliced together to a height of several stories. Heavy wooden trusses, like railroad bridges, carried the timber over the streets high above the trolley car tracks. On top of the platforms many lines of solid beams carried a tall tower on wheels, which rolled from end to end and with its derricks and hoisting engines swung the steel pieces into place.

It is hard to grasp the strength and magnitude of this vast structure. One gazes down from the top of the completed towers into an awful abyss lined by girders and columns. At the bottom are men as ants walking, little toy houses and Lilliputian ferry boats. It is indeed a triumph of the bridge builders.

THE STAGE

WHO IRVING WAS, AND WHAT HE HAS DONE.

It is doubtless more than the money he is enabled to carry back with him that brings Henry Irving so frequently to our

shores. He must certainly have a warm spot in his heart for America, for it was an American manager, Colonel Bateman, who gave him the opportunity to make



ANNA HELD, NOW STARRING IN "THE LITTLE DUCHESS."

From her latest photograph by Marceau, New York.



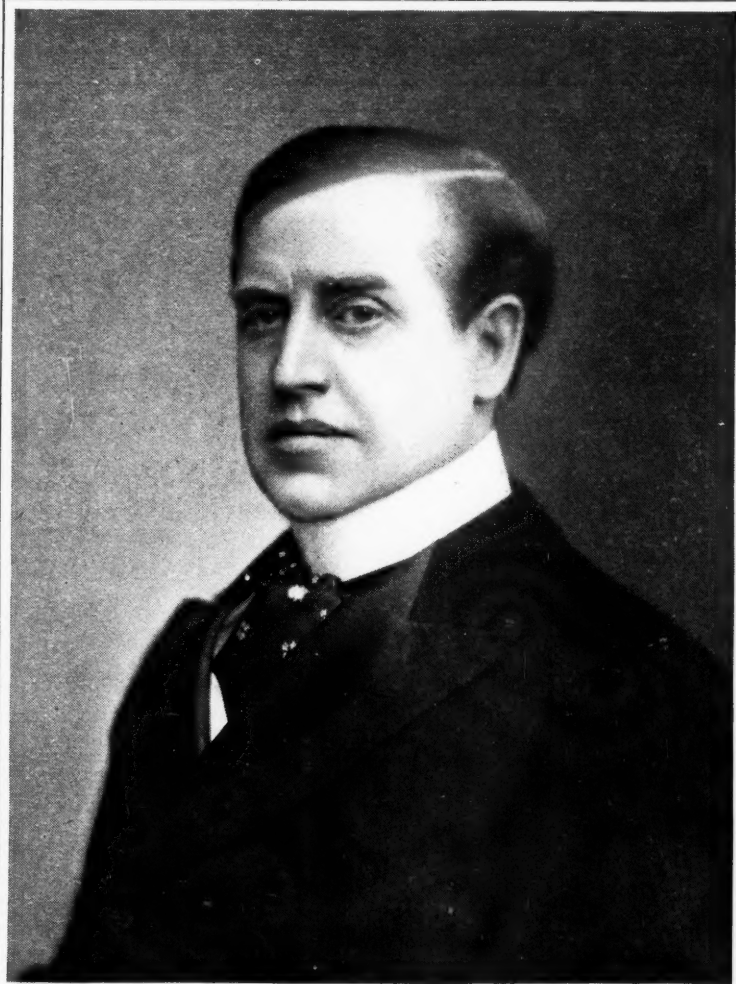
MAXINE ELLIOTT, JUST RETURNED FROM A LONDON SEASON, AND APPEARING IN "WHEN WE WERE TWENTY ONE."

From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

the hit that planted his feet firmly in the path to fame. Fechter, the French actor, had hitherto held forth at the London Lyceum, but, hearing of the gold that was to be picked up for the labor of bending over in the States, he took ship and sailed forth for New York. Then it was that Colonel Bateman, controlling the theater at the time, fastened his eye on Irving and decided to see what he could do with the young man. Irving was a comedian

in those days and the colonel wanted a tragedian, but the Yankee manager did not stop for a drawback of such slight dimensions.

Irving's real name was John Henry Brodribb, his father was janitor in the offices of the stock broking firm of Braithwaite, Noel & Co., and the family worshipped in the temple where one Baptist Noel held forth every Sunday. The stage was to them the instrument of Satan, and



N. C. GOODWIN, JUST RETURNED FROM LONDON WITH HIS WIFE, MAXINE ELLIOTT, AND APPEARING IN "WHEN WE WERE TWENTY ONE."

From his latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

young John's habit of spouting Shakspeare grew to be a sore trial to his mother. The shock when he finally announced his intention of becoming a "play actor" himself almost drove the old lady with sorrow to the grave.

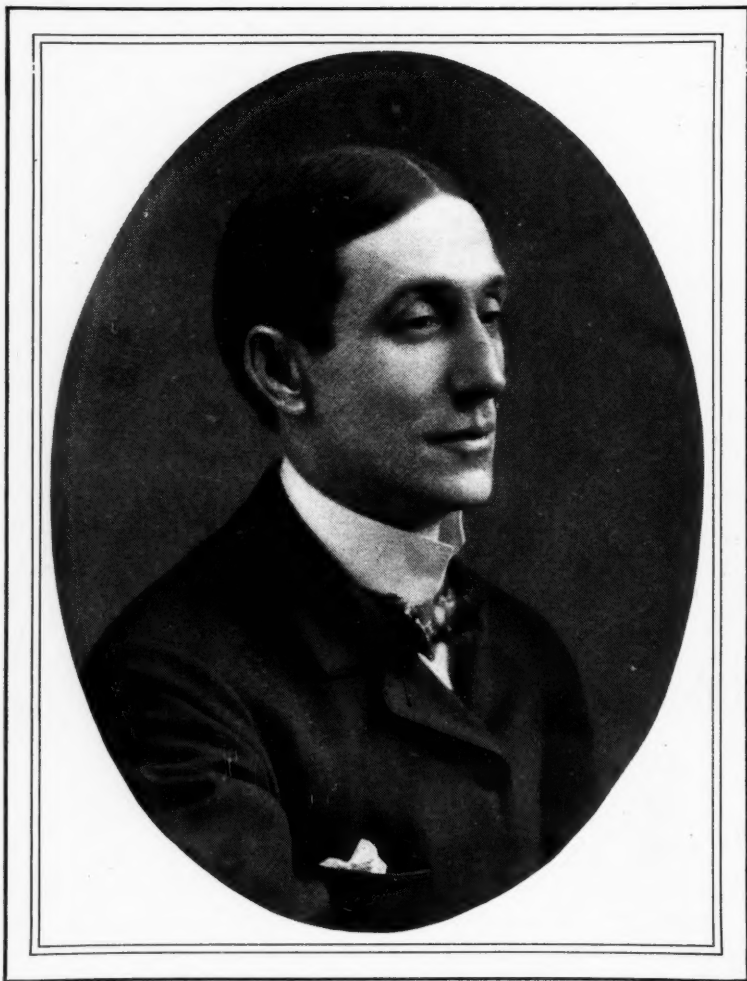
In some way young Brodribb obtained an introduction to the manager of a theater on the Surrey side of the Thames, and this man, Phelps, offered to take him on in some of his Shakspeare productions,

but Irving—he selected the name shortly after his début—very modestly elected to make his start in the provinces. He was not a shining success. In fact, he was not a success at all, but the public must be tired of hearing of the great actors who were miserable failures when they began, so this portion of his career would better be passed over with compassionate brevity.

He used failure as a spur to harder

work, and in 1857 managed to secure a foothold in the Theater Royal, Edinburgh. At this time Irving was twenty one years old. Among his associates was

he created the character of *Digby Grant* in "The Two Roses," that he made his first hit. It was as *Landry* in "Fanchon" that he first attracted the attention of



DAN DALY, THE COMEDIAN OF THE DRAWL, NOW STARRING IN "THE NEW YORKERS."

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

Charlotte Cushman, and under the inspiration of great artists of her caliber, he actually contrived one night to make a favorable impression as *Claude Melnotte*. But his ambition was fixed on London. It was not until nine years later, however, that he was enabled to realize it. "Hunted Down" was the play that brought him to the Strand, but this did nothing beyond placing him among the "also rans." It was not until 1870, when

Colonel Bateman, whose sister Isabel was the *Fanchon* of the occasion.

It was just thirty years ago, on the 25th of last November, that Colonel Bateman brought out "The Bells" at the Lyceum, with Henry Irving as *Mathias*. The next day all the West End of London rang with his name. He had broken all records with the brevity of his cut to renown. Irving became a permanency at the Lyceum, and, at a bound, was the ac-

knowledgeable leader of his profession in England. His next appearance was as *Charles I*—a rôle he has lately revived—and after *Charles* came *Richelieu*. In October, 1874, he gave his rendering of *Hamlet*, and, after hanging in the balance for the first half of the evening, the impersonation swept the audience off its feet. Another bay was added to the laurels this astounding player had won. Astounding, for Irving is now and always has been an actor beset with mannerisms that would seem sufficient to nullify any good points he may have possessed. But the innate magnetism of the man forces itself through these excrescences, and he grips his auditors all the firmer because they cannot themselves explain just where the force lies.



LAURA HOPE CREWS, SOUBRETTE OF THE DONNELLY STOCK COMPANY AT THE MURRAY HILL, NEW YORK.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1901, by Schloss, New York.

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FRANCES STARR, INGÉNU OF THE DONNELLY STOCK COMPANY AT THE MURRAY HILL, NEW YORK.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

The second Shakspeare presentation was "*Macbeth*," followed the next year by "*Othello*." Edwin Booth crossed to England, and the two great actors joined forces in the last named tragedy, interchanging the parts of *Othello* and *Iago*. "*Faust*" was soon afterwards added to the Irving repertoire, and his *Mephistophiles* electrified the people. Ellen Terry had by this time been included in the company, and in 1883 the first visit to America was made.

October 29 was the opening night in New York, at the Star Theater—now no more—and the play was "*The Bells*." The engagement, limited to three weeks, was an enormous success, one of its leading features being the production of "*The Merchant of Venice*," with Irving as *Shylock*, Ellen Terry as *Portia*, and poor

murdered Bill Terriss as *Bassanio*. Martin Harvey played *Balthazar*, and Jessie Millward *Jessica*. At the concluding performance the bill consisted of the first act of "*Richard III.*" followed by the two act comedy, "*The Belle's Stratagem.*" After which, by special request, Mr. Irving recited Hood's poem, "*The Dream of Eugene Aram.*" It was not long before he visited this country again, and in 1893 he brought "*Becket*" as his strong card.

Irving was knighted on the



ANDREAS DIPPEL, TENOR OF THE GRAU GRAND OPERA COMPANY.

From his latest photograph—Copyright by Dupont, New York.

Queen's birthday, 1895, and in the autumn of the same year crossed the ocean for the fifth time. "*Macbeth*," "*King Arthur*," and "*The Corsican Brothers*" were among his offerings on this tour, although the people, as it turned out, were more eager to see his old standbys — "*The Merchant of Venice*," "*The Bells*," and "*The Lyons Mail*." The one act piece, "*The Story of Waterloo*,"—played here for the first time—also became a favorite. On his return to London, in the



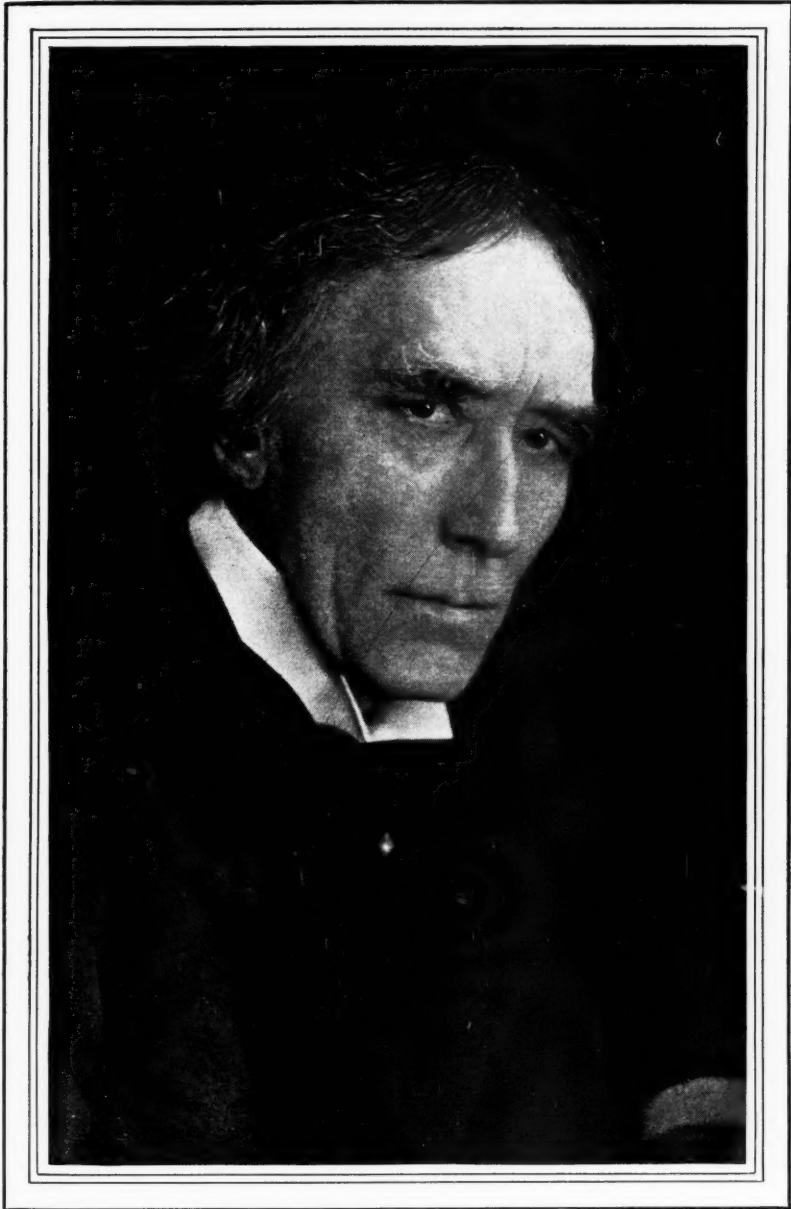
LUCIENNE BRÉVAL, SOPRANO OF THE GRAU GRAND OPERA COMPANY.

From her latest photograph—Copyright by Dupont, New York.



MILKA TERNINA, SOPRANO OF THE GRAU GRAND OPERA COMPANY.

From a photograph—Copyright by Dupont, New York.



HENRY IRVING, NOW ON HIS SEVENTH AMERICAN TOUR.

From his latest photograph—Copyright by E. M. Histed.

spring of '96, he made a production of "Richard III." Before Irving again came to America he had passed through a serious illness, so that a specially hearty greeting was extended when, in the autumn of 1899, he appeared at

the Knickerbocker in Sardou's "Robespierre." Although Sardou himself admits that he wrote the piece merely as a pot boiler and that he had no wish to see it performed, it served Irving as a splendid drawing card all through his



FLORENCE COLLINGBOURNE AS "SAN TOY," AT
THE LONDON DALY'S.

From a photograph by Ellis & Walery, London.



HENRIETTA CROSMAN AS "ROSALIND" IN "AS
YOU LIKE IT."

From a photograph by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.

sixth season in the States. On his present visit he brings no novelty, if one excepts "Madame Sans Gêne," in which neither Miss Terry nor himself is well suited. After his return to London in the spring, Irving intends to revive "Faust," with Cecilia Loftus as *Marguerite*.

ELLEN TERRY: A CHILD OF THE THEATER.

Irving comes of stock far removed from any connection with the playhouse. Ellen Terry, on the other hand, springs from a very hotbed of histrionic talent. Her father and mother were on a professional tour of the English provinces when she was born, February 27, 1848, at Coventry,

in a theatrical boarding house. Two weeks after this interesting event, Mrs. Benjamin Terry was able to join her husband on the road. Ellen's elder sister Kate became a distinguished member of the profession, and the third daughter, Marion, has been called the sweetest actress in England. The two brothers, Charles and Fred, are both well known in the calling, the one as manager, the other as actor.

Born and bred in such an atmosphere, it was to be expected that Ellen would begin her own career young. She was but seven when she appeared at the Princess Theater, London, as the child *Mamillius*, son to *King Leontes*, in "A Winter's Tale," under the management of Mrs.

Charles Kean (Ellen Tree). This same year (1856) Mr. Kean made his great production of "Midsummer Night's Dream," in which the child Ellen was cast for *Puck*.

(*Titania*) rushed to her side and stamped on the floor, but the trap only closed the tighter. Mrs. Kean then came to the rescue, had the foot released, and whispered to Ellen that if she would finish the



ELLEN TERRY AS SHE APPEARS IN THE FIRST ACT OF "MADAME SANS GÈNE."

From a photograph by Window & Grove, London.

While they were giving the piece in Edinburgh she had her first increase of salary, owing to a peculiar circumstance. When she came up through the stage in the last act, the stage hand closed the trap too quickly and caught *Puck's* toe. The child screamed, and her sister Kate

scene, she would see that her pay was doubled. The brave girl won her rise.

Her next part was the boy prince *Arthur* in "King John." At fourteen she played her first woman's part, *Hero*, in "Much Ado About Nothing." It was soon after this, when she was only sixteen,

that Miss Terry married Watts, the well known artist, and retired from the stage. But her love of it was too strong to be

turned to the stage as *Philippa Chester* in Charles Reade's "Wandering Jew." This was the character which opened the



ALICE NIELSEN, WHO HAS ANNOUNCED HER RETIREMENT FROM COMIC OPERA AND PLANS TO MAKE HER DÉBUT AS A CONCERT SINGER IN LONDON THIS MONTH.

From her latest photograph by Baker, Columbus.

satisfied with sitting in the stalls and watching others act, so three years later she was looking at the footlights again from their more brilliant side, as *Rose* in "The Double Marriage." On December 26 of the same year (1867) she and Henry Irving first played together in "The Taming of the Shrew." Again Miss Terry retired into private life, remaining away until 1874, when she re-

series of performances which she now threatens to close the coming spring.

In 1875 she played *Portia* to the *Shylock* of Charles Coglan under the Banerofts, and three years later, under the management of John Hare, created the part of *Olivia* in a new version of "The Vicar of Wakefield." On the 30th of December in this year (1878) Henry Irving assumed control of the Lyceum, and engaged Miss



FRANCES GAUNT, ON TOUR IN "BARBARA FRIETCHIE."

From a photograph by Gilbert.

Terry as his associate. Her first part was *Ophelia*. Her initial appearance in America was made as the *Queen* in "Charles I." October 30, 1883. Parts with which she has been especially associated and plays in which Irving does not appear are *Ellaline* in "The Amber Heart" (1887), *Nance Oldfield* (1890), and *Lady Soupire* in "Journeys End in Lovers Meeting" (1896). Her favorite rôles are *Ophelia* and *Beatrice*. The public agrees with her so far as the *Beatrice* is concerned, but is inclined to place *Portia* before the witless maid of "Hamlet."

It is but natural that Miss Terry should wish to rest on her laurels after so long a career. She has certainly won honorable discharge. Besides, in a day when it is so difficult to find any producible play, it is practically impossible to discover one with equally strong parts for both hero and heroine. Miss Terry has two children, both on the stage. Ailsa and Gordon Craig, the private name of the latter being Edward Wardell.

OPERA COMIQUE AND COMIC OPERA.

"It is rather hard to get the biggest prize of all only to hear it belittled by speeches such as that!" complained a singer to a friend one afternoon in Paris. "There's room for missionary work in the United States."

They were standing near one of the little kiosks on the boulevard. Two American youths, their hands in their pockets, were critically inspecting the yellow and white theater bills, with a view to ultimate selection. The remark that had called forth the young woman's indignant outburst had been made after a perusal of the advertisement of "Louise" at the Opéra Comique.

"There's the comic opera," said one. "That ought to be good sport."



GERTRUDE BENNETT, OF DANIEL FROHMAN'S STOCK COMPANY AT DALY'S.

From her latest photograph by Schloss, New York.



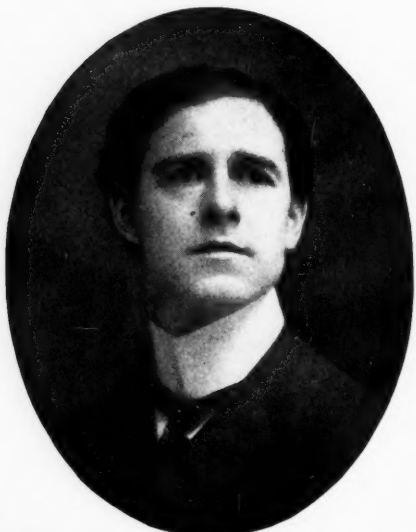
AUGUSTA GLOSE, WHO SINGS AT THE PIANO IN THE FIRST ACT OF "THE LIBERTY BELLES."

From a photograph by Hall, New York.



ELSIE FERGUSON, ONE OF THE SCHOOLGIRLS IN "THE LIBERTY BELLES."

From a photograph by Hall, New York.



SYDNEY BARRACLOUGH, ENGLISH TENOR, WITH ANNA HELD IN "THE LITTLE DUCHESS."

From a photograph by Willson, London.



GEORGE W. WILSON, WHO PLAYS "LOUIS XI" WITH SOTHERN IN "IF I WERE KING."

From a photograph by Bonsits, Fall River.

"The mistake is not uncommon," answered the singer's friend carelessly. "It is only the inevitable literal translation; that's all."

"It is common," she insisted, "and most natural. Nine out of ten Americans make it; and even the best informed of my friends are a little doubtful as to whether they really ought to congratulate me on getting in."

The matter interested the man, and on his return to the land of the free he began to look about him for the logical, rather than the literal, translation of the term in question. A public cannot be expected to comprehend a foreign institution unless it possesses an easily referable parallel at home. This he found did not exist. We in America have no *opéra comique*.

To begin with, there is the pink tight aggregation with the one sentimental song, the one topical song of endless encore, the comic ditties introductory of the principal characters, the funny man with the red nose, and the accurate male and female alternation across the stage at each finale. We all know "The Belle of New York," "The Idol's Eye," "The Runaway Girl," and the dozens of other girls—"Telephone," "from Paris," "from Up There" and elsewhere—who flash a very soubretish charm in needed assistance of tenuous voices. That is our true comic opera, the sort which the American youths anticipated in their literal translation of *opéra comique*. The French have that sort of thing also. Only, they label it *opéra bouffe*.

Then we have in graduation from the Casino type what may be called the Daly species, in which the music is a little better, the fun a trifle subtler, the setting somewhat more artistic, and the performers somewhat further removed from the music hall. Instance "San Toy" and "The Geisha." France offers this attraction also. She calls it *opéra bouffe* still, and it is a type that has more of permanency than with us. "La Belle Hélène," whose *première* dates in the haze of memory almost with Troy itself, still sees the crowded stalls of the Variétés from time to time.

And, lastly, we like to think ourselves a little less frivolous by enjoying and applauding productions such as "Robin Hood" and "Erminie." In our more virtuous moments we even drop the belittling adjective. It is no longer comic, but *light*, opera. And in France the significance translates easily and naturally

into the beloved *opérette*, of which excellent examples are always to be heard in the boulevard theaters.

There remains only our hall mark of musical culture, our shrine of genius, our temple of display, our beloved but sporadic institution which we, the public, generalize as grand opera. Edna May, Virginia Earl, Alice Nielsen, have the suffrage of our popular vogue, the blessing of our approval as actresses. Eames, Nordica, Calvé, move loftily and expensively in our adulation of their art, in consciousness of our free acknowledgment of them as artists. Those three, different in kind and in degree as their talents are, admirable and enjoyable as their performances may be, belong to the same genus. The others are of a different plane of artistic life.

The true translation of *opéra comique* is to be sought in our so called grand opera, and those who sing in *opéra comique* belong to the type of Eames, Nordica, Sembrich, and Calvé; therefore it will be seen that there was justification for the protest of the American singer in Paris. What we include in one term is in French divided into two departments. Our grand opera becomes with the French a double institution. When the dialogue is entirely sung the production falls into the *grand opéra* class. When part of the dialogue is spoken, it ranks as *opéra comique*. That is the sole distinction between the two. As matter of fact, the distinction originally sprang from the difference between two schools of music. In the old days *opéra comique* was Italian.

So at the Paris Opéra Comique one hears such productions as "Faust," "Carmen," "Mignon," "Lakmé," the works of Massenet, and the latest great success, Charpentier's "Louise," besides, of course, the numerous examples of the Italian school—"The Barber of Seville" and "The Marriage of Figaro." In the other branch of grand opera are "Aïda," "The Huguenots," the Wagner music dramas.

Both branches, in conjunction with the Comédie Française, are managed by the state, just as are the museums, the libraries, and the picture galleries. They are intended primarily for the encouragement of the dramatic and musical talents. The winner of the Prix de Rome in music, for instance, has a right to production at either the Grand or the Comique, as he may elect. The object secondarily is to furnish to the public at large the best music and the best drama possible.

To this end, a corps of singers and actors is paid good salaries under two and three year contracts. As the examinations necessary to enrollment are excessively severe, it is considered a supreme honor to be able to sign oneself "*de l'Opéra Comique*," or "*de la Comédie Française*."

For admittance to the ranks of singers, a public audition is held twice a month. The singing of two or three notes as a rule decides the candidate's fate.

"*Je vous remercie, mademoiselle*," says the polite examiner, and the unfortunate is bowed out.

Should, however, the voice give promise of possessing that rare quality of timbre and power which is imperatively demanded in the artistic capital of the world, its owner is passed on to a jury of three for more careful consideration. Not only must the natural gifts prove superlative, but the aspirant must give conclusive evidence of the long, careful training, the hard work, the intelligence in use, which indicate a finished singer of the highest type. The French national opera does not pretend to teach. It demands the best.

Naturally, but few are chosen. The staff of singers is not large, all things considered, and vacancies by death, illness, and defection seldom occur. A vast shifting population of students is waiting to fill the first opening. In the great *Quartier* there are over twenty thousand, of whom over one fourth are musical.

The high and uniform standard of perfection makes it exceedingly difficult for foreigners to succeed. French art aims at the perfect balance as well as the specially excellent. It does not tolerate an accent. Colloquially to learn a tongue is a difficult thing; but to acquire exactly the inflection and accent of a native is almost impossible. We all know how long the German burr sticks to the speech of our naturalized citizens—even when they have resided in the country many years. The foreign candidate in Paris, however, must accomplish the impossible before he can hope for consideration, no matter how glorious his voice. Nor is merely good everyday French sufficient. The stage requires a peculiar elocutionary exaggeration of accent, which the singer must study as diligently as he does the production of tones.

We need not wonder, then, that the French national stage shows few foreign names on its rolls. Neilson appears to have been the first to gain the honor. We may congratulate ourselves, however, on

the showing our young country has made in the heart breaking race for artistic recognition.

Five Americans have sung at the Comique. They are Sibyl Sanderson, Rose Redda, Fanchon Thompson, Mary Garden, and Claude Albright. Miss Sanderson has lately sung at the Opéra, and the two last named are on the present roster of the Comique. What makes the fact especially gratifying to the patriot is that but one other foreign country is represented—Denmark—in the single person of Mme. Acté.

In her examinations, which took place last spring, Miss Albright experienced a little triumph. Before the decision was announced she received flattering offers from outside managers. In conveying its verdict the committee expressed doubt as to her Americanism—"Because, mademoiselle, you have not even a suspicion of accent!" Her voice is a contralto. By way of an interesting corollary to the previous argument, Miss Albright could have made her début at the Grand Opéra, but preferred to begin at the Comique.

THE PLOT OF "DU BARRY."

"Du Barry" is not an entertaining play. It is absorbing, impressive, at points almost great, always scenically magnificent. No theatergoer can afford to miss it. All theatergoers will want to see it, for already the fame thereof has spread to the uttermost parts of stageland. But the theme is harrowing in the extreme. The contrast between the light hearted milliner's assistant of the first scene, and the frightened woman in the tumbrel of the last, means three hours of such culminating misery as few audiences have ever been called on to witness.

David Belasco, after finishing the writing of the play, began to make preparations for its production as long ago as last February. It will probably not be necessary for him to furnish Mrs. Carter with anything new for some years to come. Beside "Du Barry," "The Heart of Maryland" seems a trifle, and "Zaza" almost a side issue. To be sure, in the story he has been obliged to take liberties with history, but then the French kings did not at all times deport themselves for the especial benefit of the playwrights of a later century.

The first act reveals a milliner's shop in the Rue St. Honoré. The gowns of the women, the uniforms of the men, the ribbons and plumes and bonnets—all are in profusion and of the richest quality.

Here *Jeanette* is shown receiving attentions from *Cossé-Brissac*, of the King's Guard, with whom she finally promises to go into the country the following day. Meantime appears the *Marquise de Quesnoy*, the keeper of a gambling house, in search of a pretty face to lure trade. She and the *Comte Jean du Barry* invite *Jeanette* out to a balcony to see the king pass, and, her head turned by the honor, the girl foregoes her appointment with *Cossé*.

In the next act *Jeanette* is an inmate of the gambling rooms. Just such an interior has never before been shown on the stage. Everything about the apartment has an air of solidity, of permanence, to which, even in this age of extravagance in mounting, we are unaccustomed. But *Jeanette* is weary and disgusted with herself. She longs for her *Cossé*, the only being she has ever loved. That love is the purest thing about her. Suddenly *Cossé* comes to her, pleads with her, mesmerizes her. She is on the point of flying with him to a cottage in Saint Gervais, where the violets grow up to the very doorstep, when there enters the king, *Louis XV*, disguised as his own emissary. *Louis* has heard of the wonderful beauty at the gambling rooms, and has come to see for himself whether she would make a fitting successor to La Pompadour. But *Jeanette*, her head and heart full of *Cossé*, will not listen, and, finding that the doors are locked against her exit, raises a rumpus over the insult to her. Then the king dismisses his attendants and reveals his identity to the surprised girl. She is caught in his arms by *Cossé*. Thereupon the young guardsman leaves believing her evil. *Jeanette* tries in vain to call him back, and the curtain falls on her lamentations over the shattering of her dream of love.

A year elapses before she is found in her boudoir at Versailles. She has married, in *Maritana* fashion, *Jean du Barry's* dissolute brother *Guillaume*, to secure her entrée as a titled lady at court. The brother has been packed off to the country, out of the way. The only reason *Jean* does not marry the girl himself is the fact that already he has a wife. *Jeanette's* will in the matter is never once consulted; only her ambition is traded on. She is found now in her bedroom at the palace in Versailles, a veritable fairy bower, with a minion to answer her every beck and call, and the privilege to hold a reception without so much as lifting her head from her pillow.

Just as the gaming rooms had palled

upon her, so does this royal splendor. Her woman's heart cries out for the man she loves, and she has an affecting interview with *Cossé's* father, the *Duc de Brissac*, wherein she learns that her lover has been cast into prison by the king. *Cossé* escapes, and, mad with hatred of the monarch, comes to the palace of Versailles to murder him. On the balcony of *Du Barry's* room adjoining the king's cabinet he is shot by *Jean du Barry*. He reels in upon the astonished *Jeanette*, wounded and spent. There is a brief love scene between them, interrupted by the king, who demands an entrance.

On ascertaining who it is that knocks, *Cossé* springs for his sword and vows to kill the king. *Du Barry*, terrified, employing the only means she knows to silence him, strikes with all her might at his wound, so that he falls senseless on the bed. There is a moment in which she kisses him and murmurs her love. Then her instinct is all alert to find a hiding place. All the while *Louis* is rapping, demanding admittance.

At last, in desperation, *Du Barry* leaves *Cossé* where he has fallen on the bed, covers him with a heavy quilt, unlocks the private panel, creeps back to bed herself, and bids the king enter. *Louis* appears, mad with jealousy. A man has been seen to climb to *Du Barry's* balcony, to enter, and must be there now. "Well, then, search," she flouts him, and even suggests sarcastically that he may be in the bed. He is not found, and the private guards retire to look elsewhere. *Du Barry* then falls to kissing her lover, and is discovered in the act by *Jean*, who enters quietly. He demands two hundred thousand louis for his silence, and she pushes her treasure chest towards him.

The fourth act is laid in the royal gardens the same night, where *Du Barry* has promised to enact Folly at a fête. This is another superb setting, and affords opportunity for the culminating emotional scene of the play. *Du Barry* has been trying to get *Cossé* away with the aid of the few who are faithful to her—the papal nuncio and poor *Denys*. *Jean du Barry*, however, turns traitor to his word, and, in the midst of the revels, comes to the king with news of the hiding place of the man *Louis* is seeking. *Du Barry*, in despair, robbed of all hope of subterfuge, promises *Louis* that she will confess all, if only he will spare her lover's life. Finally the king consents. It is in this great episode that Mrs. Carter attains her triumph. When she tells the king that, do what he will, he cannot tear from

her heart the love that is there for *Cossé*, there is nobody left but Bernhardt with whom to compare her.

In the fifth act Belasco takes his audience over an interval of many years to the French Revolution, showing first the retreat in the woods, where *Du Barry* has retired and to which *Cossé* comes with the order of the Committee of Public Safety for her arrest. Then she is seen in her cell in the Conciergerie, at first supposing she will be pardoned, and then cowering in terror of death when the priest appears to hear her last confession.

The final scene is in many respects the greatest spectacular essay of the whole play. It shows the street in front of the milliner's shop, now barred because of the evil times. The curtain rises on a darkened stage, the soft gleam of falling snow alone being visible. Then comes daylight, and the mob waiting for the tumbrels to pass on their way to the guillotine. As the word flies from mouth to mouth that the cart bearing *Du Barry* is approaching, windows open everywhere—three, four stories up—and heads protrude, while vile epithets are hurled at the woman who is regarded as the type of luxury which the revolutionists are bent on destroying. The effect would be great were it not for the mysterious stoppage of the snow storm, the sudden out- roars and equally sudden silences of the crowd. They are disconcerting in their lack of realism where realism is everything.

After *Du Barry* no one will dispute Mrs. Carter's ranking as the greatest American actress now on the boards. Hamilton Revelle, the young Englishman, is a manly *Cossé*, and Charles A. Stevenson in every way satisfying as the king.

NOTES OF THE GRAND OPERA.

Mr. Grau said last spring that he will not give a season in 1902-1903, so what may be New York's last term of grand opera for two years was begun at the Metropolitan on December 23. Strange to say, neither "*Faust*" nor "*Romeo and Juliet*" was selected for the opening bill. Wagner had the place of honor, with "*Tristan and Isolde*," and Milka Ternina was the *Isolde*.

This is the rôle in which Mme. Ternina made a hit at the Metropolitan with the Grau forces in March, 1900. She is a native of Croatia, and was educated for opera at the Conservatory in Vienna. Her début was made at Leipsic, as *Elizabeth*

in "Tannhauser," in 1883. After four seasons at the opera house in Bremen, she went to the Court Theater in Munich, where she sang *Isolde* for the first time. Her first appearance in America took place in Boston, in February, 1896, with the Damrosch Opera Company. With the same organization she sang *Elsa* in "*Lohengrin*" at the Academy of Music, New York, in the March of the same year. Mme. Ternina returned again to this country two years later with the Damrosch-Ellis troupe, but illness prevented her from singing.

Mlle. Bréval, from the Paris Grand Opéra, who made her American début last winter, is back again. So is Dippel, the faithful tenor who has pulled Mr. Grau out of many a deep hole. Dippel was a member of the German company at the Metropolitan before the days of Abbey and Grau. Since then he has sung at Stuttgart and Vienna. *Siegfried* is his long suit.

Calvé is back, and Eames and Sembrich—all big cards, and the tenor Alvarez is here again. He was heard only briefly a season or two ago. Jean de Reszke is absent—the great, money drawing Jean—although brother Édouard is on hand once more. Jean is in Paris for a special series of performances, and is enjoying the triumph of Bessie Abbott, an American protégée of his, who made a hit as *Juliette* at the Grand Opéra early in December. Miss Abbott is one of the twin sisters Abbott who sang popular ballads in "Little Christopher" five years ago.

THE KING IN "IF I WERE KING."

In his time George W. Wilson has played five hundred different rôles, ranging all the way from *Bunthorne* in "*Patience*" to *Dr. Pangloss* in "*The Heir at Law*." He has supported Edwin Booth, Charlotte Cushman, Adelaide Neilson, Frank Chanfrau, John T. Raymond, Fechter, and McCullough.

Mr. Wilson's father, a strict Methodist, intended his son for the ministry, and it was a terrible blow to him when he went on the stage. But the instinct to act appeared to be born in the boy. It found its first outlet in an amateur dramatic association connected with the Mercantile Library. The manager of a traveling company from the Boston Theater saw young Wilson act in one of these performances and made him an offer for the professional stage. He acted for twenty one years in Boston, sixteen of them with the old Museum stock, which went out of existence in the latter nineties.

THE SHADOW OF THE LAW.*

BY ERNEST W. HORNUNG.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

WHEN the people of Delverton, in the north of England, learn that Mr. John Buchanan Steel, the richest and most prominent man in the parish, has married a woman unknown to them, while traveling in Italy, they are much wrought up, and a few, including the wealthy Mrs. Venables, discuss the advisability of refraining from calling on her. The vicar, Mr. Woodgate, and his young wife, however, declare their intention of receiving the newcomer cordially; and when, soon afterwards, the magnate and his wife, Rachel, take possession of their palatial mansion, most of their neighbors try to outdo one another in their efforts to appear cordial. Rachel has been somewhat apprehensive as to her reception, and as to the course she would better pursue; for she became Mr. Steel's wife after an extremely short acquaintance, and immediately after her acquittal of the charge of murdering her first husband. Indeed, she consented to marry Steel principally because of her forlorn condition, and neither of them professed to be in love with each other in the least. But while her husband is kind and generous, and permits her to keep to herself, she soon finds the constraint between them irksome. She conceives the idea that a tragic secret lies in Steel's buried past, and this belief is accentuated by his treatment of a trampish individual who comes upon the estate. Langholm, a visitor at the Steels', tells of seeing this man in the vicinity, and of hearing him announce that he was "knocking down his check"—an Australian term for collecting arrears of wages in a lump sum, as Rachel knows, for she was brought up in Australia.

XII (Continued).

"I was at the Packhorse, on the York Road," said Langholm. "I came that way 'round for the sake of the surface and the exercise."

"And did you see the check?"

"No, I only stopped for a moment to find out what the excitement was about; but the fellow I can see now. You never set eyes on such a pirate—gloriously drunk, and bearded to the belt. I didn't stop, because he was lacing into everybody with a cushion, and the local loafers seemed to like it."

"What a joke!" cried Sibyl Venables.

"There is no accounting for taste," remarked her sapient sister.

"And he was belaboring them with a cushion, did you say, Mr. Langholm?" added Rachel, with the slightest emphasis upon the noun.

"Well, it looked like one to me," replied Langholm; "but, on second thoughts, it was more like a bolster in shape. And now I know what it was; it has just dawned on me; it looked like a bolster done up in a blanket, but it was the swag that the tramps carry in Australia, with all their earthly goods rolled up in their bedding; and the fellow was an Australian swagsman, that's what he was!"

"Swagsman," corrected Rachel instinctively. "And pray what color was the blanket?" she made haste to add.

"Faded blue."

And, again from sheer force of instinct, Rachel gave a nod.

"Were you ever out there, Mrs. Steel?" inquired Langholm carelessly. "I never was, but that sort of thing has been done to death in books, and I only wonder I didn't recognize it at once. Well, it was the last type one thought to meet with in broad daylight on an English country road."

Had Langholm realized that he had put a question which he had no business to put? Had he convicted himself of a direct, though unintentional, attempt to prove the mystery of his hostess' antecedents, and were his subsequent observations designed to unsay that question in effect? If so, there was no such delicacy in the elder Miss Venables, who became quite animated at the sudden change in Rachel's face, and at her own perception of the cause.

"Have you been to Australia, Mrs. Steel?" repeated Vera, looking Rachel full in the eyes; and she added slyly, "I believe you have!"

There was a moment's pause, and then a crisp step rang upon the marble as Mr. Steel emerged from his study.

"Australia, my dear Miss Venables," said he, "is the one country that neither my wife nor I have ever visited in our lives, and the last one that either of us has the least curiosity to see."

* Copyright, 1901, by Ernest W. Hornung.—This story began in the October number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

And he took his seat among them with a smile.

XIII.

It was that discomfort to man, that cruelty to beast, that outrage by unnatural Nature upon all her children—a bitter summer's day. The wind was in the east; great swollen clouds wallowed across the sky, now without a drop, now breaking into capricious showers of stinging rain; and a very occasional burst of sunlight served only to emphasize the evil by reminding one of the season it really was, or should have been, even if it did not entice one to the wetting which was the surest reward of a walk abroad. The Delverton air was strong and bracing enough, but the patron wind of the district bit to the bone through garments never intended for winter wear.

On such a day there could be few more undesirable abodes than Normanthorpe House, with its marble floors, its high ceilings, and its general scheme of Italian coolness and discomfort. It was Tuesday, when Mr. Steel usually amused himself by going on 'change in Northborough, and lunching there at the Delverton Club. Rachel was thus not only physically chilled and depressed, but thrown upon her own society at its worst; and she missed that of her husband more than she was aware.

Once she had been a bright and energetic young woman, with plenty of resources within herself; now she had singularly few. She was distraught and uneasy in her mind, could settle less and less to her singing or a book, and was the victim of an increasing restlessness of mind and limb. Others did not see it—she had self control—but repression was no cure. And for all this there were reasons enough, but the fear of identification by the neighbors as the notorious Mrs. Minchin was no longer one of them.

No; it was her own life, root and branch, that had grown into the upas tree which was poisoning existence for Rachel Steel. She was being punished for her second marriage as she had been punished for her first, only more deservedly, and with more subtle stripes. Each day brought a dozen tokens of the anomalous position which she had accepted in the madness of an hour of utter recklessness and desperation. She was not mistress in her own house, nor did she feel for a moment that it was her own house at all. Everything was done for her; a skilled

housekeeper settled the smallest details; and that these were perfect alike in arrangement and execution, that the said housekeeper was a woman of irreproachable tact and capability, and that she herself had never an excuse for concrete complaint, formed a growing, though intangible, grievance in Rachel's mind. She had not felt it at first. She had changed in these summer months. She wanted to be more like other wives. There was Morna Woodgate, with the work cut out for every hour of her full and happy days; but Morna had not made an anomalous marriage—Morna had married for love.

And today there was not even Morna to come and see her or for her to go and see, for Tuesday afternoon was not one of the few upon which the vicar's wife had no settled duty or occupation in the parish. Rachel so envied her the way in which she helped her husband in his work; she had tried to help also, in a desultory way; but it is one thing to do a thing because it is a duty, and another thing to do it for something to do, as Rachel soon found out. Besides, Hugh Woodgate was not her husband. Rachel had the right feeling to abandon those half hearted attempts at personal recreation in the guise of good works, and the courage to give Morna her reasons; but she almost regretted it this afternoon.

She had explored for the twentieth time that strange treasury known as the Chinese Room, a state apartment filled with loot brought home from the Flowery Land by a naval scion of the house of Normanthorpe, and somewhat cynically included in the sale. The idols only leered in Rachel's face, and the cabinets of grotesque design were unprovided with any key to their history or former uses. In sheer desperation, Rachel betook herself to her husband's study; it was the first time she had crossed that threshold in his absence, but within were the books, and a book she must have.

These also had been purchased with the house. With few exceptions, they were ancient books in battered calf, which Steel had stigmatized as "musty trash" once when Rachel had asked if she might take one. She had not made that request again; indeed, it was seldom enough that she had set foot inside the spacious room which the old books lined, and in which the master of the house disliked being disturbed; and yet it was anything but trash which she now discovered upon the dusty shelves.

There were "Tom Jones" in four vol-

umes, and *The Spectator* in eight, "Gil Blas" and the works of Swift, all with the long s and backs like polished oak; in the lower shelves were Hogarth and Gilray in rare quartos; at every level and on either hand were books worth taking out. But this was almost all that Rachel did; she took them out and put them in again, for that was her unsettled mood. She spent some minutes over the Swifts, but was not sufficiently attracted to march off with them. The quaint obsolete type of the various volumes attracted her more as a curiosity than as readable print; the bitter satires of the early masters of caricature and cartoon did not attract her at all. Rachel's upbringing had deprived her of the traditions, the superstitions, and the shibboleths which are at once a strength and a weakness of the ordinary English education; if, however, she was too much inclined to take a world's masterpiece exactly as she found it, her taste, such as it was, at all events was her own.

She had naturally an open mind, but it was not open now; it was full and running over with the mysteries and the perplexities of her own environment. Books would not take her out of herself. In them she could not hope to find a key to any one of the problems within problems which beset and tortured her. So she ran her hand along the dusty books, little dreaming that the key was there all the time; so in the end, and quite by chance, but for the fact that she was dipping into so many—so in the end she took out the right book, and started backward with it in her hand.

The book was the "Faërie Queene," and Rachel had extracted it in a Gothic spirit because she had once heard that very few living persons had read it from end to end; since she could not become interested in anything, she might as well be thoroughly bored. But the volume proved to be a dummy, and in the dark slit from which it came something shone like a little new moon. Rachel put in her hand and felt a small brass handle; to turn and pull it was the work of her hand without a guiding thought; but when tiers of books came towards her with the opening door, which they hid, it was not in human nature to shut that door again without so much as peeping in.

Rachel first peeped, then stepped, into a secret chamber as disappointing at the first glance as such a place could possibly be. It was deep in dust, and filled with packing cases not half unpacked—a

lumber room and nothing more. The door swung to with a click behind her as Rachel stood in the midst of this uninteresting litter, and instinctively she turned round. That instant she stood rooted to the ground, her eyes staring, her chin fallen, a terrible fear in every feature of her face.

It was not that her second husband had followed and discovered her; it was the face of her first husband that looked upon Rachel Steel, his bold eyes staring into hers through the broken glass of a fly blown picture frame behind the door.

The portrait was not hanging from the wall, but resting against it on the floor. It was a photographic enlargement in colors, and the tinted eyes looked up at Rachel with all the bold assurance that she remembered so keenly in the perished flesh. She had not an instant's doubt about those eyes—they spoke in a way that made her shiver, and yet the photograph was that of a much younger man than she had married. It was Alexander Minchin with mutton chop whiskers, his hair parted in the middle, and the kind of pin in the kind of tie which had been practically obsolete for years; it was none the less indubitably and indisputably Alexander Minchin.

And indeed that fact alone was enough to shake Rachel's nerves; her discovery had all the shock of an unwelcome encounter with the living. But it was the gradual appreciation of the true significance of her discovery that redoubled Rachel's qualms even as she was beginning to get the better of them. So they had been friends—her first husband and her second! Rachel stooped and looked hard at the enlargement, and there, sure enough, was the photographer's imprint. Yes, they had been friends in Australia—that country which John Buchanan Steel elaborately and repeatedly pretended never to have visited in all his travels!

Rachel could have smiled as she drew herself up with this point settled in her mind forever; why, the room reeked of Australia! These cases, which had never been properly unpacked—they were overflowing with memorials of the life which she herself knew so well. Here a sheaf of boomerangs was peeping out; there was an old gray wide awake, with a blue silk fly veil coiled above the brim; that was an Australian saddle; and those glass cases contained samples of merino wool. So it was in Australia, as a squatter, that Steel had made his fortune! But why suppress a fact so free from all discredit?

These were just the relics of a bush life which a departing colonist might care to bring home with him to the old country. Then why cast them into a secret lumber room whose very existence was unknown to the old Australian's Australian wife?

Rachel felt her brain reeling; and yet she was thankful for the light which had been vouchsafed to her at last. It was but a lantern flash through the darkness, which seemed the more opaque for that one thin beam of light, but it was something—a beginning—a clue. For the rest, she was going straight to the man who had kept her so long in such unnecessary ignorance.

Why had he not told her about Australia, at all events? What conceivable harm could that have done? It would have been the strongest possible bond between them. But Rachel went further as she thought more. Why not have told her frankly that he had known Alexander Minchin years before she did herself? It would have made no difference after Alexander Minchin's death; then why had he kept the fact so jealously to himself? And the dead man's painted eyes answered, "Why?" with the bold and mocking look his wife could not forget—a look which at that moment assumed a weird and sinister significance in her sight.

Rachel looked upward through the window, which was barred and almost totally eclipsed by shrubs; but a clout of sky was just visible under the architrave. It was a very gray sky; gray also was Rachel's face in the sudden grip of horror and surmise. Then a ragged edge of cloud caught golden fire, a glimmer found its way into the dust and dirt of the secret chamber, and Rachel relaxed with a slight smile but an exceedingly decided shake of the head. Thereafter she escaped incontinently, but successfully, as she had entered, closed the hidden door behind her, and restored the "Faërie Queene" very carefully to its place. Rachel no longer proposed to join the select band of those who have read that epic through.

XIV.

SHE went to her own rooms to think and to decide; and what she first thought and then decided was sensible enough. She was thankful she had not been caught, like *Fatima*, in the forbidden room; not that she lacked the courage to meet the consequences of her acts, but it would have put her in the wrong, and at a disadvantage, at the first crash of battle.

And a battle royal Rachel quite expected. She had not the faintest intention of disguising what she had done; but it was her husband who was to be taken aback, for once.

The Steels dined alone, as usual, or as much alone as a man and his wife with a butler and two footmen are permitted to be at their meals. Steel was at his best after these jaunts of his to Northborough and the club. He would come home with the latest news from that center of the universe, the latest gossip which had gone the rounds on 'Change and at lunch, the newest stories of Mr. Venables and his friends, which were invariably reproduced for Rachel's benefit with that slight but unmistakable local accent of which these gentry were themselves all unconscious. Steel had a wicked wit, and Rachel, as a rule, a sufficiently appreciative smile; but this was tonight either lacking altogether or of an unconvincing character. Rachel could never pretend, and her first spontaneous remark was when her glass filled up with froth.

"Champagne!" said she, for they seldom drank it.

"It has been such a wretched day," observed Steel, "that I ordered it medicinally. I am afraid it must have been perishing here, as it was in the town. This is to restore your circulation."

"My circulation is all right," answered Rachel, too honest even to smile upon the man with whom she was going to war. "I felt cold all the morning, but I have been warm enough since the afternoon."

And that was very true, for excitement had made her blood run hot in every vein; nor had Rachel often been more handsome, or less lovely, than she was tonight with her firm lip and her brooding eye.

"There was another reason for the champagne," resumed her husband, very frankly for him, when at last they had the drawingroom to themselves. "I am in disgrace with you, I believe; and I want to hear from you what I have done."

"It is what you have not done," returned Rachel, as she stood imperiously before the lighted fire; and her bosom rose and fell, white as the ornate mantelpiece of Parian marble which gleamed behind her.

"And what, may I ask, is my latest sin of omission?"

Rachel rushed at the point with a passionate directness that did her no discredit.

"Why have you pretended all these months that you never were in Australia

in your life? Why did you never tell me that you knew Alexander Minchin out there?"

And she held her breath against the worst that he could do; for she was well prepared for him to lose first his color, and then the temper which he had never lost since she had known him; to fly into a fury; to curse her up hill and down dale; in short, to behave as John Buchanan Steel had never behaved before. What his wife did not anticipate was a smile that cloaked not one conceivable particle of surprise, and the little cocksure bow that accompanied the smile.

"So you have found it out?" said he, and his smile only ended as he sipped his coffee; even then there was no end to it in his eyes.

"This afternoon," said Rachel, disconcerted but not undone.

"Bypoking your nose into places which you would not think of approaching in my presence?"

"By the merest accident in the world!"

And Rachel described the accident, truth flashing from her eyes. In an instant her husband's face changed, the smile went out, but it was no frown that came in its stead.

"I beg your pardon, Rachel," said he earnestly. "I suppose," he added, "that a man may call his wife by her Christian name for once, in a way? I did so, however, without thinking, and because I really do most humbly beg your pardon for an injustice which I have done you for some hours in my own mind. I came home between three and four, and I heard you were in my study. You were not, but that book was out; and then of course I knew where you were. My hand was on the knob, but I drew it back. I wondered if you would have the pluck to do the tackling. And I apologize again," Steel concluded, "for I knew you quite well enough to have also known that at least there was no question about your courage."

"Then," said Rachel impulsively, after having made up her mind to ignore these compliments—"then I think you might at least be candid with me!"

"And am I not?" he cried. "Have I denied that the portrait you saw is indeed the portrait of Alexander Minchin? And yet how easy that would have been. It was taken long before you knew him; he must have altered considerably after that. Or I might have known him under another name. But no; I tell you honestly that your first husband was a very dear

friend of mine. Did you hear me?" he added, with one of his sudden changes of tone and manner. "A very dear friend, I said, for that he undoubtedly was; but was I going to ask you to marry a very dear friend of the man who deteriorated so terribly, and who treated you so ill?"

Delivered in the most natural manner imaginable, with the quiet confidence of which this man was full, and followed by a smile of conscious, yet not unkindly, triumph, this argument, like most that fell from his lips upon her ears, was invested with a value out of all proportion to its real worth; and Steel clinched it with one of those homely saws which are not disclaimed by makers of speeches the wide world over.

"Could you really think," he added, with one of his rarest and most winning smiles, "that I should be such a fool as to invite you to step out of the frying pan into the fire?"

Rachel felt for a moment that she would like to say it was exactly what she had done; but even in that moment she perceived that such a statement would have been very far from the truth. And her nature was large enough to refrain from the momentary gratification of a bitter repartee. But he was too clever for her; that she did feel, whatever else he might be, and her only chance was to return to the plain questions with which she had started, demanding answers as plain. Rachel led up to them, however, with one or two of which she already knew the answer, thus preparing for her spring in quite the Old Bailey manner, which she had mastered subconsciously at her trial, and which for once was to profit a prisoner at the bar.

"Yet you don't any longer deny that you have been to Australia?" she said.

"It is useless. I lived there for years."

"And you admit that you knew Alexander quite well out there?"

"Most intimately—in the Riverina, some fifteen or twenty years ago; he was on my station as almost everything a gentleman could be, up to overseer; and by that time he was half a son to me, and half a younger brother."

"But no relation, as a matter of fact?"

"None whatever, but my very familiar friend, as I have already told you."

"Then why in the world," Rachel almost thundered, "could you not tell me so in the beginning?"

"That is a question I have already answered."

"Then I have another. Why so often and so systematically pretend that you never were in Australia at all?"

"That is a question which I implore you not to press!"

The two answers, so like each other in verbal form, were utterly dissimilar in the manner of their utterance. Suddenly, and for the first time in all her knowledge of him, his cynical aplomb had fallen from the man like a garment; one moment he was brazening past deceit with a smiling face, the next he was in earnest, even he, and that mocking voice vibrated with deep feeling.

"I should have thought all the more of you for being an Australian," continued Rachel, vaguely touched at the change in him—"I who am proud of being one myself. What harm could it have done—my knowing that?"

"You are not the only one from whom I have hidden it," said Steel, still in a low and altered voice.

"Yet you brought home all those keepsakes of the bush."

"But I thought better of them, and have never even unpacked them all, as you must have seen for yourself."

"Yet your mysterious visitor of the other day—"

"Another Australian, of course; indeed, another man who worked upon my own run."

"And he knows why you don't want it known over here?"

"He does," said Steel, with grim brevity.

Rachel moved forward and pressed his hand impulsively. To her surprise, the pressure was returned. That instant their hands fell apart.

"I beg your pardon in my turn," she said. "I can only promise you that I will never again reopen that wound, whatever it may be, and I won't even try to guess. I undertook not to try to probe your past, and I will keep my undertaking in the main; but where it impinges upon my own past I simply cannot! You say you were my first husband's close friend," added Rachel, looking her second husband more squarely than ever in the eyes. "Was that what brought you to my trial for his murder?"

He returned her look.

"It was."

"Was that what made you wish to marry me yourself?"

No answer, but his assurance coming back, as he stood looking at her under beetling eyebrows, over black arms folded

across a snowy shirt. It was the wrong moment for the old Adam's return, for Rachel had reached the point upon which she most passionately desired enlightenment.

"I want to know," she cried, "and I insist on knowing, what first put it into your head or your heart to marry me—all but convicted——"

Steel held up his hand, glancing in apprehension towards the door.

"I have told you so often," he said, "and your glass tells you whenever you look into it. I sat within a few feet of you for the inside of a week!"

"But that is not true," she told him quietly. "Trust a woman to know, if it were."

In the white glare of the electric light he seemed for once to change color slightly.

"If you will not accept my word," he answered, "there is no more to be said;" and he switched off a bunch of the lights that had beaten too fiercely upon him. But it only looked as if he was about to end his interview.

"You have admitted so many untruths in the last half hour," pursued Rachel in a thrilling voice, "that you ought not to be hurt if I suspect you of another. Come! Can you look me in the face and tell me that you married me for love? No, you turn away—because you cannot! Then will you in God's name tell me why you did marry me?"

And she followed him with clasped hands, her beautiful eyes filled with tears, her white throat quivering with sobs, until suddenly he turned upon her as though in self defense.

"No, I will not!" he cried. "Since the answer I have given you, and the obvious answer, is not good enough for you, the best thing you can do is to find out for yourself."

A sinister look came into Rachel's eyes as they rested upon the smooth face so unusually agitated beneath the smooth, silvery hair.

"I will!" she answered through her teeth. "I shall take you at your word, and find out for myself. I will!"

And she swept past him out of the room.

XV.

THERE was now an open breach between the Steels, but no third person would have discerned any difference in their relations. It was a mere snapping of the

threads across the chasm which had always separated Rachel from her second husband. The chasm had been plain enough to those who came much in contact with the pair, but the little threads of sympathy were invisible to the naked eye of ordinary observation. There was thus no outward change, for neither was there any outward rupture. It takes two to quarrel, and Steel imperturbably refused to make one. Rachel might be as trying as she pleased, no repulse depressed, no caprice annoyed, him; and this insensibility was not the least of Steel's offenses in the now jaundiced eyes of his wife.

Rachel felt as bitter as one only does against those who have inspired some softer feeling; the poison of misplaced confidence rankled in her blood. Her husband had told her much, but it was not enough for Rachel, and the little he refused to tell eliminated all the rest from her mind. There was no merit even in such frankness as he had shown, since her own accidental discoveries had forced some measure of honesty upon him. After all, he had admitted nothing which she could not have deduced from that which she had found out for herself, and Rachel felt as far as ever from any satisfactory clue to his mysterious reason for ever wishing to marry her. There lay the kernel of the whole matter, there the problem that she meant to solve. If her first husband was at the bottom of it, no matter how indirectly, and if she had been married for the dead man's sake—to give his widow a home—then Rachel felt that the last affront had been put upon her, and she would leave this man as she had been within an ace of leaving his friend. So ran the wild and unreasonable tenor of her thoughts. He had not married her for her own sake; it was not she herself who had appealed to him, after all. Curiosity might consume her, and a sense of deepening mystery add terrors of its own, but the other feeling was stronger than either of these, and would have afforded as strange a revelation as any, had Rachel dared to look deeper into her own heart.

If, on the other hand, she had some conception of the truth about herself, it would scarcely lessen her bitterness against one who inspired in her emotions at once so complex and so painful. Suffice it that this bitterness was extreme in the days immediately following the scene between Rachel and her husband in the drawingroom after dinner. It was also unconcealed, and must have been the

cause of many another such scene but for the imperturbable temper and the singularly ruly tongue of John Buchanan Steel. And then, in those same days, there fell the two social events to which the bidden guests had been looking forward for weeks, and of which the whole neighborhood was to talk for years.

On the tenth of August the Uniackes were giving a great garden party at Hornby Manor, while the eleventh was the date of the first real dinner party for which the Steels had issued invitations to Normanthorpe House.

The tenth was an ideal August day—a deep blue sky, trees still untarnished in the hardy northern air, and black shadows under the trees. Rachel made herself ready before lunch, to which she came down looking quite lovely in blue as joyous as the sky's, to find her husband as fully prepared, and not less becomingly attired, in a gray frock coat without a ripple. They looked critically at each other for an instant, and then Steel said something pleasant, to which Rachel made practically no reply. They ate their lunch in a silence broken good naturedly at intervals from one end of the table only. Then the Woodgates arrived, to drive with them to Hornby, which was some seven or eight miles away; and the Normanthorpe landau and pair started with all four of them shortly after three o'clock.

Morning, noon, and afternoon of this same tenth of August Charles Langholm, the minor novelist, never lifted his unkempt head from the old bureau at which he worked beside an open window overlooking his cottage garden. A tumbler of his beloved roses stood in one corner of the writing space, up to the cuts in manuscript, and roses still ungathered peeped above the window sill and drooped from either side. But Langholm had a soul far below roses at the present moment; his neatly numbered sheets of ruled sermon paper were nearing the five hundredth page; his hero and his heroine were in the full sweep of those emotional explanations which they had ingeniously avoided for the last three hundred, at least; in a word, Charles Langholm's new novel is being finished while you wait. It is not one of his best; yet a moment ago there was a tear in his eye, and now he is grinning like a child at play. And at play he is, though he be paid for playing, and though the game is only being won after weeks and months of up hill labor and down hill joy.

At last there is the final ticking of inverted commas, and Charles Langholm inscribes the autograph for which he is importuned once in a blue moon, and which the printer will certainly not set up at the foot of the last page; but the thing is done, and the doer must needs set his hand to it out of pure and unusual satisfaction with himself. And so, thank God!

Langholm rose stiffly from the old bureau where, at his best, he could lose all sense of time; for the moment he was bent double; and faint with fasting, because it was his mischievous rule to reach a given point before submitting to the physical and mental distraction of a meal. But today's given point had been the end of his book, and for some happy minutes Langholm fed on his elation. It was done at last—another novel, and not such a bad one after all. Not his best by any means, but, perhaps, still further from being his worst; and, at all events, the thing was done. Langholm could scarcely grasp that fact, though there was the last page just dry upon the bureau, and most of the rest lying about the room in galley proofs or in type written sheets. Moreover, the publishers were pleased; that was the joke. It was nothing less to Langholm when he reflected that the final stimulus to finish this book had been the prospect and determination of at last writing one to please himself. And this reflection brought him down from his rosy clouds.

It was the day of the Uniackes' garden party; they had actually asked the poor author, and the poor author had intended to go. Not that he either shone or reveled in society; but Mrs. Steel would be there, and he burned to tell her that he had finished his book, and was at last free to tackle hers—for hers at bottom it would be—the great novel by which the name of Langholm was to live, which he was to found by Rachel Steel's advice upon the case of her namesake, Rachel Minchin.

The coincident of the Christian names had naturally struck the novelist, but no suspicion of the truth had crossed a mind too skilled in the construction of dramatic situations to dream of stumbling into one ready made. It was thus, with a heart as light as a feather, that Langholm made a rapid and unwholesome meal, followed by a deliberate and painstaking toilet, after which he proceeded at a prudent pace upon his bicycle to Hornby Manor.

Flags were drooping from their poles, a

band clashing fitfully through the sleepy August air, and carriages still sweeping into the long drive when Langholm also made his humble advent. He was a little uneasy and self conscious, and annoyed with his own anxiety to impart his tidings to Mrs. Steel, but for whom he would probably have stayed at home. His eye sought her eagerly as he set foot upon the lawn, having left his bicycle at the stables and carefully removed the clips from his trousers, but before his vigilance could be rewarded he was despatched by his hostess to the tea tent, in charge of a very young lady, detached for the nonce from the wing of a gaunt old gentleman with side whiskers and lantern jaws.

Fresh from his fagging task, Langholm did not know what on earth to say to the pretty schoolgirl, whose own shyness reacted on himself; but he was doing his best, and atoning in attentiveness for his shortcomings as a companion, when in the tent he had to apologize to a lady in blue who turned out to be Rachel herself, with Hugh Woodgate at her side.

"Oh, no, we live in London," the young girl was saying; "only, I go to the same school as Ida Uniacke, and I am staying here on a visit."

"I've finished it," whispered Langholm to Rachel, "this very afternoon; and now I'm ready for yours! I see," he added, dropping back into the attitude of respectful interest in the young girl—"only on a visit; and who was the old gentleman from whom I tore you away?"

The child laughed merrily.

"That was my father," she said; "but he is only here on his way from Newcastle to Leeds."

"You mustn't call it my book," remonstrated Rachel, while Woodgate waited upon both ladies.

"But it was you who gave me the idea of writing a novel round Mrs. Minchin."

"I don't think I did. I am quite sure it was your own idea. But one book at a time. Surely you will take a rest?"

"I shall correct this thing. It will depress me to the verge of suicide. Then I shall fall to upon my *magnum opus*."

"You really think it will be that?"

"It should be mine. It isn't saying much, but I never had such a plot as you have given me!"

Rachel shook her head in a last disclaimer as she moved away with the vicar of Marley.

"Oh, Mr. Langholm, do you write books?" asked the schoolgirl, with round blue eyes.

"For my sins," he confessed. "But do you prefer an ice or more strawberries and cream?"

"Neither, thank you. I've been here before," the young girl said, with a jolly smile. "But I didn't know I should come back with an author!"

"Then we'll go out into the open air," the author said, and they followed Rachel at but a few yards' distance.

It was a picturesque, if an aimless, pageant—the smart frocks sweeping the smooth sward, the pretty parasols with the prettier faces underneath, the well set up and well dressed men, with the old gray manor rising upon an eminence in the background, and a dazzling splash of scarlet and of brass somewhere under the trees. The band was playing selections from "The Geisha" as Langholm emerged from the tea tent in Rachel's wake. Mrs. Venables was maneuvering her two highly marriageable girls in opposite quarters of the field, and had only her own indefatigable generalship to thank for what it lost her upon this occasion. Mr. Steel and Mrs. Woodgate apparently missed the same thing through wandering idly in the direction of the band; but the tableau might have been arranged for the express benefit of Charles Langholm and the young lady upon whom he had been dancing laborious attendance.

Mrs. Uniacke had stepped apart from the tall old gentleman with the side whiskers, to whom she had been talking for some time, and had intercepted Rachel as she was passing on with Hugh Woodgate.

"Wait while I introduce you to my most distinguished guest—or rawther him to you," whispered Mrs. Uniacke, with the Irish brogue which rendered her lightest observation a delight to the appreciative. "Sir Baldwin Gibson—Mrs. Steel."

Langholm and the little Miss Gibson were standing close behind, and the trained eye of the habitual observer took in every detail of a scene which he never forgot. Handsome Mrs. Uniacke was clinching the introduction with a smile which ended in a swift expression of surprise. Sir Baldwin had drawn instinctively backwards, his hand half way to his hat, his lantern jaws fallen suddenly apart. Mrs. Steel, though slower at her part of the obvious recognition, was only a second slower, and thereupon stood abashed and ashamed in the eyes of all who saw; but only for another second at the most; then Sir Baldwin Gibson not only raised his hat, but held out his hand

in a fatherly way, and as she took it Rachel's color changed from livid white to ruby red.

Yet even Rachel was mistress of herself so quickly that the one or two eye witnesses of this scene, such as Mrs. Uniacke and Charles Langholm, who saw that it had a serious meaning, without dreaming what that meaning was, were each in hopes that no one else had seen as much as they. Sir Baldwin plunged at once into amiable and fluent conversation, and before many moments Rachel's replies were infected with an approximate assurance and ease; then Langholm turned to his juvenile companion, and put a question in the form of a fib.

"So that is your father?" said he. "I seem, do you know, to know his face?"

Little Miss Gibson fell an easy prey.

"You probably do; he is the judge, you know."

"The judge, is he?"

"Yes; and I wanted to ask you something just now in the tent. Did you mean the Mrs. Minchin who was tried for murder, when you were talking about your plot?"

Langholm experienced an unforeseen shock from head to heel; he could only nod.

"He was the judge who tried her," the schoolgirl said, with pardonable pride.

A lady joined them as they spoke.

"Do you really mean that that is Mr. Justice Gibson, who tried Mrs. Minchin at the Old Bailey last November?"

"Yes—my father," said the happy child.

"What a very singular thing! How do you do, Mr. Langholm? I didn't see it was you."

And Langholm found himself shaking hands with the aquiline lady to whom he had talked so little at the Upthorpe dinner party. She took her revenge by giving him only the tips of her fingers now, and by looking deliberately past him at Rachel and her judge.

XVI.

THAT was absolutely all that happened at the Uniackes' garden party. There was no scene, no scandal, no incident whatsoever beyond an apparently mutual recognition between Mrs. Steel and Mr. Justice Gibson. Of this there were not half a dozen witnesses, all of whom were given immediate reason to suppose that either they or the pair in question had made a mistake; for nothing could have surpassed

the presence of mind and the kindness of heart with which Sir Baldwin Gibson chatted to the woman whom he had tried for her life within the year; and his charity continued behind her back.

"Odd thing," said Sir Baldwin to his hostess at the earliest opportunity, "but for the moment I could have sworn that woman was some one else. May I ask who she is exactly?"

"Sure, Sir Baldwin," replied Mrs. Uniacke, "and that's what I thought we were to hear at last. It's who she is we none of us know. And what does it matter? She's pretty and nice, and I'm just in love with her; but then nobody knows any more about her husband—and so we talk."

A few more questions satisfied the judge that he could not possibly have been mistaken, and he hesitated a moment, for he was a pious man; but Rachel's face, combined with her nerve, had deepened an impression which was now nearly a year old, and the superfluous proximity of an angular and aquiline lady, to whom Sir Baldwin had not been introduced, but who was obviously hanging upon his words, drove the good man's last scruple to the winds.

"Very deceptive, these likenesses," said he, raising his voice for the interloper's benefit; "in future I shall beware of them. I needn't tell you, Mrs. Uniacke, that I never before set eyes upon the lady whom I plunged into confusion by behaving as though I had!"

Rachel was not less fortunate in her companion of the moment, who had so nearly witnessed her undoing. Ox-eyed Hugh Woodgate saw nothing inexplicable in Mrs. Steel's behavior upon her introduction to Sir Baldwin Gibson, and anything he did see he attributed to an inconvenient sense of that dignitary's greatness. He did not think the matter worth mentioning to his wife when the Steels had dropped them at the vicarage gate after a pleasant, but somewhat silent, drive. Neither did Rachel see fit to speak of it to her husband. There was a certain unworthy satisfaction in keeping something from him, for a change. But again she underrated his uncanny powers of observation, and yet again he turned the tables upon her by a sudden display of the very knowledge which she was painfully keeping to herself.

"Of course you recognized the judge?" said Steel, following his wife for once into her own apartments, where he immediately shut a door behind him and an-

other in front of Rachel, who stood at bay before the glitter in his eyes.

"Of course," she admitted, with irritating nonchalance.

"And he you?"

"I thought he did at first; afterwards I was not so sure."

"But I am!" exclaimed Steel through his teeth.

Rachel's face was a mixture of surprise and incredulity.

"How can you know?" she asked coldly. "You were at least a hundred yards away at the time, for I saw you with Morna Woodgate."

"And do you think my eyes are not good for a hundred yards," retorted Steel, "when you are at the end of them? I saw the whole thing—his confusion and yours—but then I did not know who he was. He must have been in the house when we arrived, otherwise I should have taken good care that you never met. I saw enough, however, to bring me up in time to see and hear more. I heard the way he was talking to you then; that was his d—d good nature, and he has us at his mercy all the same."

Rachel had never seen her husband in such a passion; indeed, she had never before known him in a state of mind to justify the use of such a word. He was paler than his wont, his eyes brighter, his lips more bloodless. Rachel experienced a strange sense of advantage, at once unprecedented and unforeseen, and with it an irresistible temptation to the sort of revenge which she knew to be petty at the time. But he had made her suffer; for once it was his turn. He could be cold as ice when she was not, could deny her his confidence when she all but fell upon her knees before him; he should learn what it was to be treated as he had treated her.

"I'm well aware of it," said Rachel, with a harsh, dry laugh, "though in point of fact I don't for a moment believe that he'll give me away. But really I don't think it matters if he does."

Steel stared: it was wonderful to her to see his face.

"It doesn't matter?" he repeated in angry astonishment.

"Not to me," rejoined Rachel bitterly. "You tell me nothing. What can matter to me? When you can tell me why you felt compelled to marry me—when you have the courage to tell me that—other things may perhaps begin to matter again."

Steel stared harder than before; he did

not flinch, but his eyes seemed to edge together as he stared, and the glittering light in them to concentrate in one baleful gleam. Yet it was not a cruel look; it was the look of a man who has sealed his lips upon one point forever, and who views any questioning on that point as an attempt upon his treasury. There was more of self defense than of actual hostility in the compressed lips, the bloodless face, the glaring eyes. Then, with a shrug, the look, the resentment, and the passion were shaken off, and Steel stepped briskly to the inner door and, opening it, bowed her through with a ceremony conspicuous even in their ceremonious relations.

But Rachel nursed her contrariety even to the extent of a perverse satisfaction at her encounter with the judge, and a fierce enjoyment of its still possible consequences. The mood was neither logical nor generous, and yet it was human enough in the actual circumstances of the case. At last she had made him feel! It had taken her the better part of a year, but here at last was something that he really felt. And it had to do with her; it was impending disaster to herself which had brought about this change in her husband. She knew him too well not to acquit him of purely selfish solicitude for his own good name and comfortable status in a society for which he had no real regard. There was never a man less dependent upon the good opinion of other men. In absolute independence of character, as in sheer strength of personality, Steel stood by himself, in the estimation of his wife. But he had deceived her unnecessarily for weeks and months; he had lied to her; he had refused her his whole confidence when she begged him for it, and when he knew how he could trust her! There was some deep mystery underlying their marriage; he could not deny it, yet he would not tell her what it was. He had made her suffer needless pain; it was his turn. And yet, with all her resentment against him, and all her grim savoring of the scandal which he seemed to fear so much, there ran a golden thread of unacknowledged contentment in the conviction that those fears were all for her.

Outwardly, she was callous to the last degree, reckless as on the day she made this marriage, and as light hearted as it was possible to appear; but the excitement of the coming dinner party was no small help to Rachel in the maintenance of this attitude. It was to be a very large dinner party, and Rachel's first in her

own house; in any case, she must have been upon her mettle. Two dozen had accepted. The Upthorpe party was coming in force. If anybody knew anything, it would be Mrs. Venables. What would she do or say? Mrs. Venables was capable of doing or of saying anything. And what might not happen before the day was out?

It was a stimulating situation for one so curiously compact of courage and of nerves as the present mistress of Normanthorpe House; and for once she was the mistress, inspecting the silver with her own eyes, arranging the flowers with her own hands, and, what was more difficult, the order in which the people were to sit. She was thus engaged, in her own sanctum, when Mrs. Venables did the one thing which Rachel had not dreamed of her doing.

She called at three in the afternoon, and sent her name up stairs.

Rachel's heart made itself felt; but she was not afraid. Something was coming earlier than she had thought; she was chiefly anxious to know what. Her first impulse was to have Mrs. Venables brought up stairs, and to invoke her aid in the arrangement of the table before that lady could open fire. Rachel disliked the great, cold drawingroom, and felt that she must be at a disadvantage in any interview there. On the other hand, this was a hostile visit; the visitor could not be treated with too much consideration. And so the servant was dismissed with word that her mistress would not be a moment; nor was Rachel very many. She glanced in a glass, but that was all; she might have been tidier, but not easily more animated, confident, and alert. She had reached the landing, when she returned and collected all the cards which she had been trying to arrange; they made quite a pack, and Rachel laughed as she took them down stairs with her.

Mrs. Venables sat in solitary stiffness on the highest chair she had been able to find; neither Sibyl nor Vera was in attendance. A tableful of light literature was at her elbow, but Mrs. Venables sat with folded hands.

"This is too good of you!" cried Rachel, greeting her in a manner redeemed from hypocrisy by a touch of irresistible irony. "You know my inexperience, and you have come to tell me things, have you not? You could not have come at a better time. How do you fit in twenty six people at one table? I wanted to have two at each end, and it can't be done."

Mrs. Venables suppressed a smile suggestive of some unconscious humor in these remarks, but sat more upright than ever in her chair, with a hard light in the bright brown eyes that stared serenely into Rachel's own.

"I cannot say I came to offer you any assistance, Mrs. Steel. I only take liberties with very intimate friends."

"Then I wonder what can have brought you!"

And Rachel returned both the smile and the stare with irritating self control.

"I will tell you," said Mrs. Venables weightily. "There is a certain thing being said of you, Mrs. Steel; and I wish to know from your own lips whether there is any truth in it or none."

Rachel held up her hands as quick as thought.

"My dear Mrs. Venables, you can't mean that you are bringing me a piece of unpleasant gossip on the very afternoon of my very first dinner party?"

"It remains with you," said Mrs. Venables, changing color at this hit, "to say whether it is mere gossip or not. You must know, Mrs. Steel, though we were all quite charmed with your husband from the moment he came among us, we none of us had the least idea where he came from—nor have we yet."

"You are speaking for the neighborhood?" inquired Rachel sweetly.

"I am," said Mrs. Venables.

"Town and county!" murmured Rachel. "And you mean that nobody in the district knew anything at all about my husband?"

"Not a thing," said Mrs. Venables.

"And yet you called on him; and yet you took pity on him—poor lonely bachelor that he was!"

This shaft also left its momentary mark upon the visitor's complexion. "The same applies to you," she went on the more severely. "We had no idea who you were, either!"

"And now?" said Rachel, still mistress of the situation, for she knew so well what was coming.

"And now we hear, and I wish to know whether it is true or not—were you the Mrs. Minchin who was tried last winter for her husband's murder?"

Rachel looked steadily into the hard brown eyes, until a certain hardness came into her own.

"I don't quite know what right you think you have to ask me such a question, Mrs. Venables. Is it the usual thing to

question people who have made a second marriage—supposing I am one—about their first? I fancied myself that it was considered bad form; but then I am still very ignorant of the manners and customs in this part of the world. Since you ask it, however, you shall have your answer." And Rachel's voice rang out through the room as she rose majestically from the chair which she had drawn opposite that of the visitor. "Yes, Mrs. Venables, I am that unhappy woman. And what then?"

"No wonder you were silent about yourself," said Mrs. Venables, in a vindictive murmur. "No wonder we never even heard——"

"And what then?" repeated Rachel, with a quiet and compelling scorn. "Does it put one outside the local pale to keep to oneself any painful incident in one's own career? Is an accusation down here the same thing as a conviction; and is there nothing to choose between 'guilty' and 'not guilty'?"

"You must be aware," proceeded Mrs. Venables, without taking any notice of these questions—"indeed, you cannot fail to be perfectly well aware—that a large proportion of the public was dissatisfied with the verdict in your case."

"Your husband, for one!" Rachel agreed, with a scornful laugh. "He would have come to see me hanged; he told me so at his own table."

"You never would have been at his table," retorted Mrs. Venables with some effect, "if he or I had dreamed who you were; and now that we know, you may be quite sure that none of us will sit at yours."

And Mrs. Venables rose up in all her might and spite, her brown eyes flashing, her handsome head thrown back.

"Are you still speaking for the district?" inquired Rachel, conquering a recreant lip to put the question, and putting it with her finest scorn.

"I am speaking for Mr. Venables, my daughters, and myself," rejoined the lady with great dignity; "others will speak for themselves, and you will soon learn in what light you are regarded by ordinary people. It is a merciful chance that we have found you out—a merciful chance! That you should dare—you, about whom there are not two opinions among sensible people—that you should dare to come among us as you have done—and to speak to me as you have spoken! But one thing is certain—it is for the last time."

(To be concluded.)